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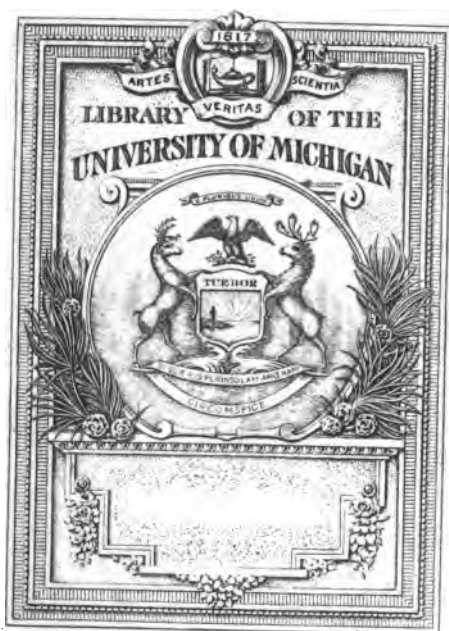
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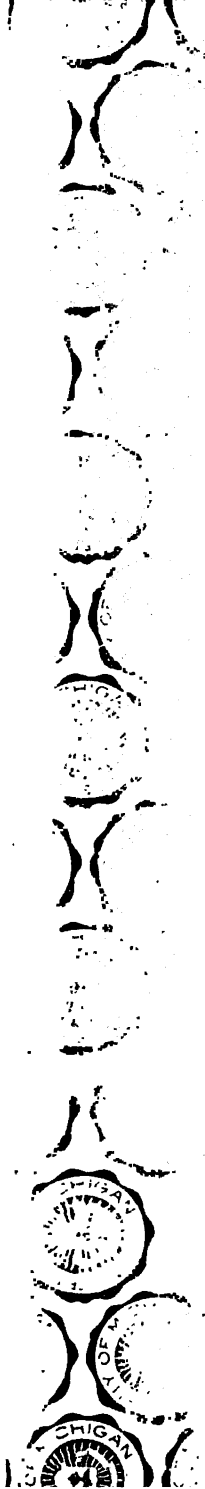
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878
P5
TT5
1769
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16687
C O M E D I E S

OF

Lit. Merc.
P L A U T U S,

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

By the Gentleman who translated THE CAPTIVES.

ASPICE, *PLAUTUS*

QUO FACTO PARTES TUTETUR —

HOR. Lib. II. Epist. I.

VOLUME THE FIFTH AND LAST.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand.

MCCCLXXIV.

C O M E D I E S

CONTAINED IN

THE FIFTH AND LAST VOLUME.

BACCHIDES. *The* COURTEZANS.

PERSA. *The* PERSIAN.

ASINARIA. *The* ASS-DEALER.

CASINA. *The* LOTS.

FRAGMENTS.

11-18-30 JMS

ERRATA.

Fifth Volume.

Page 18. note l. 2. for *Cbrysalus* read *Cbrysale*. p. 30. v. 5. for *СНРУ*. read *НИС*. p. 53. note l. 10. for *quis* read *quid*. p. 35. v. 5. for *Whitber* read *Wbelber*. p. 46. v. 15. for *left* read *leaves*. p. 53. note l. 1. for *discreſti* read *discreſſe*. p. 56. v. 20. after *acchoſt bim* add [*aſide*.] p. 93. note l. 2. for *aufim* read *aufum*. p. 122. v. 11. for *command* read *commend*. Ibid. v. 22. after *was order'd* add [*apart*.] p. 127. after v. 100. for *giving* read *ſheeping*. Ibid. note l. 1. for *ſecius* read *lævus*. p. 130. note l. 5. for *morticina* read *morticinè*. p. 144. l. 10. for *daughter* read *miſtreſs*. p. 147. note l. 2. for *from* read *for*. p. 149. v. 50. for *Timarchides* read *Trimarchides*. p. 156. v. 64. dele comma after *yes*, and add comma after *do*. p. 164. v. 2. for *What have theſe two to do*, read *And what do they profeſs*. p. 193. v. 6. for *ber* read *bis*. p. 196. note l. 9. for *mordera* read *morders*. p. 220. note l. 1. for *ogganiam* read *egganniam*. p. 221. v. 48. for *Excrambus* read *Exærambus*. p. 223. v. 3. for *But* read *Beſt*. Ibid. v. 89. for *bim* read *you*. p. 229. note l. 1. for *tuta* read *tuid*. p. 244. v. 3. for *ſhe* read *you*. p. 208. v. 3. before *I'll wait for you*, prefix *DIA*. Ibid. for *bim* read *you*. p. 288. note l. 2. for *Myrrina* read *Cleoſtrata*. p. 292. v. 16. for *I from own*, read *I from my own*. Ibid. note l. 1. for *gives* read *give*. p. 304. v. 21. for *your* read *my*. p. 327. note l. 2. for *ſe* read *ſe*. p. 373. note l. 8. after *Colax* dele comma. p. 376. note l. 2. for *this* read *ſome*; and after *difference*, inſtead of a comma, place a full point. p. 382. dele *MOXCHUS*, or ; and in the note l. 8. add, The original is *MOXCHUS*. p. 410. note l. 12. for *Porphyrius* read *Porphyriion*.

THE
COURTEZANS.

The Persian
The Assyrian *The Assiade*
The Loto

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

SILENUS, *who speaks the Prologue.*

NICOBULUS, *a Citizen of Athens.*

MNESILOCHUS, *his Son.*

CHRYSAIUS, *Servant of MNESILOCHUS and
NICOBULUS.*

ARTEMIO, *Servant of NICOBULUS and MNESILOCHUS.*

PHILOXENUS, *another Citizen of Athens.*

PISTOCLERUS, *his Son.*

LYDUS, *Servant of PHILOXENUS, Pedagogue of
PISTOCLERUS.*

CLEOMACHUS, *a Captain of Samos.*

PARASITE of CLEOMACHUS.

BOY, *Servant of CLEOMACHUS.*

1 BACCHIS. }
2 BACCHIS. } *Sisters and Courtezans.*

SCENE, ATHENS.



* P R O L O G U E.

† SILENUS *mounted on his Ass.*

S I L E N U S.

STRANGE by my troth 'twould be, if the
spectators,
Upon their seats, don't interrupt the sport
To-day; and cough, and snort, furrow their brow

* PROLOGUE.] *M. De L'Oeuvre*, the editor of the Delphin edition, towards the end of his argument to this comedy, tells us, that the prologue and first scene are a supplement by an unknown hand; and found in the *Cologne* and *Basil* editions. *Lascaris* a Greek grammarian, in a letter to *Bembo*, says, they were discovered at *Messina* in *Sicily*. Some have thought they were wrote by *Francis Petrarch*. They hardly deserve a translation, especially as the supposititious scene in some measure contradicts the first scene of *Plautus*. For *Pistoclerus* is drawn into an amour with *Bacchis* by her arts and allurements in that scene; and in the supposititious scene he is represented to have been passionately in love with her before the comedy opens. However, as *M. De L'Oeuvre*, the editor of the Delphin edition, has inserted them with an interpretation and notes upon them, as on the rest of the comedy, and *Limiers*, *Marolles* and *Gueudeville* have translated them into *French* and done the same; we have translated them accordingly.

† *Silenus mounted on his Ass.*] *Silenus* was foster-father and pedagogue to *Bacchus*, and is usually represented by the ancients as drunk, and riding on an ass.

Groan, hiss with serpent tongue, and mutter curses.
 Actors and dancers beardless, in their prime, 5
 Can scarce find room upon the stage; they'll say,
 Why does this old lethargick go-between
 Appear, thus riding on an ass's back?
 I beg you'd hear, and give me your attention.
 The title of this calm, this quiet comedy 10
 I'm going to unfold—And 'tis but right
 You should be silent, when a god commands.
 Who come to see, and not to bawl, unfit
 It is, they use the office of their tongues.
 Give me your vacant ears—I mean not into 15
 My hands—Those vacant ears I would my voice
 Should strike—D'ye fear the stroke would give more
 pain

V. 4. —*hiss with serpent tongue*—] The original is, *Ore concrepario frequenter fremunt*. *Concreparius* is a barbarous word, formed from *crepo*, to make a noise. A little liberty is here taken in the translation.

V. 10. —*calm, quiet comedy*—] The original is *statarie*. The commentators tell us, that the ancients had two sorts of comedies; some called *statarie*, from *stare*, to stand; in which the actors in the representation stood still, or at least moved about gently, and but little. Others were called *motorie*, from *movers*, to move about. These we might call *animated*, in which the actor used violent action, distortion and grimace; more like what we now call Farces.

V. 17. —*the stroke would give more pain*—] The passage in the original is difficult, and the sense perplexed. We have followed M. De L'Oeuvre's interpretation and note, as well as we could understand him. The affected alliteration in the word *feriat* could not be preserved in the *English*. The commentators say, the author aims at an insipid joke. It may be so. But we freely own, we do not understand him well enough to know what he aims at.

Which

Which opes the ears, than that which shuts the mouth?
 You're very kind indeed---Your merit claims
 The blessing of the gods---Your silence is 20
 Profound---The very children hold their tongues.
 Attend to him who tells you this new tale.
 In a few words, both who I am, and why
 I come, I will disclose; and what our comedy
 Is call'd---I'll tell you what you wish to hear, 25
 Therefore attend---I'm one of nature's gods,
 The foster father of the mighty *Bromius*,
 Who victories with a female army gain'd---
 Of all his great exploits which fame applauds,
 Many there were by my advice accomplished. 30
 Whate'er I like, he does not disapprove.
 'Tis right a father should a father please.
 As-carried god *Ionian* actors call me,
 Because I'm old, and ride astride an ass.
 Now, who I am you know---And since you know, 35
 Let me disclose the title of our comedy,
 And then, you'll know why I am hither come.

V. 26. —*I'm one of nature's gods.*] That is, as M. De L'Oeuvre observes, one of those gods who presided over some particular part of nature. As *Sylvanus* and the *Dryades*, over woods and trees, *Hyades* over springs, *Oriades* over mountains.

V. 27. —*mighty Bromius.*] *Bromius* was another name for *Bacchus*. See *The Twin Brothers*, Act IV. Scene V, v. 113. Vol. III. of this translation.

V. 32. —*should a father please.*] The ancients gave their gods the appellation of father, in order to do them a greater honour. On this account *Silenus* may call *Bacchus* father. Perhaps too, as wine, which they looked upon like a father, as one of the chief supports of life, was, as a god, under his care and protection.

Philemon gave it to the stage in *Greek* ;
 They who speak *Greek* call it *Evantides*.
Plautus in *Latin* calls it *Bacchides*---
 No wonder I appear to-day before you, 40
Bacchus has sent you *Bacchides* ; who are
 True *Bacchanalian* *Bacchants* ; and I've brought
 them.

What ! have I told a fib ? --It don't become
 A god to lye ; therefore I'll tell the truth.
 I brought them not---My ass with weary pace 45
 Brings three, if I remember rightly : one
 You see.---But, look what in my mouth I bring,
 Two *Samian* sisters, *Bacchanalians* both,
 Of the same parents, at the same hour born :
 They're twins by birth, and buxom merry jades, 50
 Not less alike than milk to milk, if you
 Compare them ; or than water is to water---
 You'd think them halv'd should you but see them once,

V. 37. *Philemon gave it, &c.*] *Philemon* was a comic writer of *Syracuse*. He flourished about the time of *Alexander* the Great. *Plautus* has taken two of his Comedies from him, *The Treasure* and *The Merchant*, Vol. II. of this translation. For his character as a Poet, we shall cite *Quintilian*.

Habent tamen alii quoque comici, si cum venia legantur, quædam quæ possis decerpere : et præcipuè Philemon, qui ut pravis sui temporis judiciis Menandro sæpe prælatus est, ita consensu omnium meruit credi secundus. De Institutione Oratoria, Lib. x. Cap. 1.

The works of some other comic poets, if they are read with judgement, may be of some use to an orator, especially those of *Philemon*, whom the bad taste of his age preferred to *Menander*, but he is universally and justly allowed to be next him.

GUTHRIE.

V. 51. —than milk to milk—] See *The Twin Brothers*, A&V. Scene IX. v. 47. and the note, Vol. III. of this translation.

So

So strangely would your eyesight be confus'd,
You never could distinguish one from th' other. 55

Now what remains you long to hear—Then silence,
While I unfold the story of the comedy.
What country *Samos* is, is known to all;
Whose seas, whose lands, whose mountains, and whose
islands

Your legions have made easy of access— 60

There, at one labour, to *Pyrgoteles*
Her husband, *Sostrata* twin daughters bore.

Bacchus' triennial mysteries were then
Performing: they, partaking of them, made
As men are wont, the season ominous, 65
And to each daughter gave the name of *Bacchis*—

The one, a captain carried into *Crete*—

The other sail'd away to *Athens*—This
Mnesiochus, the son of *Nicobulus*,
No sooner saw than lov'd; in the interim 70

He made her visits—During this interval

His father sent the youth to *Ephesus*,

To bring the gold he had deposited

Some time before, with *Archidemides*

An ancient friend of his, an old *Phœnician*, 75

When he had liv'd two years at *Ephesus*,

The cruel news had reach'd his ears, that *Bacchis*

Had quitted *Athens*—Sailors, whom he knew,

V. 58. —*Samos is*—] *Samos* is a large island in the *Ionian* sea, west of *Corinth*, under the republic of *Venice*.

V. 61. —*to Pyrgoteles*—] The author calls him *Pyrgoteles Pyrocles*. It was unusual for the *Grecians* to give a person two names. *M. De L'Oeuvre* suggests a reason for it, and indeed no bad one. But perhaps he gave him two names; for the same reason we have omitted one, for the sake of his verse.

PROLOGUE,

Brought the unpleasing news—To *Pistoclerus*,
Philoxenus's son, his bosom friend, 80
 He wrote, with th' utmost care and diligence
 To search for, and find out his fugitive.
 While *Pistoclerus* labour'd for his friend,
 The twins, who had to *Athens* just return'd,
 Rais'd in the enquirer's breast the flame of love. 85
 The one, by her allurements, gain'd his heart,
 The other staid in waiting for *Mnesilochus*.
 No wonder, these engaging twins, these bacchants,
 With all their beauty and their soothing arts,
 Two youthful Bacchanalians should attract; 90
 Since both their fathers bow'd with weight of years,
 Decrepit, quite worn out, they could ensnare.
 See! *Pistoclerus* is returning back
 To the twin sisters he has lately found,
 And blows the sparks of love, new kindled in 95
 His breast--Now I go in--Be you attentive--



THE * COURTEZANS.



A C T I.

SCENE I.

Enter PISTOCLERUS *and* LYDUS.

PISTOCLERUS.

YE gods! how feel I what I feel!--What is it?--
I know not, I'm in such a flutter--Yet
I'm standing still--Here is no fire, but I
Am in a flame--What am I but a ship
In danger of the rocks and shoals of love? 5

* THE COURTEZANS.] *Plautus* has called this comedy *BACCHIDES*. The names of two principal characters, who are sisters, being, each of them *Bacchis*. We have therefore, presuming it might be more agreeable to the *English* reader, called it *The Courtezans*.

V. 5. *In danger of the rocks*—] In the original, as *M. De L'Oeuve* observes, there is a pun, alluding to the two words, *malus*, the mast of a ship, and *malum*, mischief or misfortune. This we knew not how to preserve in *English*, and have therefore given the passage another turn,

Can

Can the land wreck, and dash a man to pieces?---

Bacchis and land I've only touch'd to-day.---

If *Bacchis* is a berry, she's a rough one.

Men formerly, 'tis said, rose from the earth---

Would the earth wreck the children of her womb? 10

Whence this misfortune then? And am I shipwreck'd

By *Bacchis*, or by land?---

LYD. [*apart.*] This man's in love---

I see it plain; and therefore the piazza's,

The temples, forums, theatres, and all

The brothels, night-cellars, and stews has search'd 15

With such a prying curiosity---

PR. I'm shipwreck'd I confess.---*Bacchis* it is,

Not *Neptune*, who my little bark has toss'd;

Has tumbled, broke, and dash'd it all in pieces.

LYD. *Bacchis* has rais'd the storm---'Tis over
with us---

20

We've lost our course---

PR. I'll to the rock whereon

We split, and wreck my fortune and my youth.

Uncertain is the lot of things---The fates

As they list govern men---While I, my friend

V. 8. *If Bacchis is a berry*—] There is a pun in the original, not to be preserved in the *English*. The speaker, instead of *Bacchis*, calls his mistress for the sake of pun, *Baccha*; and *bacca* signifies a berry.

V. 10. *Would the earth wreck*—] The original is, *Qui dum morant, quom esse cuperent, erant nihil*—The meaning of which, we own, with the rest of the commentators, we cannot comprehend, even, on supposition of the doctrine of the pre-existence of souls, which they say, if it aims at any thing, it seems to allude to. We have therefore, as the scene is supposititious, ventured to add a verse of our own. How well we have connected the sense with the former line, the reader will judge.

Mnesilochus,

ACT I. SCENE I, II. 11

Mnesilochus, assisted with my care, 25
 I found his mistress out, where he may ruin
 His fortune and himself---At the same place
 Perdition to myself, estate and youth
 I found---Since 'tis the pleasure of the god
 Of love, I'm young---To indulge myself at some 30
 Expence, is better now, than in old age.
 I hold it for a maxim of wise men,
 What *Lydus* blames, if *Venus*, or the god
 Of wine, or any sensual god, a youth
 Contemns, he either is a fool, or will 35
 Become a lover, when his hairs are grey.
 I'll to the rock where I was lost---My father
 May now collect the fragments---Follow *Lydus*---
 I the twin sisters see, my *Bacchides*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Enter first and second BACCHIS.

1. BAC. Won't it be better I should speak, and you
 Should hold your tongue?—

2. BAC. With all my heart.

1. BAC. And when
 My memory fails, do you assist me.

2. BAC. 'Troth
 I'm more afraid I shall forget, than you.

I never shall remember to remind you. 5

1. BAC. E'en as I fear the little nightingale

V. 33. —if Venus—] The original is *Astarte*, which, the
 commentators tell us, is the same as *Venus*.

Will

Will lose her song—Follow this way.

Enter PISTOCLERUS.

PIS. What are
These courtezans, these name-fake sisters, doing?
What consultation are you now upon?

I. BAC. [*to* 2. BAC.] Why, good.—

PIS. That don't belong to your profession. 10

I. BAC. No being's more unhappy than a woman.

PIS. What is there that you think deserves it more?

I. BAC. My sister has been praying me, that I
Would search some patron out, to be her guard
Against this captain, and would bring her home 15
When she has serv'd her time.—And now I beg
Your patronage.

PIS. My patronage?—For what?

I. BAC. That, when her time's expir'd, she may
return,

Left he, the captain, keep her for his maid.
Had she wherewith to pay him back his money, 20
She would with all her heart.

PIS. Where is this man?

I. BAC. I now expect him here.—But this affair
You'll best transact with us.—Sit here, and wait
His coming—Take with me a chearful glaſs,
And after, I'll indulge you with a kiſs. 25

PIS. Your coaxing is meer birdlime.

I. BAC. How is that?

PIS. Because I find, two aim at one poor dove.

V. 7. —*will lose her song*—] The nightingale was supposed to sing continually. So that, *lusciniæ deest cantio*, the nightingale does not sing, became a proverb, to express the happening of any thing extraordinary. See *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. 3. Cent. 6 77.

Undone!

Undone! [*aside*] My feathers brush the limed reed.
I'm sure such wanton doings suit not me. [*To her.*]

I. BAC. Marry! Why not?

Pis. *Bacchis*, because I fear, 30
A Bacchant, and your Bacchanal.

I. BAC. What is it
You fear?—The bed won't make you naughty with
me.

Pis. Your fondness 'tis, more than your bed I fear.
You're a fly serpent—Such a dark retreat
Suits not my youth.

I. BAC. If at my house you'd play 35
The fool, I would prohibit you myself.
But when the Captain comes, I wish you here,
Because before your face, no man will dare
To injure her or me—That you'll prevent,
And also serve your friend—Besides, he will, 40
When he arrives, suspect that I'm your mistress.
Prithee, why thus struck dumb?

Pis. Because, these things
Are pretty in the talking of—But use them,
And put them to the proof, with stings they're arm'd
Which our fair deeds, our fame and fortune wound, 45
And pierce our very souls—Away! away!

I. BAC. Ah! you're too savage.

Pis. That is for my interest.

V. 31. —*your Bacchanal.*] That is, the place where the feasts
of *Bacchus* was celebrated, a brothel. It seems to be a jocular al-
lusion to her name of *Bacchis*.

V. 33. *Your fondness 'tis, &c.*] The original is, *Magis illeBum
tuum quam lectum metuo*. It is a pun between the words *lectus* a
bed, and *illeBus* allurements, fondness. It could not be preserved
in English; nor could we think of any thing in the place of it.

2. BAC. You must be tam'd—And what do you fear from her?

Pis. What fear I?—In the hey-day of my blood
To enter one of these academies 50
Where people toil and sweat for their undoing;
I my own ruin for a quoit shall tofs;
My running will be my disgrace and shame.

1. BAC. This is sheer wit.

Pis. They'll give me, for a sword,
A turtle dove to play with—And another, 55
'Stead of the manly cestus, in my hands
Will put a cup, and a capacious bowl
Will be my helmet, while upon my head,
The festive rose, and not a plume will nod;
A die will be my spear; my coat of mail 60
A soft voluptuous cloak, my steed a couch—
And I, when I should grasp a shield, shall find
A strumpet in my arms—Away! away!—

1. BAC. Ah! you're too savage!—

Pis. That is for my interest.

1. BAC. You must be tam'd—I'll undertake the task. 65

Pis. Alas! you'll be a mistress too expensive.

V. 50. — *of these academies*—] Here, and in the following verses, *Plautus* draws a parallel between the life of the wrestlers at the Olympic games, and that of a courtesan, and those effeminate fribbles who run into their company. The terms he makes use of are taken from the different games and different exercises in use among the ancients. The *discus* was a weight like a quoit they threw up into the air: the *cestus* was a gauntlet of leather, armed with lead, which the wrestlers made use of, when they boxed at the public games. *Limiers.*

V. 55. *A turtle dove to play with*—] See *The Captives*, Act V. Scene V. the latter part of the note, Vol. I. of this translation.

1. BAC.

I. BAC. But seem to love me.

Pis. Must I be in jest?

And only seem? or love you in good earnest?

I. BAC. O fy!—In earnest to be sure—And when
The captain comes, I wish you would embrace me. 70

Pis. What need of that?

I. BAC. What need?—That he may see you.
I know well what I do——

Pis. I, what I fear——

But what d'you say?

I. BAC. Why, what's the matter now?

Pis. Why then suppose you on a sudden have
A dinner, or a drinking-bout; or else 75
Perhaps a supper, not uncommon things
In such assemblies, where shall be my place?

I. BAC. By me, my life—We wits will sit together.
Come when you will, you'll always find good room.
If you with elegance would be receiv'd, 80
But only say, give me good cheer, my rose,
For your reception, I'll provide a place,
Where to your heart's content you may indulge——

Pis. Here is a rapid stream; 'tis hazardous
To pass this way——

I. BAC. You something in the stream 85
Must lose—Come, give your hand, and follow me.

Pis. Away!—By no means.

I. BAC. Why not?—

Pis. Nothing can
Be more bewitching, than night, women, wine,
To one of my warm blood.

I. BAC. Why leave me then—
What'er I've done, 'twas all to pleasure you. 90
E'en let the captain take my sister off,

And

And be you absent; if you like it best.

Pis. And am I not a thing of nothing, who
Cannot my passions rule.

1. BAC. What is't you fear?

Pis. Nothing—I now resign myself to you. 95
I'm wholly at your service.—

1. BAC. You're a charmer.—

Now this I wish you'd do—This very day,
To welcome her return, I mean to give
A sumptuous entertainment to my sister.
Be you our caterer—Provide a good 100
And splendid treat. The money I will order
To be brought to you—

Pis. No—I'll bear the expence—
'Twould be a shame, that you on my account,
Meerly to favour me, should for that favour
Spend your own money.

1. BAC. No—I cannot suffer you 105
To pay.

Pis. Pray give me leave—

1. BAC. I must consent,
If 'tis your pleasure—Prithee then, make haste.

Pis. I shall return before my love-fit's over.

[Exit PISTOCLERUS.]

2. BAC. You'll entertain me well on my return.

1. BAC. Prithee, how so?

2. BAC. Because I think you've had 110

V. 99. —*a sumptuous entertainment*—] The original is, *cœnam viaticam*. It has been often observed in the course of these notes, that when any person returned from a voyage or journey, for some one of their friends to give them an entertainment; the same also was done, when they set out on a voyage or journey. This the ancients called *cœna viatica*.

A lucky haul to-day.

1. BAC. He's mine for certain.

Now, sister, with *Mnefilochus* I'll try
To forward your affair, that you at home
May rather fill your purse, than troop off hence
With that same captain——

2. BAC. That's my wish.

1. BAC. I'll do 115

My best—The water's warm—Come, let's go in
That you may bathe—Your voyage has no doubt
Disordered you.

2. BAC. Why yes, a little, sister.

Besides, here's some one coming, who I know not,
That makes a bustle—Let's begone, my sister. 120

1. BAC. Follow me in, that you may take some rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Re-enter PISTOCLERUS, *with provision for the entertainment, followed by* LYDUS.

LYD. I've, *Pistoclerus*, follow'd you some time
In silence, and observ'd what you're about
In this new dress—And may the gods so love me!
As I believe *Lycurgus* might be here
Debauch'd—And whither now with such a train? 5

Pis. Why to this place—

LYD. Why thither? Who is't lives there?

Pis. Love, pleasure, *Venus*, beauty, joy and sport,
Jesting, with conversation, and sweet kissing.

18 THE COURTEZANS.

LYD. How now!—What intercourse have you
with these
Destructive gods?

PRIS. Bad are the men who dare 10
Speak evil of the good—But you don't spare
The gods—You are unjust—

LYD. Is then sweet kissing
Rank'd 'mongst the gods?—

PRIS. Do you not think she is?
You're a barbarian, *Lydus*, whom I thought
Wiser than *Thales*—Go, you're more an idiot 15
Than *Rome's Potitius*; you don't even know,
At your great age, the names of all the gods.

LYD. Your dress offends me—

V. 16. *Than Rome's Potitius*—] The original is, *barbaro Potitio*. It has been observed in the course of these notes that the *Grecians* called those who were of any other country *barbari* that is, *foreigners*. *Potitius* was a priest of *Hercules*.

*Jamque sacerdotes, primusque Potitius ibant,
Pellibus in morem cincti*———

VIRGIL. Æneid. Lib. viii. V. 281.

Clad in the fleecy spoils of sheep, proceed

The holy priests, *Potitius* at their head. PRIS.

The reader will find a farther account of him in *Livy*, Lib. i.
Cap. 7.

Why it is said *stultior es barbaro Potitio, more an idiot than Rome's Potitius*, *Limiers* gives us the following account from other commentators. That he having discovered to some *Roman* slaves, the mysteries which *Hercules* had instructed him in, as a punishment for the crime, twelve families were destroyed in one night. On which account *St. Augustin* calls them *stultos Potitios*, *foolish Potitij*. And when a person would speak of any one stupid or foolish, he would call him a *Potitian*.

PRIS.

Pis. 'Twas not bought for you.
'Twas bought for me; and I'm delighted with it.

LYD. And do you make such repartees to me? 20
Had you ten tongues, you should restrain them all.

Pis. Not every stage of life is fit for school—
I'm thinking, *Lydus*, now of something else;
How these provisions may be nicely dress'd,
As their magnificence deserves—

LYD. You've now 25
Undone yourself and me—My labour's lost,
And all my good instruction's giv'n in vain.

Pis. My labour's lost in the same place with yours.
By your instructions, neither you nor I
Have profited——

LYD. O! you are fascinated— 30

Pis. And you are troublesome—So, hold your
tongue,
And, *Lydus*, follow me.

LYD. Observe that, pray.
[to the spectators.]

V. 22. *Not every stage of life is fit for school.*] The original is,
Non omnis ætas, Lyde, ludo convenit. *Ludus* here signifies a school,
or place for instruction. In this sense *Cicero* uses it.

Dionysius dicitur Corinthi ludum aperuisse.

Dionysius is said to have opened a school at *Corinth*.

There is in the original what the grammarians call *paronomasia*,
a jingle or play upon the words *Lyde* and *ludo*. The reader will
find such another in *Terence*.

—*inceptio est amentium, haud amantium*—

Andria, Act I. Scene III. v. 13.

This it is scarce possible to preserve in a translation.

20 THE COURTEZANS.

He does not call me leader now, but *Lydus*.

PRIS. When I am here with other guests at table;
And sitting by my love and kissing her, 35
Perhaps, 'tis most improper and unfit
To have my leader in our company.

LYD. Are these provisions for such doings, pray?

PRIS. Such is my wish--Th' event I leave to heaven.

LYD. And will you have a mistress?—

PRIS. When you see, 40

You'll know—

LYD. You shan't—I will not suffer it—
I'm going home—

PRIS. Stay *Lydus*, and beware
A mischief—

LYD. What is that?—Beware a mischief!

PRIS. I'm grown too old for your tuition now.

LYD. Where shall I find a gulf to swallow me? 45

O how much more I see than I would see,
And how much better to have died than live!

A pupil thus to threaten me his governor!

No more hot blooded fiery boys for me—

Vigour to attack worn out and feeble age. 50

PRIS. In my opinion, I am *Hercules*,
And *Linus* you—

LYD. I'm more afraid by these

V. 33. *He does not call me, &c.*] The original is, *Non pedagorum jam me, sed Lydum vocat.* See *The Cheat*, Act I. Sc. III.

V. 33. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

V. 52. *And Linus you.*] *Linus* was *Hercules's* musick-master; who having chid his pupil with some severity, the hero killed him with his musical instrument.

Your shameless deeds, I shall be *Phoenix* soon;
And bring your father tidings of your death.

Pis. Enough of history—

LYD. This boy is lost [*aside.*] 55
To shame—Where'er you got the impudence,
'Twas not an acquisition to be wish'd for
At your green age—He's ruin'd past redemption.
Do you ne'er once reflect you have a father? [*to him.*]

Pis. Are you my servant then, or am I yours? 60

LYD. These are the lessons of a wicked master,
Not mine—And you have made a rapid progress.
It was not so when I instructed you,
And threw away my labour and my time.

Pis. You've hitherto had liberty of speech, 65
And prate enough—Follow me this way then,
And hold your tongue.

LYD. 'Twas an unhappy piece
Of craft, these vile debaucheries to conceal,
Both from your father and from me, your governor.

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 53. —*I shall be Phoenix soon.*] *Phoenix* was *Achilles's* preceptor at the siege of *Troy*, and brought the account of his death to his father *Peleus*.

* * It has been already observed, that the *Prologue* and first Scene of this Act are supposititious, and not written by *Plautus*. This supposititious Scene is opened by *Pistoclerus*, expatiating upon the ills his being in love has occasioned; in which he is overheard by *Lydus* the pedagogue, who attends him to school and to his exercises; but not interrupted. They go off, and the second Scene introduces the two Courtezans; who are soon joined by *Pistoclerus*, whose assistance one of them desires, against a Captain, who wanted to carry her off. They had been already studying the part they were to act; one of them only was to attack *Pistoclerus*, and the other was only to assist her sister, if there should be occasion for it. *Pistoclerus* quits the stage, in

22 THE COURTEZANS.

order to procure things necessary for an entertainment he had promised them; and engages to return again very soon. On this, they, after a short conversation, go into their house; and in the third Scene, *Pistoclerus* returns with provisions for an entertainment, followed by *Lydus*; who gives him a severe reprimand. *Pistoclerus* more engaged in the thoughts of his present gallantry, than disposed to listen to him, only laughs at it. But in the end, tired with his harangue, he tells him he has heard enough, and bids him follow him. Thus ends this Act: and the first interval is filled up with the time necessary for preparing for the entertainment which *Pistoclerus* is providing for the Courtezans. It has been observed that *Moliere* has imitated this Scene in one of his comedies.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter CHRYSALUS.

CHRYSALUS.

ALL hail! my master's native soil! whom I,
After a tedious two years absence hence
At *Ephesus*, most joyfully behold.—

To thee who dwellest near our town, all hail!

To thee, *Apollo*, to thy deity

5

I make my prayer, that I may'nt chance to meet

Old *Nicobulus* here, before I see

My master's friend and crony *Pistoclerus*;

To whom, about his flame, this *Bacchis* here,

Mnefilochus, his friend has sent a letter.

10

S C E N E II.

Enter PISTOCLERUS.

PIS. [*to* *BACCHIS* *within*.] 'Tis strange you should
request me to return

So pressing—I can't stir from you if

I would, you have me so engag'd, so chain'd

By love—

CHRY. Immortal gods! here's *Pistoclerus*—

V. 5. *To thee, Apollo*—] *Plautus* means that *Apollo*, whom the
ancients called *Prostaterns*, whom the *Athenians* paid adoration to,
as the tutelar god of their habitations.

MAROLLES.

24 THE COURTEZANS.

Hail to you, *Pistoclerus*.

PIS. Hail to *Chrysalus*!

5

CHRY. I'll save you many speeches, *Pistoclerus*—

You're glad I'm safe arriv'd, I know you are.

You promise me a lodging and a supper,

To welcome my return—I nod assent.

I bring you from your friend sincere respects. 19

Ask you me where he is?

PIS. Lives he, and is

He well?

CHRY. That question I must ask of you.

PIS. How should I know?

CHRY. None better—

PIS. And how so?

CHRY. For if his love is found, he is alive,
And well—If not, he's sick, and near his end. 15

A mistress is a lover's life and soul—

He's a meer nothing when she is away—

And if she's with him, his estate will be

As meer a nothing just, and he himself

An inconsiderate wretch—What have you done 29

In our affair?—

PIS. What!—Shall I not perform

'Gainst his return his orders, sent me by

His messenger?—I'd sooner dwell upon

The banks of *Acheruns*.

CHRY. Pray you, have you then
Found out this *Bacchis*?

PIS. Yes, the *Samian Bacchis*. 25

CHRY. Prithee take care you handle her with caution.

You know how brittle *Samian* vessels are---

V. 8. —and a supper.—] This has been often explained in
the course of these notes.

PIS.

Pis. What! at your old sport?---

CHRY. Say, where is she now?

Pis. Here, at this house, from whence you saw me come.

CHRY. Nice that indeed---She lives almost next door. 30

And talks she of *Mnesilochus*?

Pis. D'you ask?

Nay, he's her man of men, the only man
She prizes---

CHRY. Excellent!

Pis. Nay, she's as much
Distress'd for him, as he for her---

CHRY. That's good.

Pis. Nay, *Chrysalus*, look here, there's not so small 35

A point of time as this, she e'er omits
To talk of him---

CHRY. So much the better, *Bacchis*---

Pis. Nay---

CHRY. Nay! By *Hercules*! I'll get me gone---

Pis. Goes it against the grain, to hear how well
Your master's business has succeeded?---

CHRY. No-- 40

'Tis the relator gives me such offence---

Tho' as myself I love *EPIDICUS*,

No Play disgusts me more, when *Pellio* acts

V. 36. --as this--]. What the *Greeks* call *δακτυλός*, pointing at the time of speaking to something very small, perhaps the pail of his finger, or something like it. A mode of expression not uncommon with *Plautus*.

V. 43. when *Pellio* acts--]. The commentators have been at a loss to find out who this *Pellio* was. *Gulielmus* tells us from *Symmachus*,

The part---Is *Bacchis* handsome?

Pis. Do you ask?

Had I not got a *Venus*, I should say

45

She is a *Juno*.—

CHRY. Well, *Mnesilochus*,

As things go on, I find here's for your love

A mistress ready—And for this your mistress

Some money must be had—You want some gold?

Pis. Some *Philippæans*.—

CHRY. And you want it now, 50

Perhaps?

Pis. Ay, and before--For there's a Captain coming.

CHRY. A Captain truly!

Symmachus, that one *P. Pollio* was an actor in the time of *Plautus*: on which account some would have us read *Pollio*. But others say, that if it is so, there is no need; since what the *Romans* in *Plautus*'s time called *Pollio*, their ancestors called *Pollio*; in like manner as *Apollo* was once called *Apello*. Be this as it may, it is a severe piece of satire on a comedian, and no small compliment to his own *Epidicus*, or *The Discovery*. And that in ancient as well as modern times, there were bad actors as well as good, we have the authority of *Lucian*.

“ Friend, have you never seen an ill tragick or comick actor:
“ some of those, I mean, who are hissed because they spoil a good
“ play with their acting, and are at last thrown off the stage,
“ though the play itself be at other times applauded, and bear
“ away the prize?”

Nigrinus, or *The Morals of Philosophers*, Vol. IV. of what is called *Dryden*'s Translation.

From this passage it is plain that this comedy was acted after *Epidicus*; which *M. Marolles* thinks may be the reason why the alphabetical order in which the plays in the original are printed, is broke in upon, and this is placed after *Epidicus*.

V. 50, 62, &c. —*Philippæans*.—] This has been explained already in the course of these notes.

Pis.

ACT II. SCENE II, III. 27

PIS. Yes---One who demands
A sum of money to relinquish *Bacchis*.

CHRY. So he delays me not, why let him come
Whene'er he will---The money is at home--- 55
I fear him not---Nor will I ever sue
To any man, while my own heart is arm'd
With treachery---I'll manage here---Go in---
And say, *Mnesilochus* will soon see *Bacchis*---

PIS. I will. [Exit PIS.]

CHRY. As to the money business, that 60
Belongs to me---From *Ephesus* we've brought
Twelve hundred golden *Philippæans*---All,
A debt to our old master from his host.
Hence a contrivance I'll contrive to-day,
How to procure some money for my master--- 65
But our door creaks---Who's this is coming out?

SCENE III.

Enter NICOBULUS.

NIC. To the *Piræus* will I go, and see
If any merchant-man's arriv'd in port,
From *Ephesus*---My mind misgives me sore,
My son has loiter'd there so long, and not
Return'd---

V. 64. —a contrivance I'll contrive—] The original is, *machinabor machinam*, an Atticism. μηχανήματα μηχανήν.

V. 1. To the *Piræus*—] *Piræus* was the name of the port of *Athens*.

V. 3. From *Ephesus*—] *Ephesus* was a city of *Ionia*, famous for commerce. In it was the celebrated temple of *Diana*.

CHRY. I'll pick to pieces this old chap, 5
 An't please the gods! now fairly thread by thread---
 Money is wanting. *Chrysalus*, no sleeping---
 I'll go to him, whom I intend to make
Phrixus's ram to-day---For of his gold
 I'll shear him to the quick---The servant *Chrysalus* 10
 Greets *Nicobulus*---

NIC. O immortal gods!
 Where is my son?---Say *Chrysalus*.

CHRY. Why don't you
 Return my salutation first?

NIC. Well! Save you!
 But where's *Mnesilochus*?

CHRY. He is alive,
 And well---

NIC. Is he not come?

CHRY. He is---

NIC. Huzza! 15
 My mind's at ease---Has he enjoy'd good health?

CHRY. Robust and vigorous---

V. 7. *Money is wanting, Chrysalus*—] The original is, *opus est chryse Chrysalus*. An allusion to his name. *Plautus* has coined the word *chrysum*, to signify money, from *χρυσος*, which in Greek signifies gold.

V. 9. *Phrixus's ram*—] *Phrixus* was the son of *Ashtamas*, a king of *Thebes*. He at *Colchus* sacrificed a ram to *Mars*, and hung up the golden fleece in the temple. This is what *Chrysalus* alludes to.

V. 16. *My mind's at ease*—] The original is, *asperfisti aquam*. See *The Casket*, Act II. Scene III. v. 44. note. Vol. IV. of this translation.

V. 17. *Robust and vigorous*—] The original is *pancratiæ et athleticæ*. Well as a wrestler or a boxer.

NIC.

ACT II. SCENE III.

29

NIC. But as to the affair
I sent him hence to *Ephesus* about---
Has he receiv'd the gold of *Archidemides*,
My host?

CHRY. Alas! my very heart and brain 20
Are cleft, whene'er I hear that fellow nam'd.
Ah! do not call your enèmy your host.

NIC. Why fo, I pray?

CHRY. Because, I'm very sure
Four gods, the sun, the fire, the moon, the day,
Have never shone upon a viler rascal--- 25

NIC. Than *Archidemides*---

CHRY. Why, yes I say,
Than *Archidemides*---

NIC. What has he done?

CHRY. What has he not done?—Why not ask you
that?

At first he boggled with your son, and then
Declar'd he ow'd you not a single groat— 30
Mnesilochus then summon'd instantly
Our antient host, old *Pelago*—In his presence
Your son produc'd the token you had sent
By him, to give to *Archidemides*.

NIC. Well, when he shew'd the token---

CHRY. He began 35
To say 'twas counterfeit, and not that token.
Oh! how did he abuse the innocent!
And said, he had counterfeited other things.

NIC. Has he the gold?—That's what I first would
know.

CHRY. Well, as the Prætor had appointed dele-
gates, 40
He at the last was cast—And being compell'd

By

30 THE COURTEZANS.

By force, paid down twelve hundred *Philippæans*:

NIC. Just what he ow'd—

CHRY. Further; now hear besides
Another stratagem he had prepar'd—

NIC. Is there aught else?

CHRY. Mind ye—There will be three 45
In all—

CHRY. I am deceiv'd—I have intrusted
To an *Autolycus*, a thievish host,
My gold—

CHRY. Nay, hear me but—

NIC. I never knew
The greedy disposition of my host—

CHRY. Well, when the money we had receiv'd,
desirous 50

To be at home, we went on board a ship.
As I by chance was sitting on the deck,
And prying round about, I spy'd a bark,
A long one, well mann'd too, and fitted out
It seem'd to no good purpose—

V. 47. *To an Autolycus*—] *Autolycus* was the son of *Mercury*,
and as great a thief as his father. *Homer* mentions him as such,
in the nineteenth book of his *Odyssey*, v. 414. As does *Martial*.

Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus—

Lib. viii. Epig. lix. V. 4.

Autolycus's fingers never were

Such lime-twigs, nor might they with his compare.

ANONYMOUS.

It is remarkable that *Shakespeare* has given this name to a cheat-
ing thievish character, in his *Winter's Tale*.

V. 54. *A long one, &c.*] This passage is variously read, and
is supposed to be corrupted. We have followed the emendation
of *Salmasius*.

NIC.

Nic. I'm undone! 55

This bark goes to my heart—

CHRY. The vessel was
Between some pirates, and your host in partnership.

Nic. How could I such an idiot be, to trust
This fellow, when his very name cry'd out
That *Archidemides* would be arch enough 60
To keep my money—

CHRY. For our ship, this bark
Was watching—I began to watch their motions.
Meant time, out of the port we sail'd, which when
We'd clear'd, they instant follow'd with their oars
Swift as the swallow, or the swifter winds. 65
Now as I found what scheme they were upon,
We drop'd our anchor—When they saw us stop
They mov'd their vessel round and round in port.

Nic. The wicked wretches!—Well, what did
you then?

CHRY. Back we return'd to port.

Nic. 'Twas wisely done. 70
And how behav'd they afterwards?

CHRY. They went
On shore towards night—

Nic. Ay, ay, to seize the gold,

V. 58. —*such an idiot*—] The original is *fungum*. See
Act V. v. 2: note.

V. 60. —*Archidemides would be arch enough*] *Archidemides*
is formed from the Greek, *ἀρχομαι* *I govern*, and *δημος* *the people*.
Plautus puns on the name; but instead of alluding to the Greek,
he alludes to the Latin word *demo*, *I take away*. Nothing hav-
ing occurred equivalent to this, we have aimed at as bad a pun
on the beginning of the name, by means of the word *arch*.
Limiers has done the same in his translation into French.

Was

32 THE COURTEZANS.

Was their intent--That was their scheme, by *Hercules*!

CHRY. Ay, I discern'd it; I was not deceiv'd,
And therefore terrified almost to death— 75

When for the gold we found a plot was laid,
We held immediately a council on it;
And publickly, next day before their faces,
That they might see it done, bore off the gold—

NIC. Well done, by *Hercules*! Say then, what did
they? 80

CHRY. Crest fallen quite, when with the gold they
saw us

Leaving the harbour, strait they shook their heads,
And haul'd their bark on shore—The gold, we with
Theotimus deposited, a priest
Of the *Ephesian Dian*.

NIC. And who is 83
That same *Theotimus*?—

CHRY. An eunuch priest
Who lives at *Ephesus*, and to the *Ephesians*

V. 86. *An eunuch priest*—] In the original it is *Megalobuli filius*. *Taubman*, whose explanation we have followed, reads *Megalobuzi*, or *Megabyzi filius*. He tells us, in his note on the passage, that there was a tomb of *Megabuzus*, a priest, or rather an attendant on, or guardian of the society of virgins at the temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*. That in time, *Megabyzus* became a general name for every one of those attendants or guardians, in this place. He also says, that *Megabyzi filius*, and *Megabyzus* have just the same import; and either of them means one of these guardians, as in Greek *ιατροῦ υἱός* is the same as *ιατρός*, and either means a *physician*. All this he supports with proper authorities. We did not suppose a man could be a priest of *Diana*; for, as we recollect, the goddesses had no priests of the male sex, but priestesses of the female. And for that reason we have approved of *Taubman's* emendation and explanation.

A man

'A man most dear—

NIC. By *Hercules*! I wish
He turn not out a man more dear to me;
If he should cozen me of such a sum.

190

CHRY. 'Tis in *Diana's* temple safely stow'd.
There is a publick guard—

NIC. That hurts me sorely.
'Twould have been safer here in private keeping.
But have you brought none of the money home?

CHRY. Yes sure.—How much he brought, I do
not know!

95

NIC. How's that?—Not know!

CHRY. Why 'tis, because my master
Went to *Theotimus* at night by stealth—
And neither me, nor any of the crew
Would with the secret trust—And that's the cause
I do not know how little 'twas he brought.
But 'twas not much—

100

[V. 88. 89. —most dear—more dear—]. The original is *carissimus*, *carior*. A pun on the word *carus*, which is a term of endearment, and signifies *beloved*, and also, *of a high price*. Our word *dear* answers the same purpose.

[V. 92. *There is a publick guard—*]. The ancients used to have a publick guard at the gates of their temples, as the citizens used to deposite what they had valuable there, as a place of safety.

Gortynii templum magna cura custodiunt, non tam a cæteris quam ab Hannibale, ne quis ille inscientibus his tolleret, secumque asportaret.

CORN. NEPOS. *Hannibal*. Sect. ix.

The *Gortynians* guard their temple with great care, not so much against others, as against *Hannibal*, in order to prevent his taking any thing out of it, without their knowledge.

BOXHORNIIUS.

Nic. D'you think that it was half?

CHRY. In troth I know not; but think scarce so much.

Nic. Was it a third?

CHRY. I don't conceive it was—
But in good truth I do not know—And troth,
The whole about the money that I know, 105
Is only this, I nothing know about it.
Now you must take a voyage then by sea,
And fetch the gold home from *Theotimus*.
And, hark ye—

Nic. What would'st have?

CHRY. Do not forget,
To carry your son's ring—

Nic. What need of that? 110

CHRY. Because it is the token; and who brings it
Will from *Theotimus* receive the gold.

Nic. I'll not forget it—You advise me well.
But is *Theotimus* a man of property?

CHRY. What! ask you that?—His shoes are clasp'd
with gold— 115

Nic. And why so proud?—

CHRY. His wealth is so immense,
He cannot find out ways and means, to spend it.

Nic. Would he would give it me!—But in whose
presence

Was it deliver'd to *Theotimus*?

CHRY. In presence of the people—Not a man 120
In *Ephesus* but knew it—

Nic. There at least
My son was wise, thus to intrust my gold
To the safe keeping of a man so rich.
From him it may be had upon demand,

CHRY.

ACT II. SCENE III. 35

CHRY. Yes, yes, look here—He'll not delay you
this— 125

You may the very day you come receive it.

NIC. I thought I had escap'd the sea for life,
And, as I'm now grown old, I should have fail'd
No more—Whither I will or no, I find
I must, my pretty *Archidemides*. 130

'Tis my fine host, has done me this good turn.
But where is now my son *Mnesilochus*?

CHRY. Gone to the Forum, his devoirs to pay
Both to the gods and to his friends—

NIC. And I'll
Go hence, and meet him with what speed I may. 135
[Exit.

CHRY. The man's well loaded, and besides has got
More than his burden—My work's in the loom,
In order to enrich my master's son.

The lover I have manag'd so, that he
Just what he pleases of the gold may take, 140
And to his father what he will, return.

Th' old man, to fetch the gold, will sail to *Ephesus*.
We, in the interim shall live deliciously.

For he will leave *Mnesilochus* and me
Behind—O, what a racket shall I make here! 145

But what will be the case, when our old man
Discovers this, and finds he has been sent
Upon a wild-goose chase?—and that we've fool'd
Away his gold?—What will become of me
When he returns?—I think he'll change my name, 150
And make it more like gallows than like gold.

V. 125. —*He'll not delay you this—*] See Scene II. v. 36. note.

V. 136. *The man's well loaded—*] This, the commentators
say, is an allusion to a beast of burthen, or a ship.

V. 151. —*make it more like gallows—*] The original is,
Pacietque extemplo Crucifalum me ex Chrysale. This conceit is not

36 THE COURTEZANS.

Should it my purpose answer best, by *Hercules* !
 I'll run away---Should I be caught again,
 He yet will suffer not a little by it.
 His rods are in the fields, my back's at home. 155
 Well, I'll now in---Lay open to my master
 This plot about the gold---And then inform him
 His mistress *Bacchis* is discovered—— *Exit.*

to be preserved in *English*. *Chrysalus* is derived from the Greek χρυσός, which signifies gold. We have, by an allusion, it is hoped something similar, endeavoured to make it as intelligible as we could to the *English* reader. There is a conceit of the same kind, V. 7. of this Scene ; which see, and the note.

V. 153. *He yet will suffer—*] that is, by the loss of his rods.

* * This Act is opened by *Chrysalus*, the servant of *Mnesilechus* and *Nicobulus*, just arrived from *Ephesus*. In the second Scene, he discovers *Pistoclerus*, returning to the *Two Courtezans*, who, on joining *Chrysalus*, tells him, that his master will lose one of the *Courtezans*, who was his mistress, if he does not directly procure a sum of money ; in doing which he promises to assist him. On this *Pistoclerus* quits the stage, and the third Scene is opened by *Nicobulus* going to the port, to enquire if any vessel was arrived from *Ephesus*, which might bring him news of his son. He sees *Chrysalus*, who satisfies him in that point, and, by an artful story, chouses him out of part of a sum of money, which he had been to *Ephesus* to receive. On this *Nicobulus* goes to meet his son, who, *Chrysalus* tells him, was arrived and gone to the forum ; and, after a short soliloquy, goes to the port to wait for his master ; the doing of which fills up the second interval.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter LYDUS *from* BACCHIS's *house*.

LYDUS.

QUICK, open, open wide this gate of hell;
 For I in truth can count it nothing less.
 No one comes here, but who has lost all hope
 Of being good---Bacchises! No! Not Bacchises,
 But Bacchants perilous---Avaunt! these sisters, 5
 Who swallow human blood! The house is richly,
 And plentifully furnish'd---for destruction.

V. 1. '*—this gate of hell—*] Thus the ancients called all pestilential places; among which the speaker includes the house of *Bacchis* the courtesan.

“ Her house is the way to hell.” *Prov. chap. vii. v. 27.*

*Ianua ne his Orci potius regionibus esse
 Credatur p̄sta, hinc animas Acheruntis in oras
 Ducere forte deos manes inferne reamur.*

LUCRETIVS, Lib. vi. v. 763.

Left you should fancy these the gates of hell,
 That there the smutty gods and manes dwell;
 And thro' those places draw the wand'ring souls.

CREECH.

And *Plautus* again mentions it in the same manner.

Acheruntis ofitium in nostro est agro—

Trinummus, Act II. Scene IV. v. 124.

A passage down to *Acheron's* in our field— THORNTON.

D 3

I took

I took directly to my heels, as soon
 As I beheld these things—Shall I conceal
 Such doings?—*Pistoclerus*, shall I hide, 10
 Hide from your father, these your idle haunts,
 Flagitious crimes, debaucheries and ruin?
 On shame, disgrace, and ruin you would run,
 And wreck us all, yourself, your father, me,
 And all your friends at once—You have no awe 15
 Within your breast or of yourself, or me.
 For these misdeeds, your father, I, your friends,
 Relations all, by this your infamy,
 Must bear the weight and burthen of disgrace.
 Now, ere you add this mischief to the rest, 20
 I am determin'd strait to tell your father;
 So from myself shall I remove the blame.
 I'll to the old man open this affair,
 That he may fetch him from this mud and dirt.
 [Exit *LYDUS*.]

SCENE II.

Enter MNESILOCHUS.

MNE. I've turn'd it in my thoughts in various
 shapes,
 And this is the result—A friend who is
 A friend, such as the name imports, the gods
 Except, nothing excells—And this in fact
 Have I experienc'd—For when I went hence 5
 To *Ephesus*, almost two years ago,
 From thence I letters hither sent express
 To my old friend and crony, *Pistoclerus*,
 Desiring him to find out my dear *Bacchis*.
 I understand he has discover'd her, 10
 As

As *Chrysalus*, my slave, has just now told me.
 He too, against my father, for the gold
 A clean device has schem'd; that I, a lover,
 May plenty have---'Tis just to make return.
 By *Pollux*! nothing is, in my opinion, 15
 So vile and base as an ungrateful man.
 Better it is to let a thief escape,
 Than that a generous friend should be forsaken.
 And better 'tis to be extravagant,
 Than call'd ungrateful--That good men will praise, 20
 The latter, even bad men will condemn.
 On this account must I take greater heed;
 And be the more upon my guard---Now, now,
Mnesibolus, a sample will be seen;
 A proof will soon appear, whether you are 25
 Or are not what you ought to be---Or good,
 Or bad---What kind you're of, or just, or unjust---
 Penurious, or liberal---Complying,
 Or not complying---See you suffer not
 A slave to conquer you in doing well. 30
 Be what you will, I warn you, 'twill be known.
 But see, my crony's master and his father
 Are coming hither---Hence, I will observe
 What 'tis they are about--- [retires apart.

SCENE III.

Enter LYDUS and PHILOXENUS.

LYD. Now will I try
If you have any spirit of resentment---
Follow me——

PHIL. Whither?---Where do you lead me now?

LYD. To her who has undone, who has destroy'd
Your only son—

PHIL. *Lydus*, fie! fie! Those who 5
Their passion moderate, are deem'd the wiser—
Less strange it is, that age should do such things
Than not—I did the same when I was young.

LYD. Alack! alack-aday!---To his destruction
You humour him-- Had it not been for you, 10
I should have had him well inclin'd to virtue.
Relying now on you, and your indulgence
Your *Pistoclerus* is become abandon'd.

MNE. [*aside.*] Good gods!--He names my friend--

What can this mean?

Why does he rail at *Pistoclerus* thus?--- 15

PHIL. *Lydus*, it is not for a length of time
A youth desires to indulge his inclinations.

SCENE III.] It is not improbable that *Moliere* had his eye
upon this Scene when he wrote *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, which
Otway translated, and called *The Cheats of Scapin*.

V. 2. —*any spirit of resentment*—] See *The Cheat*, A& II.
Scene IV. v. 70. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

V. 6. *Their passion moderate*—] This is the first opening of
Philoxenus's character; and prepares the reader for his very bad
behaviour in the last Scene of the Comedy.

The

ACT III. SCENE III.

41

The hour is near when he will hate himself.
Give him the reins :---so he takes care, against
The rule of right and wrong not to offend, 20
E'en suffer him---

LYD. I will not suffer him---
Nor shall he be corrupted while I live.
But you, who plead thus for your son's debaucheries
So well, was this your custom in your youth ?
For your first twenty years, I do assert 25
You had not liberty to set your foot
A finger's breadth abroad, and your attendant
Absent—And had you not, before the sun
Was up, attended the academy,
You would have suffer'd condign punishment. 30
When that's the case, the mischief is not single—
The tutor and the pupil, both will lose
Their characters—The course, the ball, the pike,
The quoit—In boxing, dancing, wrestling—These
These were their exercises ; and not wenching, 35
And kissing girls—In these they spent their time,
And not in secret lurking holes and corners.
When from the course and place of exercise,
You home return'd, girt with your narrow belt,
Down by your tutor on a form you sat, 40
And read your book—And had you miss'd a syllable,
Your skin had had as many spots upon it,

V. 29. — *attended the academy.*] The original is *palæstram*.
The place where the youth of fashion learned wrestling, and
other exercises, was called *palæstra*.

V. 38. — *from the course—*] The original is *de bippodromo* ;
a place something in the manner of our riding-houses ; which
most people of fashion had at their villa's.

As

42 THE COURTEZANS.

As had your nurse's robe—

MNE. [*aside.*] I'm vex'd at heart,
My friend, on my account, should be ill spoke of;
And, for my sake, a man quite innocent, 45
Should be suspected—

PHIL. *Lydus*, now our manners
Are alter'd quite—

LYD. Full well, I know they are.
The time has been, sir, when they did obey
Their governors, till such time they were chosen
Into some publick office in the state. 50
Scarce seven years old, but touch them with your hand,
The brat even in the instant, with his tablet
Breaks his attendant's head—When to complain
You go, what says the father?—This—
Be thou my n'own dear boy, since thou can'st thus 55

V. 43. *As had your nurse's robe.*] Some commentators would have this to be an allusion to the robe of *Cybele*, the mother of the gods, which they tell us was made of a panther's skin, which was spotted. For our part we think with *Limiers*, it only means the cloaths the nurse wears when she nurses the child, which is spotted with the food she gives it.

Homer makes *Phœnix* tell *Achilles*, that in his infancy, when he had him on his lap, he would often wet his robe, when he was feeding him, and return the wine upon it out of his mouth.

Πολλάκι μοι κατίδενσας ἐπὶ γέθεσσι χιτῶν
Οἶνον ἀποβλύζων ἐν ὑπὲρ ἀλεγεινῇ. *Iliad*. Lib. ix. v. 486,

When you, an infant, sat upon my lap,
Oft have you stain'd the garment on my bosom,
And cast the wine you drank upon my cloaths.

Mr. *Pope*, though he owns he has no authority to say these verses were foisted into the text, yet he thinks them so unworthy of *Homer*, and his delicacy is so much offended at them, that he has not translated them.

An

ACT III. SCENE III.

43

An injury repel—Th' attendant's call'd—
So ho! old good for nought!—on this account
Touch not my boy, since he in this has shewn
So stout a heart—Away I say, be gone!
The tutor sneaks away despis'd, and like
An oil'd cloth lantern, with his plaister'd pate
Goes off condemn'd—How can a tutor then,
By means like these, keep his authority,
When he himself receives the lash?—

60

MNE. [apart.] In troth
This accusation is severe—By what
This *Lydus* says, if he has never felt
The weight of *Pistoclerus'* fist, 'tis strange—

65

PHIL. Who's this I see, standing before the door?

LYD. *Philoxenus*— [addressing himself to him,

MNE. [apart.] I'd rather be by gods
Propitious seen, than him—

PHIL. Who is that, there? 70

LYD. 'Tis your son *Pistoclerus'* friend and crony
Mneflockus; but of a different turn

V. 61. *An oil'd cloth lantern*—] This passage is differently read and explained by different commentators. Most of the editions read *lucerna*, a lamp, or candle; which M. De L'Oeuvre says, means a lantern, in which is a candle. Gronovius, instead of *lucerna*, says we should read *lanterna*; and that the Romans used lanterns covered with linen cloth, which he supposes to be oiled, like the paper now used for windows in Italy, and sometimes, among the poorer sort of people in England; and that the master's head was plaistered with oiled linen.

Clodii vestibulum vacuum fano mihi nuntiabatur, paucis pannis, lina lanterna. Cicero. Epist. ad Atticum, Lib. iv. Ep. iii.

They have just been telling me, that in *Clodius's* porch there are only some shabby ragged fellows with a linnen lantern.

From

44 THE COURTEZANS.

From him who lives in brothels—*Nicobulus*,
O happy man, who such a son begot!—

PHIL. *Mneflockus*, all hail!—I joy to see you 75
Return'd in safety—

MNE. Heavens blefs *Philoxenus*!

LYD. He for his father in a lucky hour
Was born—He braves the sea; regards
The family estate, the house takes care of—
With all his father's humours he complies, 80
And his commands obeys—Our *Pistoclerus*
And he have from their boyish years been cronies.
There is not three days difference in their age;
But in their manners, more than thirty years.—

PHIL. Beware a mischief, and restrain your
tongue— 85

LYD. Peace! you're a fool—It is not that I fear.
Whose deeds are ill, should ill be spoken of.
For my misfortunes, I had rather he
Would draw on me, than for my property—

PHIL. How so?

LYD. Because he'd daily make them less. 90
MNE. Why, *Lydus*, do you chide my friend, your
pupil?

LYD. Your friend is lost to you—

MNE. Pray, heaven forbid!

LYD. 'Tis as I say—I saw it with my eyes.

MNE. What has he done?

V. 88. *For my misfortunes,—*] The original is, *Nam illum
meum malum promptare malim quam peculium*. An account of the
word *peculium* has been already given in the course of these notes.
The commentators are not agreed in explaining this passage.
We have given it a different turn from any of them; perhaps
not a better one.

LYD,

LYD. He passionately doats on
A wanton trumpet---

MNE. Won't you hold your tongue? 95

LYD. She's one, that ruins whomsoe'er she touches--

MNE. Where does she live?

LYD. Why here---

MNE. Whence do they say
She comes?

LYD. From *Samos*---

MNE. What's her name?

LYD. 'Tis *Bacchis*.

MNE. *Lydus*, you do mistake---The whole affair
I know, and how it is---My *Pistoclerus* 100
Is innocent, and falsely you accuse him---
The orders of his true and faithful friend
With diligence and care he has perform'd---
He's not in love---Do not believe he is.

LYD. To execute the orders of his friend 105
Was this the way?---To set upon his lap
A girl to kiss him?---By no other means,
Could these his orders be obey'd by him,
But ever and anon to lay his hand
Upon her breast; and without intermission
Join lip to lip?---That which I saw him do 110
Before my face, I am asham'd to say---
But he's asham'd of nothing---Sir, in few,
You have your friend, and I my pupil lost---
Philoxenus has also lost his son---

For him I reckon lost, who's lost to shame. 115
To say no more, had I staid somewhat longer,
An opportunity more fair had offer'd

V. III. —[*I am asham'd to say.*] One verse is here omitted in
the translation. The learned reader need not be told the reason.

Of

Of viewing him---And sure, I then had seen
More than was fit---More than I ought to see,
Or he to do---

MNE. [*aside.*] My friend, thou hast undone me. 120
Shall I not brain this jade?---And may I perish,
If I don't do't---Is't come to this? One knows not
Whom to confide in, where to find a man
Of faith and truth---

LYD. Observe, how ill he bears
To hear his friend your son is so debauch'd--- 125
It grieves his very soul---

PHIL. Let me intreat you,
Mnesilochus, his disposition guide,
His passions regulate---To me, a son,
And to yourself a friend preserve---

MNE. I wish it.

PHIL. The whole then of this burthen I assign 130
To you---Follow me this way---[*to LYDUS.*]

LYD. Sir, I follow---
But you had better left me too behind.

PHIL. [*to LYDUS.*] Enough in conscience---Watch
and rate him soundly. [*to MNESILOCHUS.*]
For you, and me, and all his friends, *Mnesilochus*,
He, by his shameful deeds, has brought to shame. 135

[*Exeunt PHILOXENUS and LYDUS.*]

SCENE IV.

MNESILOCHUS *alone.*

MNE. And now, whether my mistress, or my cronk
Is most my friend, as yet I am in doubt.
Is he her choice?---'Tis best to let her have him---
To her own loss it is, as well as mine,
That she has acted thus---With holy things 5
Let me be never trusted, if I make not
A manifest example---For I love her---
She shall not say, that she has found a man
To make a fool of---Now will I go home,
And try to pilfer something from my father; 10
And, as a present give it her---I'll be
In many ways reveng'd---And to such straits
I'll drive her so extremely, that my father
Shall beg an alms---But am I in my wits,
Who in this manner prate of things to come? 15
'Tis my opinion, I'm in love; because
I know I am---But I had rather be
The poorest beggar in the streets, than she
Should be the filing of a pin the heavier
For ought that I shall give her---Never, while 20

V. 2. *Is most my friend*—] The original is *amiciozem*, the reading of *Alsius*, and of most of the editions, which we have followed. *Lambin*, *Taubman*, *Gronovius*, and some others read *immitiozem*. If the former is the reading, the passage is ironical; and that seems most agreeable to what follows.

V. 19. —*the filing of a pin*—] The original is *ramentâ plumâ*, literally, *the scraping of a feather*. See Act IV. Scene IV. v. 52. note.

She

48 THE COURTEZANS.

She lives, shall she make me her laughing-stock---
 Now, the whole money I'm resolv'd to pay
 My father---Upon me then pennylefs
 And needy shall she fawn---But thence, no more
 Advantage shall she ever reap, than if 25
 A dead man in his tomb, she with her jokes
 Would entertain---I will be sooner starv'd
 To death, than she shall ever be a whit
 More purfy, or more fat, for any wealth
 Of mine---'Tis fix'd the money to restore--- 30
 At the same time, my father I'll intreat
 To spare poor *Chrysalus*, on my account,
 And not be angry for the gold, which he
 Has trick'd him of---His interest to consult
 It is but right, who meerly for my sake 35
 The fraud invented---Do you follow me--- [*to an at-*
tendant.] [*Exit MNESILOCHUS.*]

SCENE V.

Enter PISTOCLERUS, from BACCHIS's house.

PIST. All other business, *Bacchis*, I postpone,
 [*speaking to her as he comes out,*
 Your orders to obey; that I may find
Mnesilochus, and bring him with me hither---
 But if my messenger's arriv'd, I wonder
 What 'tis delays him---I'll go in and see, 5
 If he's by chance at home---

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter MNESILOCHUS at some distance.

MNE. So—all the money
I've paid back to my father---Now I'm pennylefs,
I should be glad to meet this scornful girl.
How hard it was to gain for *Cbrysalus*
A pardon from my father---But at length 5
I have succeeded, and his passion's calm'd.

PIST. And is not this my friend? [*apart.*]

MNE. And is not this [*apart.*]

My foe, I see?

PIST. I'm sure 'tis he---

MNE. 'Tis he.

PIST. I'll go up to him then---

MNE. I'll mend my pace.

PIST. All hail! *Mnesilochus*!

MNE. All hail to you! 10

PIST. We'll on your safe arrival give a supper.

MNE. Supper I relish not which raises choler---

PIST. How's that?---Since your arrival have you
met

Any vexation?---

MNE. Yes, a dreadful one.

PIST. From whence?

MNE. From whence?—Why, from a man 15
Whom I accounted heretofore my friend---

PIST. Many there are, of life and manners such,
Who, when you think them friends, are found most
false;

V. 11. —*give a supper.*] This often occurs in *Plautus*, and
has been already explained in the course of these notes.

In promises profuse; in deeds as sparing,
 Of faith infirm.---Not one, but envies those 20
 Whom fortune prospers:---by their indolence,
 They take good care all envy to escape---

MNE. You're perfectly acquainted with their
 manners.

Farther---This one misfortune still attends
 Their evil disposition; all mankind's 25
 Their enemy, nor have they any friends.
 Others, like fools, they think they have deceiv'd,
 When they're deceiv'd themselves---So is this man,
 Whom I suppos'd as much a friend to me,
 As I am to myself---Great pains he has taken. 30
 To do me all the mischief in his power;
 And my own forces all to turn against me.

PIST. He must be a bad man.

MNE. I think him so.

PIST. I beg you would inform me who he is.

MNE. Your friend---For was he not, I should
 intreat 35

You'd do him all the harm you could.

PIST. Let me

But know the man, if by some means I don't
 Revenge you of him, say I am a coward.

MNE. He's a bad man, but is your friend, by
Hercules!

PIST. The rather therefore, tell me who he is? 40
 I set no value on a knave's good will.

MNE. I must then tell his name---I can't avoid it.
O Pistoclerus! you have quite undone
 Me your old crony, and your friend---

PIST. How's this?

ACT III. SCENE VI. 51

MNE. How's this?---Did I not write to you from
Ephesus, 45

About my love, that you should find her out?

PIST. I own you did; and I've discover'd her.

MNE. Were there no other courtezans in *Athens*
With whom you might engage, but only her,
Whom I had recommended to your care? 50
You fell in love with her yourself, and ill
My interest consulted---

PIST. Is your head right?

MNE. Deny it not---Your tutor has disclos'd
The whole affair---You've ruin'd me.

PIST. What still
Provoke me with upbraiding---

MNE. Is it *Bacchis*
You are in love with?

PIST. Why, two of that name
Are here within---

MNE. How! two?

PIST. And both are sisters.

MNE. You tell me idle stories with design.

PIST. If you persist to disbelieve my tale,
I'll hoist you on my back, and take you in 60
By force---

MNE. Stay but a moment and I'll go.

PIST. That's what I will not do---Nor yet shall you
Suspect me falsely---

MNE. Then I'll follow you, [*Exeunt*.

* * * *Lydus*, coming out of the Courtezan's house, begins this Act, with a soliloquy concerning what he had there seen going forward, which he determines to discover to *Philoxenus*, *Pistoclerus*'s father, and quits the stage in order to do so. In the second Scene, *Mnesilochus* appears, full of joy, that he is likely, by means of *Pistoclerus*'s friendship, and *Chrysalus*'s artifices, to

obtain possession of his mistress ; when seeing *Lydus* and *Philoxenus* entering, he stands apart. They begin the third Scene ; the former, having discovered to the latter the debaucheries of his son and his passion for *Bacchis* the Courtezán, opposes to his conduct that of *Mnesilochus*, whom he proposes to him as an example. *Mnesilochus* however, though extremely piqued against him, takes the part of *Pistoclerus* his friend. On hearing the name of *Bacchis*, and not knowing that there were two Courtezans of that name, he has not the least doubt but that *Pistoclerus* had carried off his mistress ; and all that he does at present, is to endeavour to conceal his jealousy. This he does so well, that *Philoxenus* thinks him the most prudent man in the world ; and seeming to be convinced, by the account *Lydus* gives of him, gives him a commission to endeavour to reclaim his son, and make him sensible of his bad conduct. After some conversation on this head, *Mnesilochus* is left alone, who, in a soliloquy (which makes the fourth Scene) discharges his resentment against the perfidious *Pistoclerus*, for such he supposes him to be ; and then quits the stage. In the fifth Scene *Pistoclerus* enters from *Bacchis*'s house, expressing his uneasiness at the delay of *Mnesilochus*'s arrival, which he at present is not apprised of. In the sixth Scene *Mnesilochus* appears at a distance ; and *Pistoclerus* joining him, is much surprised at the coolness with which he receives him, and asks the reason of it. *Mnesilochus*, supposing himself betrayed by him, frankly avows, that he is come to pay all the money he had received at *Ephesus*. On this *Pistoclerus* clears the matter up, by telling him that *Bacchis* had a sister, which he supposes may be the person he had conceived an affection for. *Mnesilochus* knows not how to believe it ; and *Pistoclerus*, to convince him that it is so, is obliged to conduct him to the place and let him see her. This visit fills up the third interval.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Enter the PARASITE and a BOY.

PARASITE.

OF a debauch'd, lewd, military man
I am the Parasite, who a mistress brought
With him from *Samos*, and has order'd me
To go and ask, if she'll pay back the gold,
Or will return with him—Boy—You, who long 5
Have waited on her, which foe'er's the house,
Knock at it—Hye thee to the door forthwith—

[the Boy goes to knock.

Come back, a mischief on thee!—Look you, how
The graceless scoundrel knocks!—Thou could'st
devour

A loaf three feet in width, yet know'st not how 10
A door to knock at—Ho! Is any one
Within there!—Ho!—Who is within doors? Ho!
[calling.

Who opens me the door?—Who is't comes out?—

V. 8. —*a mischief on thee!*—] The original is, *disereus*.
Plautus uses the same word again.

Abi disereus—

Pannulus, *Act I. Scene I. v. 32.*

Go, hang yourself—

SCENE II.

Enter PISTOCLERUS.

PIST. What is the matter here?—For what's this knocking?

What plague possesses you, thus to exert
Your utmost strength against another's doors?
You've almost broke them down—What is't you'd
have?

PAR. Save you, young gentleman!—

PIST. Save you!—But whom
D'you want?

PAR. Why *Bacchis*—

PIST. Which?

PAR. I only know

That I want *Bacchis*—And to say no more,
Cleomachus the captain sent me to her,
That she two hundred golden *Philippæans*
Should strait pay back, or go this very day 10
From hence, with him into *Elatia*.

PIST. She does not go—Say you, she does not go.
Be gone, and tell your master this—She loves
Another now, not him—Avoid the house.

PAR. You are too hasty—

PIST. Don't you know how much so? 15
Your chaps are in a dangerous situation,
These my tooth-breakers itch so to be doing.

V. 11. —into *Elatia*.] *Elatia* is a city of *Phocis*, a part of
Greece.

V. 17. —my tooth-breakers—] The original is, *dentifrangibala*. He means, *his fists*.

PAR.

ACT IV. SCENE II. 55

PAR. If right I understand, I must take care
My nut-crackers sit safe within their sockets. [*aside.*
At your own peril, I'll return your answer. 20

PIS. What say you?—

PAR. Why, I'll tell him what you bid me.

PIS. Who are you? Say—

PAR. One of his body guard.

PIS. Who has so bad a guard, can ne'er be good.

PAR. He'll come blown up with rage—

PIS. Then may he burst!

PAR. Would you ought else?

PIS. Your absence instantly. 25

It must be so—

PAR. You—tooth-breaker, farewell.

PIS. The same farewell to you, you body guard.

[*Exit PARASITE.*

The business now is come to such a point
I know not what advice to give my friend,
Who, in a foolish pet, has to his father 30
Return'd back all the money; nor has left
A single piece wherewith to pay the captain.
But hark! The doors creak!—Hither I'll retire.
Mnesilochus comes forth; and pensive too—

[*stands apart.*

V. 19. *My nut-crackers*—] The original is, *nucifrangibula*.
He means, *his teeth*.

V. 23. *One of his body guard*.] The original is *integumentum*
corporis. The meaning of which, the commentators tell us, is,
in this place, a *body guard*.

SCENE III.

Enter MNESILOCHUS.

MNE. Born with a froward, inconsiderate temper,
 Ungovernable, hot, and without mean,
 Or modesty, or equity or honour,
 I'm insolent and rude, hard of belief,
 Ungracious, sour, and scarcely in my wits, 5
 By nature ill dispos'd—In short, I am
 Myself, the very thing I would not wish
 Another man to be—And is this credible?
 There's not a more unthrifty wretch, nor one
 Who less deserves the favour of the gods, 10
 Whom none will make his friend or his companion.
 Not friends, but enemies I ought to have—
 'Tis fitter I should have the help of knaves,
 Than honest men—All the reproach and shame
 That knaves deserve, no man's more worthy of. 15
 Who, madman like, have paid back to my father,
 The money which I had in hand—And am I not
 Myself a wretch?—And *Chrysalus's* plot
 I've ruin'd—

PIS. It would be a friendly part
 In me, to give him comfort—I'll accost him. 20
 How goes it now, *Mnesilochus*?

MNE. Undone!—

PIS. The gods forbid!

MNE. Undone!

PIS. Don't talk so, simpleton.

MNE. Not talk!—

PIS. You are not in your perfect mind.

MNE.

ACT IV. SCENE III. 57

MNE. Undone!—A thousand sharp and poignant
griefs

Distract my soul—Should I have credited 25
The charge!—I have been angry, and have had
No cause.

PIS. Have a good heart.

MNE. Whence have it?—Say.
A dead man's of more worth than I am now.

PIS. The captain's parasite has just been here,
And to demand the money—I have rattled him; 30
And drove him out of doors—I've chac'd the rogue
Away—

MNE. And what avail?—Wretch that I am!
What shall I do?—I've now no money left.
He'll carry her off I know—

PIS. I'd not engage it,
Had I but money—

MNE. Why, I know you'd give it— 35
I've known you long—But, was you not in love,
I should not now so readily believe you.
You've too much business of your own at present;
I can't expect, that you, who are in want
Yourself, can possibly assist your friend. 40

PIS. Be silent, and some god will send us aid.

MNE. 'Tis trifling! [going.]

PIS. Stay—

MNE. Well, what's the matter now?

PIS. 'Tis your sheet anchor *Chrysalus*, I see.

V. 43. —*your sheet anchor*—] The original is, *tuam copiam*.
Copia, the commentators tell us, in this place, means *a helper*,
an assistant.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter CHRYSALUS.

CHRY. To erect a golden statue to this man,
[pointing to himself.]

Is right and fit—He's worth his weight in gold—
 Two great exploits have I atchiev'd to-day,
 And by them double plunder have I got—
 How finely my old master have I bit! 5
 How he's been fool'd!—I with my crafty arts
 Persuaded and constrain'd the old crafty cuff
 To credit every thing I said—And now
 For my young master, for the man in love,
 With whom I eat and drink, and sport away, 10
 I have procur'd a royal fund of gold;
 That he from his own heaps may take at home,
 And not, when he wants money, hunt abroad.
 Those *Parmeno's*, those *Syrus's* I hate
 Who from their master filch two or three minæ. 15
 And the worst thing I know of, is a slave
 Who wants a head--whose brains are not well stock'd,
 From whence, as need requires, he may draw out.
 None can be wise, who is not as expert
 In doing mischief, as in doing good— 20
 With knaves to be a knave, and filch---With thieves
 A thief, and steal whatever comes to hand—

V. 14. *Those Parmeno's, &c.*] *Parmeno* and *Syrus* were in the Comedies of the antients the names of crafty, cheating slaves. In *Terence*, *Parmeno* is the name of a slave of that sort, in his *Eunuchus*, as *Syrus* is in his *Adelphi*.

The prudent man should often shift his shape—
 If he is wise indeed, good with the good
 He'll ever be, and with the bad, be bad--- 25
 Just as things are, so will he frame his humour.
 But now I long to know, what share my master
 Took of the gold to his own proper use ;
 And what he paid his father-- If he's prudent,
 He serv'd him just as they serve *Hercules* ; 30
 Gave him a tenth, and kept nine parts himself.
 But see ! the person I was looking for---
 He in good time approaches--- [*to him.*] So, my master,
 Why with your eyes so fix'd upon the ground ?
 Is any of your money fal'n upon it ? 35
 Why see I you so sorrowful and sad ?
 I like it not---Nor is my judgement rash---
 Why don't you answer me ?

MNE. I'm ruin'd, *Chrysalus*---

CHRY. Perhaps you took too little of the money ?

V. 23. —*should often shift his shape.*] The original is, *Verfipellem frugi convenit esse hominem*, literally, *be a turner of his skin*. *Plautus* again uses the word—

Nam meus pater intus nunc est, eccum Jupiter :
In Amphitruonis vortis sese imaginem—
Omnesque eum esse censent servi, qui vident :
Ita verfipellem se facit quando lubet.

Amphitruo, *Prolog.* v. 120.

—————*Jupiter* my father
 Is now within, chang'd to *Amphitryon's* form ;
 And all the slaves that see him, think he is
 The same, so readily he shifts his shape
 Whene'er his godship pleases—

THORNTON.

V. 31. *Gave him a tenth—*] See *Conjugal Fidelity*, *Act. II.*
Scene I. v. 93. note. *Vol. IV.* of this translation.

MNE.

60 THE COURTEZANS.

MNE. How! knave, too little!---Yes, a monstrous
deal 40

Too little.---

CHRY. Then, why did you, simpleton;
When, by my management,, I had procur'd
So fair an opportunity, that you
Might take just what you pleas'd, thus pinch it up
Betwixt your finger and your thumb---Not know 45
How very seldom such occasions offer?

MNE. Why, you mistake---

CHRY. Ay, and you did the same
When deep enough you did not dip.

MNE. In troth,
Did you know more, you'd blame me more--I am ruin'd.

CHRY. My mind forebodes more mischief in these
words. 50

MNE. I'm ruin'd---

CHRY. How so?

MNE. I've paid back the gold,
Ay, dust and all---

V. 52. —*dust and all*—] The original is *cum ramentis*. *Ramentum*, or *ramenta* is, as Mr. Thornton has observed, in a note on A& IV. Scene III. v. 107. Vol. II. of this translation, where the word again occurs in the original, the dust arising from the scraping or filing of any metal or hard substance: thence any thing insignificant.

Nunquam, hercle, hinc bodie ramenta fies fortunator.

Rudens, A& IV. Scene III. v. 77.

——You'll not be

A fig the better now for all that's in it. THORNTON.

It occurred a little before in this very comedy.

Verum quam illa unquam de mea pecuniâ

Ramenta fiat plumâ propensior. A& III. Sc. IV. v. 14.

——than she

Should be the filing of a pin the heavier

For ought that I shall give her. v. 18.

CHRY,

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 61

CHRY. Paid back!---

MNE. Paid back, I say,---

CHRY. What all?---

MNE. Ay, to an atom.

CHRY. We're demolish'd.

How could it come into your head, to do
So foul a deed?

MNE. Why, I from *Lydus*' charge 55
Suspected *Bacchis*, and that young man there,

[pointing to PISTOCLERUS.

Had play'd me false; and in a fit of wrath
Paid back the money---

CHRY. Well then, and what said you,
When you paid back the money to your father?

MNE. That I from *Archidemides* his host, 60
Had just receiv'd it.

CHRY. How!---That speech to-day
Will drive poor *Cbrysalus* strait to the torture.
For soon as e'er the old man spies me out,
He'll take me into custody at once.

MNE. My father I've besought---

CHRY. What! I suppose 65
To do the thing I have been talking of---

MNE. Nay, not to punish you, not to be angry;
And have, with much ado, prevail'd.--Now *Cbrysalus*,
Here is another business for you still--

CHRY. What other business?---

MNE. Open a new road. 70
Contrive, devise, invent just what you please.
Your own way model it, that artfully

V. 53. *Ay, to an atom*---] The original is *oppid's, wholly, en-*
tirely.

This

This artful man you may deceive to-day,
And carry off the gold.

CHRY. It scarce seems possible.

MNE. Go on with it, you'll easily effect it. 75

CHRY. Easily!---Plague on't: but this very now
He caught me in a downright lye---And if
I should intreat him, every thing I say
To disbelieve, he'd not trust even that.

MNE. Nay, if you heard but what he said of
you? 80

CHRY. Why, what was't that he said of me?

MNE. He said,
If you affirm'd the sun to be the sun,
He would believe it was the moon; and night,
When now 'tis day.

CHRY. I'll fairly wipe his nose---
I'll warrant him, he shan't say that for nothing. 85

MNE. What would you have us do?

CHRY. I've no commands
For you, only proceed in your amours---
As to the rest, demand what sum you please,
I'll give it you---What is't to me to have
The name of gold, and not the thing---But now 90
What is the sum you want, *Mnesilochus*?
Tell me---

MNE. For *Bacchis*' use, to pay the captain,
I want two hundred pieces---

CHRY. Well---I'll give it you.

MNE. Then to defray common expences---

CHRY. Ah!--

V. 90. *The name of gold*---] Here again is an allusion to his name, *Chrysalus*. See Act II. Scene III. v. 7. note. of this Comedy.

Let us go on deliberately ; and when 95

One thing is done, we'll set about the next—

'Gainst the old man, for the two hundred pieces

My engine will I first apply—If I

With help of that can batter down the tower,

The outworks ; next then at the gate will I 100

Attack the old and antient town itself ;

And, if I carry it, carry to your friends

Baskets of gold, as much as heart can wish.—

PIS. O *Chrysalus*, our hopes are plac'd in thee.

CHRY. Now, *Pistoclerus*, go you in to *Bacchis*, 105
And quickly bring——

PIS. Bring what?

CHRY. A style, and wax,
Some tablets, and some tape—

PIS. It shall be done. [*Exit PIS.*]

MNE. What will you do now? tell me—[*to CHRY.*]

Dinner's ready.

CHRY. There'll be you two—And then your
mistress—She

Will make a third—

MNE. According to your way 110
Of reckoning.

CHRY. *Pistoclerus* has no mistress—

MNE. Nay, but he has—And she is here—I love
One sister, he the other—Both are *Bacchis*.

V. 98. *My engine*—] The original is *balistam*. See *The Captives*, Act IV. Scene II. v. 19. note. Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 106. —*and wax*—] *Ceram*. *Lipsius* is of opinion, that *ceram*, *wax*, does not in this place mean what the tablets were rubbed over with, in order for using the style, but what the tablets were sealed up with ; as we use sealing-wax. See v. 149, 150.

CHRY. What do you say?

MNE. But how accommodated?

CHRY. Where are your couches plac'd? 115

MNE. Why ask you that?

CHRY. Why so it is—I wish you'd therefore tell me.
You know not what I am about to do;
Nor what a great exploit I shall attempt.

MNE. Give me your hand, and follow to the door—
Peep in——

CHRY. [*looking into BACCHIS's house.*] Huzza!
a most delicious place; 120
And just the very thing that I could wish.

Re-enter PISTOCLERUS.

PIS. Your orders are obey'd with expedition—
To the obedient, orders are well given—

CHRY. Well—what is't you have brought?

PIS. Just every thing
You order'd—

CHRY. [*to MNE.*] Take the tablets, and the
style: 125

Be quick——

MNE. What then?

CHRY. Write down then what I bid you.
I'd for this reason have you write, because
Your father, when he reads, may know the hand—
Now write——

MNE. Write what?

V. 115. *Where are your couches—*] The original is, *ubi est bichinium?* *Bichinium* is properly a *bed-chamber*, which has two beds in it. A word formed by *Plautus* from *bis*, Latin, *two*; and *κλινη*, Greek, *a bed*. However it seems here to be used for the couch, on which they reclined when at a meal.

CHRY.

CHRY. Salute your father, but
In your own words—

PIS. Suppose now he should write 130
Death and disease? That surely would be better.

MNE. Don't interrupt us— [*writing.*] I've wrote
what you order'd.

CHRY. Read it.

MNE. [*reading.*] "*Mnesilochus* sends health
to his father."

CHRY. Be quick, write this besides—"My father,
"*Chrysalus*

"Abuses me in every place, because 135

"I paid you back the gold, and did not cheat you."

PIS. Stay till 'tis wrote—

CHRY. A lover should write quick.

PIS. He's nimbler far to lavish, than to write.

MNE. That's wrote—What next?

CHRY. "Now be upon your guard.
"He's forming plots to rob you of the money, 140
"And has declar'd he certainly will have it."
Write legibly.

MNE. You dictate then.

CHRY. "And promises
"The gold to me, which I may give to strumpets,
"And eat and drink, and riot in the stews.
"Beware he don't impose upon you, father. 145
"I beg you'd be upon your guard."

MNE. Say on.

CHRY. Well, write then.

MNE. Tell me what to write.

CHRY. "I beg you,
"Father, remember what you promised me—
"Not to chastise him, but to keep him bound

66 THE COURTEZANS.

"At home"—Give me forthwith the wax and tape. 150
Come, come, be quick—Tye them and seal them up.

MNE. What is your reason, pray, for writing this?
That he should give no credit to whate'er
You said, and keep you bound at home?

CHRY. Because
It is my whim—Can't you indulge yourself, 155
And meddle not with me?—To my own powers
Trusting, this business I at first began;
And 'tis at my own peril I proceed.

MNE. Why you say true.

CHRY. Give me the letter.

MNE. Take it.

CHRY. Attend then both of you—You *Pistoclerus*,
And you *Mnesilochus*, take to your couches; 161
Go both, and with your mistresses recline,
And briskly put the glaſs about, where now
Your couches are prepar'd.

PIS. Would you ought else?

CHRY. Why this—When you are once sat down,
sit not 165
A foot, till I have given you the ſignal.

PIS. An excellent commander!—

CHRY. Why ere this,
You ought to have drank twice—

MNE. Well then, away.

CHRY. See that you do your duty, I'll do mine.

[Exit. MNE. and PIST.]

V. 151. —*ſeal them up.*] See v. 106. note.

SCENE

ACT. IV. SCENE V, VI. 67

SCENE V.

CHRYSAIUS *alone.*

CHRY. A matter of great pith I undertake,
And how I shall to-day accomplish it
I have my fears—A churlish, crusty chap
I have to deal with—'Twould not suit my plot,
At our first interview he should be calm—
Well, if I live, I'll turn him well to-day,
And parch him well, as pea was ever parch'd—
I'll walk before the door, and put immediately
The tablet in his hands as he comes out.

SCENE VI.

Enter NICOBULUS.

NIC. It vexes me, that *Chrysalus* to-day
Has thus escap'd me—

CHRY. [*aside.*] So, so, safe's the word,
The old man's in a passion—Now's the time
For me to accost my man—

NIC. Who speaks hard by?
'Tis surely *Chrysalus*—

CHRY. I'll straight accost him.

NIC. My honest slave, all hail! How fares it
with you?

What's on the anvil now? How soon am I

V. 6. *I'll turn him well, &c.*] An allegory from the kitchen.

V. 6. *My honest slave—*] This is said ironically.

V. 7. *What's on the anvil now?—*] The original is, *quid sit?*
What are you about?

To sail to *Ephesus* to fetch my gold
 Home from *Theotimus*?—What, art thou speechless?
 I swear most solemnly by all the gods, 10
 Had I not lov'd my son so very well,
 And wish to please him to his heart's content,
 Your sides by this had been well lash'd with rods,
 And at the mill you'd spend your life in chains.
 All your abominable pranks, I from 15
Mnefilochus have learn'd.

CHRY. Has he accus'd me?—
 Why best of all—I am a knave, a curs'd one,
 A wicked knave—Look now to your affairs,
 I will not say one word—

NIC. Do you threaten, hang-dog?
 CHRY. You soon will find what kind of man he is.
 He order'd me to bring these tablets to you, 21
 And begs, what he has wrote there may be done.

NIC. Well, give them me.

CHRY. Take notice of the seal. [*giving a tablet.*]

NIC. I know it well—Where is he?

CHRY. I can't say.
 I need know nothing now—I've every thing 25
 Forgot—I know indeed that I'm a slave.
 Ev'n what I know, I am most ignorant of.
 Now at the worm, the ouzel through the springe, [*aside.*]
 Is aiming; he'll be fairly noos'd to-day;
 So well I've set my snare—

V. 23. *Take notice of the seal.*] It was the custom of the ancients, before they read a tablet or letter, for the person who delivered it, to desire them to look at the seal, to be assured that it was not forged. See *Amphitryon*, Act II. Scene II. v. 209. Vol. I. of this translation. It is to be observed, that the seal was not put as it is to ours to fasten it; but at the end of it, as we do to a bond, letter of attorney, &c.

NIC.

ACT IV. SCENE VI, VII. 69

Nic. So, *Chrysalus*, 30
Stay here a little, I'll return directly. [*Exit. Nic.*]

CHRY. How he dissembles with me!—And how ignorant

He thinks I am of what he's gone about.

He is gone in to fetch his slaves to bind me.

My ship sails right before the wind—She'll safe 35

Arrive in port—But hush! the doors are opening.

SCENE VII.

Re-enter NICOBULUS with slaves.

Nic. Here *Artamo*, bind you his hands forthwith.

CHRY. What have I done?

Nic. And, if he dares to mutter,
Why, knock him down—What says this tablet? Ha!

CHRY. Why ask you me?—I gave it to you seal'd,
As I from him receiv'd it.

Nic. Answer, rascal! 5

Have you not frequently in talk abus'd
My son, because he gave me back the gold?
Have you not said, that notwithstanding that,
By your base acts you'd get the gold again?

CHRY. Have I said so?

Nic. You have.

CHRY. Where is the man, 10
Who dares affirm I said it?

Nic. Peace—No man says so.
The tablet which you gave but now, convicts you.
Look here—'Tis this commands you to be bound.

[*Shewing the tablet.*]

CARY. Your son has made me a *Bellerophon*.
I am myself the bearer of a tablet, 15
Which orders me in bonds—Well—Be it so.

NIC. This I do only, that you may persuade
My son, that he may drink and riot with you,
You threefold villain.

CHRY. Fool, O silly fool !
You know not now you are on sale, and stand 20
Upon the stone, where stands the auctioneer.

NIC. Who sells me ? Say—

CHRY. He whom the gods protect.
The youth is dying, whilst he is in health,
And has his senses and his judgement sound.
This man, had any god regarded him, 25

V. 14. — *a Bellerophon.*] *Bellerophon* was sent by *Proclus*, king of the *Argives*, with a letter to *Jobates*, desiring him to put the messenger *Bellerophon*, to death. Hence *Bellerophontis literas portare*, to carry *Bellerophon's* letters, became a proverbial expression, to signify a man carrying commendatory letters to his own hurt.

V. 21. — *upon the stone*—] This alludes to a proverbial expression, said of those who are cheated and imposed upon with their eyes open. The stone is that on which the crier or auctioneer used to stand when he sold slaves ; and the slaves so bought were usually the cheapest and those of least value. For more of this matter, we refer the reader to *Julius Pollux, Onomasticon*, Lib. iii. Cap. 25. and to *Cicero's* Oration against *Piso*.

V. 25. — *had any god regarded him.*]

Ὁν οἱ θεοὶ φιλᾶσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος—

MENANDER.

The man who is a favourite of the gods,
Dies young——

To this the commentators say, *Plautus* alludes ; making *Chrysalus* insinuate, that the old man *Nicobulus* was not a favourite of the gods, because he did not die a young man.

Ten

Ten years, ay more, full twenty years ago,
Had left the world—He crawls, a useless weight
Upon the earth, and neither judgement has,
Nor yet his senses—He's worth just as much
As a stale, rotten mushroom.

NIC. Do you think 30
That I'm a useless weight upon the earth?
Away with him, and tie him to the post—
You shall not take away the gold from me.

CHRY. No, you will give it me.

NIC. I give it you!

CHRY. Nay, to receive it, of your own accord 35
You will intreat me, when you come to know
In what a dangerous situation
My accuser is, you'll offer *Cbrysalus*
His freedom; nor will *Cbrysalus* accept it.

NIC. Tell me, thou villain, tell me, what's the
danger 40

Mnefilochus, my son, is in?

CHRY. Then this way
Follow, and you shall know.

NIC. And whither follow?

CHRY. Only three steps—

NIC. Ay ten steps, if you will.

CHRY. A match--Come on then--*Artamo*, do you
Open the door a little way—So—gently— 45
Don't make it creak—So—That's enough—Come
hither—

[to NICOBULUS,

Do you not see the entertainment?

NIC. [looking in.] Yes,
I *Pistoclerus* see, and *Bacchis* opposite.

CHRY. And who do you see upon the other couch?

NIC. Wretch; I'm undone!

CHRY. Say, do you know the man? 50

NIC. I do.

CHRY. Now tell me your opinion, pray—
Do you think the woman handsome?

NIC. Very handsome.

CHRY. And do you take her for a strumpet?

NIC. Certainly.

CHRY. You're quite mistaken.

NIC. Well, who is she then?

CHRY. Discover that yourself—In this affair 55
You'll not by me be wiser made to-day.

SCENE VIII.

Enter CLEOMACHUS.

CLEO. How!—*Nicobulus'* son *Mnesilochus*,
By downright violence detain my mistress!
What an abominable deed!

NIC. Who's this?

CHRY. [*aside*.] The captain's opportunely come.

CLEO. He deems me

A woman rather than a soldier sure, who can't 5
Defend myself nor mine; no, nor *Bellona*,
Nor even *Mars*, believe me e'er again,
If I don't make of him a lifeless corse:
If I should chance to meet with him, I'll separate
His body from his soul.

NIC. Who is it, *Chrysalus*? 10
This man, I say, that threatens so my son?

V. 54. *You're quite mistaken—*] The original is, *frustras*:
which *Paræus* tells us, has in *Plautus*, that signification.

CHRY.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII. 73

CHRY. The husband of the punk upon the couch
with him.

NIC. Her husband, say you?

CHRY. Yes, her husband, sir.

NIC. What! is she married then?

CHRY. You'll know anon.

NIC. Wretch that I am, I'm utterly undone! 15

CHRY. Does *Chrysalus* appear a villain now?

Come, bind me; and now hearken to your son.

Did I not tell you, you'd discover soon

What sort of man he is—

NIC. What shall I do?

CHRY. Why, order me to be unbound forthwith; 20
If I am not, he'll crush him e'en to death.

CLEO. To catch these lovers in each other's arms,
That I might kill them both, would better please me,
Than would a mist of money.

CHRY. Don't you hear
What he is saying?—Why not order me 25
To be unbound?—

NIC. Unbind him, slaves—I'm ruin'd—
[*they unbind him.*]

Wretch that I am, O what a fright I'm in!

CLEO. Then she, that publick prostitute, shan't say,
She's found a man to make a laughing-stock—

CHRY. You may make up this matter for a trifle. 30

NIC. Prithee, then make it up for what you will,
So he don't catch him in the fact, and kill him.

CLEO. If I have not two hundred *Philippeans*
Paid me down rug, I'll swallow both their souls.

V. 17. *Come bind me—*] Yet it appears clearly from what
follows, that he was bound at that time. See v. 26. Perhaps
it is meant ironically.

NIC.

NIC. Come into terms with him if possible; 35
 Agree with him for any sum— [to CHRYSALUS.

CHRY. I'll go
 And do my best— [to CLEOMACHUS.] Why do you
 clamour so?

CLEO. Where is your master?

CHRY. No where—How should I know?
 Would you have promis'd you two hundred pieces,
 To make no riot, nor no brawling here? 40

CLEO. Nought I desire more—

CHRY. And that I may
 Abuse you soundly—

CLEO. To your heart's content—

CHRY. [aside.] How civilly the rascal fawns upon us!
 This is the father of *Mnesileobus*— [aloud.
 Follow me then—Demand of him the money. 45
 He will engage for't---I need say no more---

NIC. Well, how go matters?--- [to CHRY.

CHRY. I have made the bargain,
 And for two hundred *Philippæans* paid him.

NIC. Well done!---My goddess *Salus*, thou hast
 fav'd me.

How soon am I to tell him I will pay it? 50

CHRY. Ask him [to CLEO.] And you now promise
 him the money? [to NICOBULUS.]

NIC. I do---[to CLEO.] Come ask me.

CLEO. Well then—Will you give me
 Two hundred *Philippæans*, lawful money?—
 Say, will you give them? Answer—

NIC. I will give them,

V. 49. —my goddess *Salus*—] See *The Captives*, Act III.
 Scene III. v. 18. note. Vol. I. of this translation.

CHRY.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII. 75

CHRY. Well, what now, filth, is there aught owing
to you? 55

What have you now to plague him with? What now,
To frighten him with death? Both he and I
Will do you some ill turn—If you've a sword,
We have a spit at home—If you provoke me,
With that I'll make your skin a cullender, 60
By *Hercules*! I found, some time ago,
What the suspicion was that harass'd you.
You thought my master with your wife.

CLEO. And so

He is—

CHRY. And so may *Jupiter*, and *Juno*,
May *Ceres* and *Latona*, *Pallas*, *Spes*, 65
May *Ops*, may *Virtus*, *Venus*, *Castor*, *Pollux*,
Mars, *Mercury*, *Hercules*, *Summanus*, *Sol*,
Saturn, and every god so prosper me,
As he reclines not with her on the couch,
Nor walks with her, nor kisses her, nor does 70
What fame, that lying jade, reports of him.

NIC. Gods! how he swears!—He'll save me by
his perjury!

CLEO. Where then at this time is *Mneflocbus*?

CHRY. His father's just into the country sent him,

V. 60. —*your skin a cullender*.] The original is obscure, and commentators are much divided in their opinions of the sense of it. We have followed *Limiers* in his translation into *French*.

V. 65. —*Spes*—] The antients made *spes* or *hope*, a goddess.

V. 66. —*may Virtus*—] The antients also made *virtus*, or *virtue*, a god.

V. 67. —*Summanus*—] That is, *Pluto*. See *The Parasite*, Act III. Scene I. v. 47. note. Vol. IV. of this translation.

And

And she's gone to the citadel, to visit 75
Pallas's temple—The doors open now,
 Go see if she is there.

CLEO. I'll go---But, to the forum.

CHRY. Or rather to the gallows---

CLEO. And may I
 To-day demand the money of him?

CHRY. Yes---
 Demand it, and go hang yourself---Do you think so
 That I would stay here to intreat you, scoundrel!

[Exit CLEOMACHUS.
 So---He's mov'd off---By the immortal gods!
 I beg you, master, give me leave to go
 In hither to your son.

NIC. Why go in there?

CHRY. That I may, since in such a way he acts,
 With many words correct him.

NIC. Prithee, do so. 85
 And, *Chrysalus*, take 'special care, I beg you,
 You do not spare him.

CHRY. You pretend to instruct me!
 Is't not sufficient, if from me to-day
 He hear more sharp reproaches, than e'er *Clinia*.
 Heard from *Demetrius*.--- [Exit.

NIC. This fellow here, 90
 Is like a watery eye—which, if you have not,
 You never wish for it---But if you have it,
 You can't keep off your hands from rubbing it.
 For had he not, by great good luck, to-day
 Been here, his wife and my *Mnefilochus* 95

V. 90. *Heard from Demetrius.*] This seems to be an allusion
 to some Comedy not known, in which *Demetrius* must have been
 remarkably severe on *Clinia*. M. De L'Oeuwre suspects it to have
 been a proverb.

The captain had surpriz'd, and her gallant
 Had murder'd, caught so plainly in the fact.
 Now in some sort have I redeem'd my son
 With these two hundred *Philippæans*, which
 I promised to give the captain—But 100
 I will not be so rash to pay him, till
 I've seen my son—By *Pollux'* temple lightly
 I shall not trust again this *Chrysalus*
 In any thing—But I've a mind to read
 These tablets once again—It is but right 105
 That, when they're seal'd, I should give credit to them.

* SCENE IX.

Re-enter CHRYSALUS, with a bag of money.

CHRY. Renown'd the deed!—And *Atreus'* sons
 obtain'd
 Immortal fame; what time, when *Priam's Troy*
 Founded by hands divine, with horse and arms,
 And bands of men, by chosen warriors led,
 And with a thousand sail of ships, was sack'd 5
 In twice five years—Old *Peleus'* son was not

V. 106. *That, when they're seal'd—*] See Scene VI. v. 23. note.

* SCENE IX.] This Scene is most worthy of *Plautus*,
 and contains the subject of the Destruction of *Troy*.

V. 1. *Atreus' sons—*] That is, *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*.

V. 2. —*Priam's Troy—*] The original is *Priami Pergamum*.
Pergamus was the fort of *Troy*; but often used by ancient
 writers for *Troy* itself.

V. 3. *Founded by hands divine—*] The ancient poets tell us,
 that the walls of *Troy* were built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*.

V. 6. —*Old Peleus' son—*] That is, *Achilles*.

An engine of such force as I; who have
 Without a fleet, an army, or so great
 An host of men, my master's castle storm'd---
 I have subdu'd, and taken from his father
 The money for my master, who's in love
 Let me, or e'er he comes, weep o'er the loss---
 O *Troy!* my country, *Pergamus*, O *Priam!*
 Old Sophister, you're ruin'd---Most unhappily
 Four hundred *Philippians* you are chous'd of.
 The tablets seal'd, and counterseal'd I bring :
 They are not tablets, but the wooden horse,
 The *Grecians* sent to *Troy*; and *Pistoclerus*
Epius is. His scheme---*Mnesilochus*
 Is *Sinon*, left behind---See where he is,
 Not at *Achilles'* tomb, but on a couch
 With *Bacchis* in his arms---*Sinon* had fire
 To give the *Greeks* a signal---*Bacchis* is
 His flame---And I *Ulysses* am, whose counsels
 The stratagem conduct---And the contents

V. 19. *Epius is*—] *Epius* or *Epeus* was the name of the person who contrived the wooden horse.

—*ipse doli fabricator Epeus*—

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Lib. ii. v. 264.

Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudulent steed. PITT.

V. 20. *Is Sinon*—] *Sinon* was the person who persuaded the *Trojans* to have the wooden horse brought into *Troy*, and then let out the armed *Grecians* concealed within it.

Inclusos utero Ddnasi, et pinea furtim

Laxat claustra Sinon—

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Lib. ii. V. 258.

Then *Sinon*, favour'd by the partial gods,
 Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes— PITT.

Of

Of these same tablets are the soldiers arm'd
 And spirited, inclos'd within the horse—
 Thus far our scheme has met with more success
 Than the *Greeks* met with---Not the citadel,
 It is the coffer which this horse attacks; 30
 And to the old man's money, will to-day
 Bring ruin and destruction---With great truth
 To this old fool, I give the name of *Troy*—
 The captain *Menelaus* is, and I
 Both *Agamemnon*, and *Laertes*' son 35
Ulysses : and *Mnefilochus* is *Paris*,
 Who was to be the ruin of his country---
Helen he took by force.---On her account
 I now lay siege to *Troy*---And I have heard,
 What I am now, *Ulysses* was, a bold 40
 And mischief-enterprizing man---And I
 Am in my stratagems detected---He
 In rags discover'd, narrowly escap'd,
 Whilst he was searching out the fate of *Troy* :
 Not unlike his, has been my hap to-day--- 45
 I have been bound ; but by my art escap'd---
 So he by artifice preserv'd himself---
 I've heard three destinies attended *Troy* ;
 Either of which were fatal---If the image
 Should from the citadel be stol'n away--- 50
 Another, *Troilus*' death---A third,
 When th' upper lintel of the *Scæan* gate
 Should be demolish'd---Similar to these,
 Three fates attend our *Troy*---And for the first,

V. 36. —*Mnefilochus is Paris*—] The original is, *Mnefilochus est Alexander*. In *Homer*, *Paris* is often called *Alexander*.

V. 52. —*the Scæan gate*—] *Dares* tell us that *Troy* had six gates, one of which was called the *Scæan* gate.

Hic

80 THE COURTEZANS.

When of the host, the money, and the bark 55
 To the old man I told the fabulous tale,
 Then the *Palladium* from the fort I took---
 Two destinies remain'd; else I should not
 Have sack'd the town---When I the tablets brought,
 Then I kill'd *Troilus*---When he suppos'd 60
Mnesilochus was with the captain's wife,
 With much ado I disengag'd myself---
 This danger I compare to what *Ulysses*,
 When he was known by *Helen*, underwent;
 And was betray'd to *Hecuba*, as says 66
 Report---But by his soothing arts, himself

—*Hic Juno Scæas sacratissima portas*

Prima tenet— VIRG. *Æneid.* Lib. ii. V. 612.

Heaven's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
 Here storms tremendous at the Scæan gate! PITT.

V. 57. *Then the Palladium*—] *Palladium* was an image or statue of *Pallas*, which the *Trojans* imagined fell from heaven into an uncovered temple, and were told by the oracle, that *Troy* could not be taken whilst that image remained there. Which being understood by *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*, they privately stole into the temple, and conveyed the image away; after which soon followed the destruction of the city.

—*Impius ex quo*

Tydidēs sed enim, scelerumque inventor Ulysses

Fatale aggressi sacrato avellere templo

Palladium, cæsis summæ custodibus arcis

Corripuere sacram effigiem—

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* Lib. ii. V. 163.

But from that execrable point of time,
 When *Ithacus*, the first in every crime,
 With *Tydeus'* impious son, the guards had slain,
 And brought her image from the *Phrygian* sanc—

PITT.

He

He freed, and his escape his tongue procur'd---
 So, by my art, this danger I've escap'd,
 And the old man deceiv'd---I then engag'd
 The blustering captain; he who takes, unarm'd, 70
 A city with his tongue; and drove him off---
 Then the old fellow fist to fist I fought,
 And with a single eye I conquer'd him,
 By which one stroke I bore away the spoils --
 Two hundred *Philippians* to the captain, 75
 According to his promise, will he give---
 Now *Troy* is sack'd, we want two hundred more,
 To be distributed amongst the soldiers;
 That with rich wine they may rejoice their hearts.
 Our *Priam* far excells *Priam* of old-- 80
 Not only fifty, but four hundred sons
 He has; all without blemish, pick'd and choice.
 All these, this day, I with two single strokes
 Will clean cut off---And now for our old *Priam*--
 Could I but find a purchaser, I'd sell 85
 This venerable piece, whom I shall have
 For sale, as soon as I have storm'd the town---
 But see, our *Priam* standing at the gate,
 I'll go and speak to him.

NIC. Whose voice sounds near me?

CHRY. Hift! *Nicobulus*!

NIC. Well---What ar't about? 90

V. 86. *This venerable piece*—] The original is, *coemptionalem senem*. The word *coemptionalis*, commentators explain differently. *Pareus* says, it means *utilis ad coemptiones faciendas*, of use in buying any thing valuable. *Salmasius* tells us, that in this place it signifies any decrepid old man; and *Gronovius* says, that it means a slave so little worth, that he could not be sold, unless he was put into a lot with some other slave, or with something of value.

VOL. V.

G

Have

82 THE COURTEZANS.

Have you done ought in the affair, on which
I sent you?---

CHRY. Ask you that?---Come nearer to me.
NIC. Well, well, I do so.

CHRY. I'm an orator
Most excellent---By rating him with all
The bitter terms I could devise, I forc'd 95
The water down his cheeks.

NIC. And what then said he?

CHRY. Why, not a syllable---But weeping, heard
In silence all I said---Nor open'd once
His lips---He then a tablet wrote and seal'd it;
Then bade me bring it you---It sings, I fear, 100
The same vile song, the other tablet sang.
You know the seal, is't his?

NIC. I know it well---
I have a mind to read it---

CHRY. Read it then---
The upper lintel shakes---Now *Troy's* in danger---
And rarely well the wooden horse performs. 105

NIC. Come hither, *Chrysalus*, while I read the
tablet---

CHRY. What need is there of that?

NIC. I'll have it so---
That you may do what I command, and know
What here is wrote.

CHRY. I care not what is wrote---
Nor would I know---

NIC. But come---

CHRY. Why should I come? 110

NIC. Peace, and obey---

CHRY. I come---

NIC.

Nic. Bless me! how small

The letters are!—

CHRY. To one who sees but ill—
To those of better sight, they're large enough.

Nic. Attend—

CHRY. I say, I'll not.

Nic. I say, you shall.

CHRY. What need of it?

Nic. What I command you, do. 115

CHRY. 'Tis right, your slave should serve you in
the way

You like.—

Nic. Now mind the business.

CHRY. When you please,
Read out—My ears are all attention to you.

Nic. Truly he has not spar'd or wax, or style.
But be that as it may, I'll read it through. 120

“ Sir, I beseech you, give to *Chrysalus*, [reading.

“ At sight of this, two hundred *Philippæans*,

“ As you'd preserve my safety and my life.”

CHRY. I can't but curse you now, by *Hercules*!

Nic. Why, what's the matter?

CHRY. He don't send you health. 125

Nic. I do not find that out.

CHRY. If in your senses,
You will not give the money—If you give him

V. 114. *I say, I'll not—*] This answer from a slave to his master must sound harsh to a modern ear. But the *English* reader will remember that the *Romans* had not that politeness in their conversation which is now in use.

V. 119. —*or style.*] This is equivalent to our modern phrase; when we say, if a letter is rather long, that the writer has not spared paper.

84 THE COURTEZANS.

Ever so much, let him, if he is wise,
Find out some other porter—I'll not carry it,
Be your injunctions e'er so strict—You have 130
Suspected me enough, when I've been innocent.

NIC. Well, well, attend while I read what is wrote.

CHRY. From the beginning, 'tis a faucy letter.

NIC. [*reading.*] "I am asham'd to appear before
you, sir;

"I'm told, you know of my debaucheries, 135

"And my intriguing with the captain's wife."

Troth, that's no jest, but serious, sober sadness.

Two hundred *Philippæans* have I promis'd

Because of that foul deed, to save your life.

CHRY. And everything of this I've told him of. 140

NIC. [*reading.*] "I've acted foolishly, I own; but,
father,

"Tho' in my duty I have fail'd, I beg you,

"Go not so far, to leave me in my folly—

"Push'd on by fierce desire, my eyes became

"My masters, and I've done a frontless deed 145

"I blush at now, and am asham'd of it."

Better it were that you had taken heed

Before, than now to be asham'd.

CHRY. I said

The same to him word for word, not long ago.

NIC. [*reading.*] "My father, I intreat you, think
it is 150

"Enough, that *Chrysalus* has most severely

"With many, many cutting words reproach'd me;

"And, as I trust, has, by these precepts, made me

"A better man—'Tis just you thank him for it."

CHRY. Is that there in the letter?---

NIC.

ACT IV. SCENE IX. 85

NIC. Look and see, 155

And then you'll know.

CHRY. How humble is to all,
And of his own accord, the guilty man!

NIC. [*reading.*] "If, father, I may now presume
"to offer

"My humble suit, two hundred *Philippæans*
"I beg of you"—

CHRY. Not one, unless you're mad. 160
By *Hercules*! not one—

NIC. Let me read on—
[*reading.*] "That is the sum I solemnly have sworn
"To give the woman, ere at night she leaves me.
"Let me not now, my father, be forsworn—
"And with all speed remove me from her house; 165
"From her, on whose account I've spent so much;
"And have been guilty of so foul a crime.
"And let not, sir, the money give you pain—
"If I should live, I'll pay you back three-fold—
"Father, farewell, and think upon these things—" 170
Now what is your opinion, *Chrysalus*?

V. 162. —*I solemnly have sworn*—] The original is, *Ego iurandum verbis conceptis dedi.* See *The Cheat*, Act I. Scene III. v. 176. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

V. 169. —*I'll pay you back three-fold*—] The original is *sexcenta tanta reddam.* Gronovius says he means, *more by thrice.* Lambin the same. M. De L'Oeuvre, *sextuplo plura, six times as many.* Whether M. Gueudeville means six or six hundred times as much, is not easy to determine. The sum *Mnesilochus* asked for was two hundred *Philippæans*, and says, he will return to his father if he lives *sexcenta tanta, three times as much.*

CHRY. I can give no advice in this affair,
 Nor will I interfere, lest you should say,
 If ought goes wrong, 'twas done by my advice.
 But yet, in my opinion, was I you, 175
 I'd rather give the money, than I'd suffer him
 To be debauch'd—You have a double choice—
 Take heed which way you take, either to lose
 The gold, or let the lover be forsworn.
 I order not, forbid not, nor persuade. 180

NIC. I pity him—

CHRY. I wonder not you should.
 He is your son—If more was to be spent,
 It would be sweeter far to waste your money,
 Than publish his disgrace among the herd—

NIC. By *Pollux*! I'd much rather he had been 185
 At *Ephesus*, so he'd been safe and well,
 Than that to me he had come home again.
 Since it must go, why don't I speed its going?
 I'll now fetch twice two hundred *Philippæans*,
 Wretch that I am! those which I had engag'd 190
 To pay the captain, and these two besides.—
 You, *Chrysalus*, stay here—I'll strait return. [*Exit.*]

CHRY. *Troy's* now laid waste, the chiefs have
 storm'd the town.
 I knew long since, that I should ruin *Pergamus*.
 'Troth I dare wager no great sum with him, 195
 Who says, that I deserve to suffer torture,
 Such bustle and confusion here I make—
 But the door creaks—They're bringing out the plunder
 From this our *Troy*—'Tis time to hold my tongue.

V. 193. —*the chiefs, &c.*] He means the letters which formed
 the tablet which he above calls, the soldiers in the *Trojan* horse.

Re-enter

Re-enter NICOBULUS.

NIC. Here, take this money--Bear it to my son-- 200
I'll to the Forum strait, and pay the captain.

CHRY. I'll not receive it---Go and seek one out
To bear it to him---I will not be trusted.

NIC. Nay take it---Now you teize me---

CHRY. I'll not take it---

NIC. I prithee do---

CHRY. I tell you but the truth. 205

NIC. You only hinder me---

CHRY. I tell you plainly,
Trust not with me the money---Or at least
Provide a guard to watch my motions, sir---

NIC. Enough, enough, you teize me---

CHRY. Give it me,
Since it must be so---

NIC. Here, take care of it. 210

[giving the money.]

I'll return hither back immediately. *[Exit* NIC.

CHRY. Yes, I have taken care that you shall be
A miserable man---Well, this it is
To bring a business to a good conclusion---
As in my own case now---Loaded with plunder, 215
How I rejoice---The town reduc'd by stratagem,
Ourselves all safe, I bring my army home
Intire---Spectators, wonder not, I don't
Appear in triumph---'Tis a common thing---
I do not value it---But let the men 220
Be entertain'd with a good cup of wine.
I'll now bear all the spoils unto the Questor--- *[Exit.]*

V. 222. —*unto the Questor*—] All plunder taken in war was
carried to the city Questor. He means he will carry the gold to
Mnesilochus,

SCENE X.

Enter PHILOXENUS.

PHIL. The more I twist and turn it in my thoughts,
 What strange disturbances my son has rais'd ;
 In what amours he has engag'd himself,
 And headlong rush'd into, the more I fear ;
 The more is my concern, lest he should be 5
 Debauch'd and ruin'd---I have not forgot it---
 I once was in my prime, and did all this
 Myself---But then 'twas in a decent manner---
 I can't but disapprove the present mode
 That fathers use in managing their sons. 10
 I've had my wench, and brought her home with me,
 Indulg'd myself in feasts and drinking-bouts---
 Have given presents---But these things were seldom.
 So I resolv'd to give my son some liberty
 To gratify his youthful inclinations--- 15
 I thought it was but right : but not to indulge
 In sloth and idleness---I'll now go see
 Whether *Mnefilochus* has brought back my son

V. 1.1. *I've had my wench*—] The original is, *babui scortum*.
Pareus will have it, that *babere* in this place has an obscene
 sense ; and mentions a parallel passage in *Terence*.

— *Quis heri Cbrysidem habuit ?* —

Andria, Act I. Scene I. v. 58.

But the common sense of *to have* answers the purpose very well
 in both places. And so Mr. Colman thinks ; who translates the
 passage from *Terence*.

— *Who had Chrysis yesterday* —

To virtue and sobriety---And that
I'm sure he has done, if he has met with him--- 20
For that's his disposition from his infancy. [Exit.

V. 21. —*his disposition*—] That is, *Mneflocbus's*.

* * The fourth Act is opened by a parasite belonging to a captain, who was an humble servant of one of the courtezans, who knocks at their door, to discharge himself of a commission he had for them from his master. *Pistoclerus*, who was then in their house, enters in the second Scene, and abuses him for knocking so violently at another person's door. Having heard from him the purport of his message, that it was to bear off *Bacchis*, or to demand the money, he threatens him still farther, and at last drives him off. In the third Scene, *Mneflocbus* having sifted into the reason, which alarmed his jealousy, is much chagrined at having so rashly paid to his father the money he had brought with him. *Pistoclerus*, like a generous friend, comforts him to the best of his power ; and, in the fourth Scene *Chrysalus* joins them quite *a-propos*, in order to rid him of his perplexity, promising him at the same time, to engage himself in some fresh artifice in his favour. They then concert together the means to dupe the old man once more ; and *Chrysalus*, charged with instructions for that purpose, in a soliloquy promises himself success in his design. And this is the subject of the fifth Scene. The sixth Scene is between him and *Nicobulus*, to whom he gives some tablets he had brought him from his son. The good man having read them, in order to punish him for his insolence, orders *Chrysalus* to be fettered ; not knowing that the very tablets which advised him so to do, were concerted between his son and him. *Chrysalus*, who makes a merit of having brought the tablets to him, without knowing that the contents of them were his own condemnation, pretends to revenge himself on *Mneflocbus*, by discovering to his father, which he does in the seventh Scene, the debaucheries and intrigues of his son. And the better to convince him, he conducts him to the courtezan's door ; which being open, he bids him look at, and remark upon what he sees going forward in their house. While this is going forward, in the eighth Scene *Cleomachus*, the captain, enters and threatens to be the death of them all, if *Bacchis* is not restored

to

to him. At this *Nicobulus* is greatly alarmed ; and *Chrysalus*, to frighten him more, invents a lye, and makes the old man believe that *Bacchis* is the captain's wife ; who readily takes the bait, and assists in the deceit. *Nicobulus* to disengage himself from the ills that threaten him, and his son from the consequences of so infamous an action as that of having been discovered in company with another man's wife, agrees to enter into a composition. He has his servant unbound, and charges him with the means of an accommodation. And he, seeing no other way to bring it about, agrees with the captain for two hundred *Philippæans*, which *Nicobulus* was to pay him. The business of the ninth Scene, is another trick which *Chrysalus* is meditating, in order to chouse the old man out of two hundred *Philippæans* more. He triumphs in the success of his rogueries, and compares his exploits, as has been already observed, to the siege of *Troy*. The tenth Scene contains only a soliloquy of *Philoxenus* ; who, always prejudiced in favour of *Mnesilochus* and his good conduct, confirms himself in the thought of giving up his son to him, in order that he should reclaim him from pursuing his debaucheries. He then goes to see if this is done ; and the time necessary for so doing fills up the fourth interval.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

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A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter NICOBULUS.

NICOBULUS.

WHO are, who have been, or from hence shall be
Fools, noddies, ideots, dolts, oafs, sots, and
blockheads,

I, single I, exceed them all in folly,
And in absurdity of manners too.

I am undone, and am asham'd to say so. 5

Ought I not blush too, at my time of life,

V. 2. — dolts—] The original is *fungi*, literally *mushrooms*. As a mushroom is of itself tasteless and insipid till proper cookery has given it a relish, a stupid fellow, a dolt, is metaphorically called so. The word has occurred before, in this very comedy, in the same sense;

Adeon' me fuisse fungum, ut qui illi crederem?

Act II. Sc. III. V. 49.

How could I such an ideot be, to trust
This fellow?

Ibid. — oafs, sots, and blockheads,—] The original is, *bardi, blenni, buccones*. *Bardus* means, *dull-witted, foolish*.

Stupidum esse Socratem dixit, (Zopyrus, scil.) et bardum.

Cicero, De Fato, Cap. V.

Zopyrus affirmed that *Socrates* was stupid and dull-witted.

Blennus, literally means *snotty-nosed*, from the Greek *βλεννα* *snout* & thence, metaphorically, a fool, an ideot.

Bucco means a *person who has large puffed out cheeks*; which ancient physiognomists, we are told, say, is the mark of a fool, or blockhead.

Twice

Twice in a day to be so gull'd—The more
 I think upon the stir my son has made,
 The more I am incens'd. I'm utterly
 Undone and ruin'd—Vex'd a thousand ways— 10
 All plagues attend me, and I die all deaths.
 That rascal *Cbrysalus* this day has plunder'd me,
 Wretch that I am! he has robb'd me of my money.
 With his keen tricks, just as the villain pleas'd,
 He has shav'd me to the quick--For now, the Captain
 Says plainly, that this *Bacchis* is his mistress, 16
 Whom *Cbrysalus* affirm'd to be his wife.
 He has inform'd me of the whole affair,
 That he had hir'd her for a year—The sum
 She had to pay in order to be off, 20
 Was what I in the height of folly promis'd.
 'Tis this, 'tis this, which makes me so uneasy,

V. 19. *The sum she had to pay—*] The original is, *Reliquum id auri factum, quod ego ei stultissimus homo promississem*. The passage is difficult. *Plautus* by *reliquum auri* seems to mean the money, that *Bacchis* the courtesan was to repay the Captain, to be released from her engagement. He had hired her for a year, which was not yet expired; and had paid the whole sum for the year, as appears by the terms often made use of, of paying back, returning, and restoring the money. Now, as *Bacchis* was returned to *Athens*, she offered *Cleomachus*, as we may suppose, to repay him in proportion for that part of the year which was not elapsed, that she might be immediately free from her engagement, and not to go with him to *Elatia*. It appears in the first scene, that she was afraid he would keep her after the end of the year, as a servant; besides she knew that *Mnesilochus* was searching for her. This sum was two hundred Philippæans; and was just the same sum that *Cbrysalus* was to raise to secure the same *Bacchis* for his master.

V. 22. —'tis this which makes me so uneasy—] The original is, *hoc est, quod peracescit*. *Peracesco* is a word which very rarely occurs. It means literally to be very sour; thence, metaphorically, to be very uneasy.

This

This is the only thing which tortures me.
 In my old age to be so gull'd and fool'd!
 And with a hoary head, and snowy beard 25
 To be thus trick'd and cheated of my money!
 That my own slave should dare to hold me cheap!
 Undone, undone!—By other means I could
 Have lost much more, have ta'en it less to heart,
 And should have thought the loss not half so great. 30

Enter PHILOXENUS.

PHIL. Some one, I'm sure, seems talking not far off,
 I know not whom. But who is this I see?
 Sure 'tis the father of *Mnefilochus*.

NIC. My brother in affliction and misfortune.
 All hail! to you, *Philoxenus*.

PHIL. The same 35
 To you—whence come you?

NIC. From a place, from whence
 A luckless, and a wretched man should come.

PHIL. And I'm, by *Pollux*! in the very place,
 Just where a wretched, luckless man should be.

NIC. Our fortunes, and our ages are alike. 40

PHIL. Even so—But what has hap'd to you?

NIC. In troth
 Much such ill hap as your's—

V. 27. —to hold me cheap!—] The original is, *non nauci facere esse auiam*, literally to esteem me not worth a nutshell. The same expression has occurred before.

Qui homo timidus erit in rebus dubiis, nauci non erit.

Mostellaria, Act V. Sc. I. V. 1.

Things to a crisis come, the timid man
 Is not worth e'en a nutshell ———

The word occurs in many other places of our author.

PHIL.

94 THE COURTEZANS.

PHIL. And is this forrow,
Upon your son's account?

NIC. Yes truly, 'tis.

PHIL. I have the same disease at heart.

NIC. That *Cbrysalus*,
That precious villain has undone my son, 45
And ruin'd me, and all my fortune.

PHIL. Prithee,
Tell me what's this affair about your son?

NIC. Why, you shall hear—My son, and your's
with him,
Are both undone—For each of them has got 50
His mistress.

PHIL. And how know you that?

NIC. I saw them.

PHIL. Alas! I'm ruin'd.

NIC. Why then don't we knock,
And bid them both come out?

PHIL. You've my consent.

NIC. Ho! *Bacchis*! *Bacchis*, ho!—This instant
order

The door be open'd, if you would not have 55
That, and the pillars too knock'd down with hatchets.

[*Knocks at Bacchis's door.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter 1 BACCHIS *and* 2 BACCHIS.

1 BAC. Who is it that with such a noise and tumult,
Calls on my name, and knocks thus at the door?

NIC. I, and this man here.

1 BAC.

1 BAC. What's this business, say ?
Prithee, who was it drove these sheep to us ?

NIC. These worst of hussies call us sheep. 5

2 BAC. Their shepherd
Is sure asleep, since from the flock they come
Thus straggling.

1 BAC. They look mighty white, and both
Are very clean.

2 BAC. They both have just been shorn.

PHIL. Mark how they seem to flout us !

NIC. Ay, ay, let them
Go on just as they please.

1 BAC. D'you think they're shorn 10
Three times a year ?

2 BAC. Why one has been twice shorn
This very day—That's fact.

1 BAC. These ancient beasts
Love thyme.

2 BAC. I think they've once been in good
plight.

V. 13. —*love thyme.*] The original is, *ἰσὺν θύμιαμα, are lovers of thyme.* The Athenians when advanced in life, and those of the poorer sort in particular, were, we are told, very fond of the herb thyme, which they used with all their food. Thus *Aristophanes*—

Ω πολλά δὴ τῷ δεσπότῃ ταυτὸν θυμὸν φαγεῖντε.

Plutus, Act II. Sc. I. V. 253.

O you, that like my master, eat wild thyme.

1 BAC.

96 THE COURTEZANS.

1 BAC. See how they cast a sheep's eye at us—
Look!

2 BAC. I'll answer for't they have no ill design. 15
PHIL. 'Troth we deserve all this for coming hither.

1 BAC. Drive them to fold.

2 BAC. There's no occasion for it.
They've neither milk, nor wool—Let them stand here.
How valuable so e'er they may have been,
They're now grown out of date. The fruit is drop'd
Quite off the tree—You see they stray alone. 21
I fancy they are dumb with age—They don't
So much as bleat, tho' absent from their flock.

1 BAC. They seem but filly, harmless sheep—
Come, sister,
Let us go in again.

NIC. Stay both of you. 25
The sheep would speak to you.

1 BAC. Prodigious this!
Sheep call us in a human voice!

PHIL. These sheep

V. 14. —*cast a sheep's eye at us.*] The original is, *limulis ut intuentur*—*Limulus*, or *limus*, means *askew*. It is generally used, to look wantonly.

— *ego limis specto*

Sic per flabellum clanculum—

Terentii Eunuchus, A& III. Sc. V. V. 53.

— I by stealth

Peep'd thro' the fan-sticks, thus—

COLMAN.

Altera, si memini, limis subrigit ocellis.

Ovid. Amorum Lib. iii. Eleg. I. V. 33.

The other smil'd, I wot, with wanton eyes.

Will pay you all the injuries they owe you.

1 BAC. If aught you owe me, I forgive it you.
Keep it yourself, I never will demand it. 30
But what's the reason why you threaten us?

PHIL. Because they say, our lambs are lock'd up
here.

NIC. Besides these lambs, I have a curst cur there.
And, if you don't produce, and fend them out,
We shall be metamorphos'd into rams; 35
And furiously attack you.

1 BAC. This way, sister.
I've something to communicate apart.

2 BAC. What pray? [*they go apart.*]

NIC. [*aside*] Where are they gone?

1 BAC. Sister, I yield
The old fellow, he that's farthest off I mean,
To you—With art cajole him. I'll attack 40
The angry man—We may entice them in.

2 BAC. I'll do my part. But 'tis an odious task
To embrace a corpse.

1 BAC. Endeavour to succeed.

2 BAC. Perform your part—I'll not go from my
word.

NIC. What are these two consulting there in
private? 45

[*to Philoxenus.*]

PHIL. What say you, friend?

NIC. What would you have with me?

PHIL. There is a certain thing I blush to tell you.

NIC. What is't you blush to tell me of?

PHIL. 'St! 'St!—

There is a certain thing I long to trust

98 THE COURTEZANS.

To you, my friend—'Tis past a doubt, I'm good 50
For nothing.

NIC. Ay, that I've known long since.
But what d'you mean by good for nothing? Say.

PHIL. I'm hamper'd dreadfully indeed—My heart
Perceives the goad.

NIC. 'Twere better 'twas your side.
But what is it? Tho' I already think 55
I know, I wish to hear it from yourself.

PHIL. See you this woman?

NIC. Yes.

PHIL. She's not uncomely.

NIC. Troth but she is—and you are good for no-
thing.

PHIL. In short I'm fall'n in love.

NIC. What! you in love!

PHIL. You murder me.

NIC. Why, you old rotten stump, 60
Dare you turn lover at this time of day?

PHIL. Why not?

NIC. It is a shame.

PHIL. What need of words?
I have no quarrel with my son—Nor yet
Should you with your's. To love is to be wise.

I BAC. Follow this way.

NIC. Behold, they're coming this way. 65
Alluring jades, ye counsellors to evil— [*to them.*]
What now?—Will you restore our sons? Restore
My servant too? Or must I try, what force
Will do?

PHIL. Begone—You're not a man, to treat

A

ACT V. SCENE II.



A handsome woman so.

I BAC. Best of old men,

70

Do not, let me intreat you, thus pursue
With such severity this single fault.

NIC. Altho' you're handsome, if you march not off,
I'll do you some great mischief.

I BAC. I shall bear it.

Nor do I fear that any blow of your's
Will give me pain.

75

NIC. How smooth of speech she is!
Alack!—alack!—In troth I'm fore afraid—

2 BAC. He grows more calm—Come in with me,
and then [to Nicobulus.
If you're inclin'd, reprove your son.

NIC. Avaunt!—

Hence, harlotry—

I BAC. Let me prevail upon you, 80
My dear! my life!

NIC. What! you prevail upon me!

I BAC. I'm sure, I shall prevail on this good man!
[meaning Philoxenus.

PHIL. I beg it as a favour, shew me in.

2 BAC. O charming man!

PHIL. You know, on what condition,
You're to conduct me in.

2 BAC. That you are with me, 85

PHIL. You mention every thing which I desire.

NIC. Bad men I've seen; but never worse than you.

PHIL. I'm as you see.

I BAC. Come, come, go in with me,

V. 81. —my dear! my life!—] The original is, *mea pietas*—

H 2

Where

Where you shall elegantly be receiv'd
With wines, with perfumes, and delicious viands. 90

NIC. Fine treats enough you've had at my expence.
How I may be receiv'd, it reck's me not.
My son and *Cbrysalus* have chous'd me out of
Four hundred Philippæans ; for the which
If I not torture him, I don't deserve 95
Ever again to have so great a sum.

I BAC. Suppose that half the money be return'd,
Will you go in, and pardon both their faults?

PHIL. He shall.

NIC. I'll not—By no means—I dont care.
Let me alone—I'd rather be reveng'd 135
On both.

PHIL. You man of nothing, see you lose not,
By your neglect, the favour of the Gods.
Take half the money, drink, and have your wench.

NIC. What ! in the place, the very place wherein
My son has been debauch'd, can I carouse ? 105

PHIL. Yes, there we must carouse.

NIC. Well, do so then.

Altho' 'tis scandalous, I yet will bear it,
And bring my mind to do it. [*pausing*] What ! shall he
Be with my son on the same couch, and I
A looker on ?

I BAC. No—By my troth, with you, 110
On the same couch, and you shall be my love,
And I'll carefs you.

NIC. How my head does itch !

V. 112. *How my head does itch !*] The original, *caput prurit*.
It has been observed that when a person is going to do any thing
not quite agreeable to his own opinion it is not uncommon for
him to scratch his head, as if it itched.

I'm

I'm a lost man—No, I can scarce deny her.

I BAC. And don't you recollect the ancient saw,
My dear?—The time you live, indulge your appetite,
For life can ne'er last long; and if you miss
The opportunity to day, 'twill not
Return again when you are dead and gone.

NIC. What shall I do?

PHIL. Still ask what shall you do?

NIC. I long to go, but yet I am afraid. 120

I BAC. What is't you fear?

NIC. Left to my son, and servant
I should expose myself.

I BAC. A common case,
My love! He is your son. From whence, I prithee,
'Should he d'you think have money, but from you?
Let me persuade you then to pardon both. 125

NIC. How artfully the fly jade works upon me!
She has prevail'd on me to change what seem'd
As fix'd as fate. By you and by your art
I'm sunk beneath myself.

I BAC. No, no, my dear, 130
You ne'er from me shall tear yourself.—And that's
As fix'd as fate.

NIC. The thing I once have said,
I'll never change.

I BAC. The day wears fast—Come in,
And let us to our couches. Now, your sons
Within expect—

NIC. How soon we may be dead!

I BAC. 'Tis evening—Follow—

PHIL. Lead us on as bondmen. 135

H 3

I BAC.

I BAC. [*to the spectators*] These men who for their
 sons had laid a snare
 Are cleverly entrap'd themselves——In—In.

[*to Nicobulus and Philoxenus.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

A COMEDIAN.

Had not these men been from their youth debauch'd,
 With their hoar heads to day, they never could
 Have guilty been of this flagitious crime—
 Nor should we now have ventured to exhibit
 This Comedy, had we not seen the like, 5
 Done at the houses of procurers ; where
 Fathers have been the rivals of their sons.
 Farewell, Spectators——Give a loud applause.

* * * The fifth act is opened by *Nicobulus*, expressing in the strongest terms his chagrin at having been duped by his servant: when he is joined by *Philoxenus*, who returns from *Mnesilochus* much discontented, at not having found him what he imagined him to be. The two fathers, too well convinced of the debaucheries of their sons, mutually communicate to each other the vexation they have received ; and come both together to a resolution, to force them from the house where they were corrupted. They actually go thither for that purpose. But their resolution comes to nothing, and vanishes away at the sight of the two beautiful courtezans, who come to receive them at their entrance. They, after some debate, yield to their allurements ; and shamefully, with their own sons, partake of the favours of the two courtezans. The Comedians then take leave of the spectators, with a judicious reflection on the abandon'd conduct of these two old men, and treat them with that abhorrence they so justly deserved.

End of THE COURTEZANS.

T H E
P E R S I A N.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

TOXILUS, }
SAGARISTIO, } *Slaves.*
SATURIO, *a Parasite.*
PÆGNIUM, *a Boy.*
DORDALUS, *a Procurer.*

LEMNISELENE, *a Kept Mistress.*
SOPHOCLIDISCA, *a Maid servant.*
A MAIDEN, *anonymous.*

SCENE, *ATHENS.*



T H E
* P E R S I A N.

† A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter TOXILUS and SAGARISTIO at a distance.

T O X I L U S.

WHEN first a poor man steps into the path
Of love, he must worse labours undertake
Than *Hercules*—For I would sooner fight

* The name given to this comedy by *Plautus* is *PERSA*. Commentators are divided in their opinion what he intended should be meant by it. Many of the old editions, those of *R. Stephens* and *Lambin* in particular, suppose it to be the name of one of the persons of the drama, viz. the maiden, who is purchased by *Toxilus*, in order to carry on a plot he and his fellow slave had in agitation, in order to impose upon a slave merchant. This character in the modern edition is called simply, *Virgo*, *The Maiden*. But it has been observed, that *PERSA* does not refer to a woman, but to a man; most probably to the man disguised in a Persian habit, who pretends to come from *Persia*, and brings with him a slave, dress'd in a Persian habit, who feigns to have been taken in Arabia; and is the very person, whom the more modern editions insert among their persons of the drama, by the simple appellation of *Virgo*, the maiden. We have therefore followed the opinion of the more modern commentators; and, with the French translators, called the comedy, *The PERSIAN*.

† ACT. I. SCENE I.] This comedy, like several of our author's, has no prologue.

The

The hydra, lion, and Ætolian boar,
 The Erymanthian stag, Stympthalian birds, 5
 Or with *Antæus* wrestle, than contend
 With love—Why what a miserable wretch
 Am I, with only hunting after money?
 All whom I ask, no other answer give
 Than, no.—

SAG. [*apart.*] The slave, who faithfully would
 serve 10
 His master, on my word must treasure up
 A mass of things, which he may think will please
 him,
 Both when he is at home, and when abroad—
 I cannot say, with cheerfulness I serve him,
 Nor do I hit my master to a hair— 15
 And yet, he can no more forbear to leave
 With me his orders, and make me the prop
 Of his affairs, than keep his hands from off
 His itching eye—Who's this stands opposite?

[*Seeing TOXILUS.*

Tox. And who is this stands opposite to me? 20
 He seems like *Sagaristio*.—

SAG.---'Tis *Toxilus*,

My friend.—

Tox.---'Tis he indeed—

SAG. I really think 'tis he—

V. 4. *The Hydra.*] The monster Hercules slew at Lerna.
 The original is *excurá*, which has that signification.

V. 5. —*Stympthalian birds.*] These the commentators suppose
 to be the harpyes, monsters who were said to have the face of a
 young woman, the body of a vultur, with wings on their
 shoulders, fides, claws on their feet and hands, and the ears of
 a bear. The reader will find an account of them in *Virgil*—
Æneid. Lib. 3.—

Tox.

Tox. I'll join him—

SAG. I'll up to him—

Tox. *Sagarifio!*

May the gods love you!

SAG. May they grant you, *Toxilus*,
All that you wish!—How fare you?

Tox. As I can. 25

SAG. What do you?

Tox. Live.—

SAG. But is it as you like?

Tox. Ay, when I have my wishes, well enough—

SAG. You use your friends imprudently—

Tox. How so?—

SAG. You give them no commands—

Tox. Why, 'troth you are
Already dead to me---I have not seen you. 30

SAG. I've been engag'd---

Tox. In the iron trade perhaps---

SAG. Ay, and above this half year have been
chain'd to'r,

A vapulary tribune at the mills---

Tox. Why that's your old campaign---

SAG. Have you been well?

Tox. Indifferent---

SAG. What makes you look so pale? 35

Tox. In battle I've receiv'd a dang'rous wound,
The god of love has pierc'd me through the heart.

V. 33.—*A vapulary Tribune.*—] The original is *Tribunus vapularis*, a tribune who is beaten with rods. There is a drollery in this passage which cannot be preserved in English. It alludes to the *Tribunus Militaris*, or military tribune, an officer in the Roman legions, who had the command of six hundred men.

SAG. Do slaves presume to love?

Tox. What should I do?

Resist the gods, and *Titan* like, 'gainst heav'n

Make war, and such unequal battle try? 40

SAG. Take care the elm twig darts don't pierce
your sides.

Tox. I celebrate a feast of liberty,
And royally---

SAG. How so?---

Tox. My master's gone
Abroad---

SAG. Ay, say you so?---What, gone abroad?

Tox. If you can bear a jovial life, come, live 45
With me---I'll treat you like a prince---

SAG. Out on't!
You make my shoulders itch to hear you talk
so---

Tox. But there is one thing tortures me---

SAG. What's that?

Tox. This very day's the last, that does for ever
My fair one's servitude or freedom fix. 50

SAG. And what with me?

Tox. Make me your friend for ever.

SAG. As how?---

Tox. Why lend me but six hundred pieces,
Only to buy her freedom, and the money

V. 41. *Take care the elm twig darts, &c.*] The original is *ulmeæ catapulta*, the catapultæ's made of elm. For the catapultæ, see the Captives, Act. IV. Scene II. v. 20. Note, Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 42.—*feast of liberty.*] *Limiers* observes from *Gronovius*, that *Toxilus* does not mean in this passage the quinquennial feast of liberty, but one of those particular feasts which used to be celebrated, when any one recovered his liberty.

In three or four days' time, I will return.

If you're good natur'd, do in this assist me, 55

SAG. Sauce-box ! with what assurance dare you ask
So great a sum of me ?---Was I to sell
Myself, I scarce could raise what you ask of me :
Would you squeeze water from a pumice stone,
The driest thing on earth !—

Tox. And ought you then 60
To use me thus ?

SAG. Why, what is't I should do ?

Tox. Ask you that question ?—Borrow it from
somebody—

SAG. That you may do your self—

Tox. Why I have tried,
But can't succeed.

SAG. I'll try, if any one
Will give me credit—

Tox. You have means abroad— 65

SAG. Was it at home, I'd promis'd you before.
But I'll take care to do my best, as 'tis.

Tox. Come what come may, come home to me—

SAG. But be
Upon the hunt yourself—I'll be the same;
And carefully will let you know how things 70
Turn out—

Tox. I beg you, oe'r and o'er again
I beg you, to be true to me in this—

SAG. You teize me with your importunity—

Tox. It is the fault of love, it is not mine

110 T H E P E R S I A N.

If now I talk so foolishly---

SAG. I'll leave you---

75

Tox. What! are you going?---

SAG. A good walk to you!

Return as soon as possible I beg you---

Nor let me have to seek you---I shall be

At home entirely, till I've cook'd a plot,

Against the pandar, master of my love.

80

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E I I.

Enter SATURIO, the Parasite---

SAT. The old and ancient trade of parasites,
I practice, study, and pursue with care---

Nor ever had I any ancestor,

But stuff'd his paunch, by fawning for a dinner.

My father, grandfather, great grandfather,

5

His father, grandfather, great grandfather,

Like mice they liv'd on victuals not their own,

And never were in gluttony exceeded---

V. 75. — *If now I talk so foolishly.*] The original is, *nunc tibi morologus fio.*

— *nec sermonibus morologis uti.*—

Pseudolus, Act V. Scene I. v. 205

— or in senseless prate —

V. 79. — *till I have cook'd a plot.*] Literally from the original, *dum extorero lenoni malum.*

V. 7. *Like mice, &c.*] See *The Captives*, Act I. Scene I. v. 9.
Vol. I. of this translation.

From hence it was we got the name of hard-heads.
 Their trade I follow, and fill up the place, 10
 The station of my ancestors---Besides,
 I would not turn informer---And I think
 There is no credit in it, to obtain
 Another's goods, and run no risk one's self---
 Nor am I pleas'd with those who do---I speak 15
 My mind---And he, who for the publick good
 Informs, and not for private ends, I could
 Persuade myself is a good man and true.
 He who convicts a breaker of the laws,
 Let him pay half his gains unto the publick. 20

V. 9. —*The name of hard-heads.*] The original is, *duris capitonibus*. There was a family in Rome of the name of *Capito*. But *Saturio* calls his family so, (as we have translated it hard-heads) because as the Romans used their parasites neither with good manners nor humanity, they often diverted themselves with throwing things at their heads, during their repasts; they therefore had, or ought to have had hard heads to bear the blows. See *The Captives*, Act I. Scene I. v. 25. Vol. I. of this translation; and other passages where this is alluded to. *Capito* properly signifies a man with a great head.—There is at this day a considerable Genoese family of the name of *Grossa Testa*. And in England, not long ago, there was a family whose name was *Great-head*.

V. 12. *I would not turn informer.*—] The original is *neque quadruplari me volo*—Informers were called by the Romans *quadruplatores*, because they had a fourth part of the fine, the parties they had inform'd against were mulcted.

Clarum hoc fore Scaptium nomen, populum Romanum quadruplatoris et interceptoris litis alienæ personam laturum.

T. Livii Lib. 3. Cap. 72.

His name indeed will be made famous by the representation of this deed; but the Romans would bear the character of informers, who carry off the profits of other mens law-suits.

Moreover,

Moreover, be't enacted in my law,
 Whene'er to gain a fourth a man informs,
 Let him be bound to pay to the accused
 So much, if he should fail in proof, that both
 May go before the judge on equal terms. 25
 Was this a law in force we should not see
 The white net spread to take our neighbour's goods.
 But am I not a fool to regulate
 The commonwealth?---When there are magistrates
 Whose proper duty 'tis---Well---Now I'll in, 30
 And visit the remains of last night's supper---
 See if they've rested well or not---And whether
 They have been fev'rish, or cover'd close---
 That no one may have snap'd a bit---But see!
 The doors are opening; I must stay my progress. 35

V. 25. *Before the judge*.—] The original is, *ad tres viros*. See *Amphitryon*, Act I. Scene I. v. 5. Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 27. —*the white net spread, &c.*] *i. e.* To take our neighbours secretly or in a clandestine manner. The allusion, the commentators tell us, is to the fair piece of paper, what the French call, and we have adopted from them, *chart blanche*, on which the matter of law-suits is afterwards written, and like a net serves to entangle the litigious. There is a long note of *Gronovius* on this passage, in the *Variorum* edition, to which the reader is referr'd.

V. 33. —*they have been feverish*.—] That is, warmed again by having been set over the fire.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter TOXILUS.

Tox. Yes, I have hit upon the very thing,
How I may make the pandar buy to day,
With his own cash, his own slave's liberty—
But see the parasite, whose help I want—
I'll make pretence as if I did not see him, 5
So draw him on—Mind you those things—Be brisk—
[to the slaves within.]

Left ought be unprepar'd when I return,
Mix the sweet wine—Get myrrh and quinces ready—
Let them be warm'd together o'er the fire—
Throw in besides the aromattick reed— 10

V. 8. —get myrrh and quinces ready.] The original is *strutbea colutbeaque appara*. *Strutbea* means quinces, from the Greek *στρούβος*, which in its common acceptation is a sparrow, but is sometimes used as the name of a plant. We have translated *colutbea*, myrrh, on the authority of *Pliny*; who refers to this very comedy of *Plautus* as a confirmation of the ancients perfuming their wine with myrrh.

Lautissima apud prisca vina erant, myrrhæ odore condita, ut apparet in Plauti fabula, quæ Persa inscribitur, quanquam in ea et calamus addi jubet. Nat. Hist. Lib. xiv. Cap. 13.

In old times the best wines used at feasts were perfumed with myrrh, as appears in the comedy of *Plautus* called *Persa*—

No other word can bear that signification; although *Plautus* says, V. 10, that they also put in the *calamus*, or aromattick reed, called by modern botanists, *calamus officinarum*, and *acorus calamus*; the root of which is now used in medicine as an alexipharmick.—*Theophrastus* speaks of it as a tree, the fruit of which grows in pods; and was much used for fattening of sheep. The reader will find a description of it in his History of Plants.

For I expect my pot companion here.—

SAT. [*apart.*] O brave!—Well said—I am the man he means—

Tox. For he'll return from bathing presently.

SAT. [*apart.*] What care he takes to have all things in order!

Tox. See that the buns and biscuits be well done, Serve them not up undress'd---

SAT. [*apart.*] He speaks the thing! 15
They're good for nought unless you eat them dress'd.
Nor are the sauces good, but when the spoon
Will stand an end—I hate your thin, clear sops
Tinctur'd with saffron—I like my sauce thick,
Stiff as a jelly—That which I should eat, 20
I would not drink---

Tox. Some one is talking here,
I know not who---

SAT. O my terrestrial *Jove*!
Your guest salutes you---

Tox. You have nick'd the time,
Saturio---

Lib. iii. Cap. 17. And that the ancients used quinces in their wines, we have the authority of *Columella*, *De Re Rustica*, Lib. xii. Cap. 41. where the reader will find the process of it. *M. Marolles* adopts a strange conjecture of *M. Guet*, that we should read *struthe acoluthe*; which he would have the name of a boy, to whom he is speaking behind the scenes.

V. 14. —*the buns and biscuits.*] The original is *collyra et collipha*. The first, we are told, were small cakes fried in a frying-pan, or sometimes boiled in rich broth; the latter were made of bread kneaded with cheese, and then baked.

V. 20. —*that which I should eat, I would not drink,*] The original is *nolo in vesicam quod eat in ventrem volo*. Literally, I would not have that go into the bladder which ought to fill the belly.

SAT.

SAT. Now by *Pollux*! that's a fib
And misbecomes you mightily—for 'troth 25
I come *Hungurio*, not *Saturio* hither—

Tox. But you shall eat—The dainties smোক
within—

I've order'd last night's remnants to be warm'd—

SAT. A ham is better cold the second day—

Tox. So have I order'd it to be serv'd up. 30

SAT. Hast any ketchup?

Tox. Psha! Psha!—Ask you that?

SAT. Nay, you're a man of taste.

Tox. Don't you remember
The thing I mention'd yesterday—

SAT. Quite well—

The conger eel should not be warm'd again,
Nor lamprey--both are eaten better cold. 35

Why do we loiter?---Let's begin the attack—

The morning is the time all men should eat—

Tox. 'Tis sure too early in the day—

SAT. In general

What in the morning you begin, employs
The day—

V. 26. —*I come Hungurio*—] The speaker is here quibbling on his own name. *Saturio* is derived from *satur* filled, and *esurio* is, I am hungry. *Plautus* makes a noun of the verb.

V. 31. —*Hast any ketchup?*—] The original is, *ecquid alecis?* *Alex* or *balex*, we are told, is a pickle or salt liquor made from fish; and used by the *Romans* to give a relish to their sauces. We have used a modern word, much in use, for the same purpose.

V. 35. —*both are eaten better cold.*] *Eaten*. The original is *oppecluntur*, picked or pulled to pieces—metaphorically, from the teeth of a comb.

Tox. I beg your serious attention.

40

But yesterday, I had some talk with you—

And earnestly begg'd of you, that you'd lend me
Six hundred pieces, which I had a use for.

SAT. I well remember it---And know you ask'd,
And that I had not wherewithal to lend it—

45

What sort of parasite is he, I pray,

Who has his money in his chest at home?

Had he wherewith at home to make a feast,

He'd cram and stuff his guts immediately.

A Parasite in truth should be a Cynic,

50

A jug, a strigil, drinking cup, and socks,

A cloak and purse, with just enough to serve

In cases of necessity, is all

He ought to have.—

Tox, I now don't want your money—

Let me, instead of money, have your daughter—

55

SAT. By *Pollux*' temple! I don't let my daughter—

Tox. I mean not for the purpose you insinuate—

SAT. Why, what is't then you want her for---

Tox. I'll tell you.

She's a genteel smart figure---

SAT. Yes, she is so---

Tox. This pandar knows you not, nor yet your
daughter—

60

SAT. There's none know me, but those who en-
tertain me.

V. 50. —*Cynic*.] The original is, *cynica e gente*, instead of which *Aldus* in his edition reads, *cynicam esse gentem, to be a poor cynic*. the meaning is pretty much the same.

V. 51. —*a Strigil*.] See this explained, *Conjugal Fidelity*, Act II. Scene I. v. 88. Vol. IV. of this translation,

Tox.

Tox. That's true---By this means, you may raise
me cash.

SAT. I wish I could---

Tox. Then let me sell your daughter.

SAT. You sell her?---

Tox. No, not I---I will depute
Some other in my stead, who shall pretend 65
To be a foreigner, and he shall sell her---
'Tis not six months ago, that he, the pandar,
Remov'd from *Megaris*---

SAT. The cookery spoils---
This may be done another time---

Tox. But how?
You shall not eat a morsel---Nay depend on't, 70
Till you engage to do the thing I ask.
As soon as possible, unless you bring
Your daughter here, by *Heracles*, I'll cashier you.
What now!---Why don't you tell me what you'll do?

SAT. 'Troth if you have a mind to't, sell me too, 75
So you'll but sell me with my stomach full.

Tox. If you will do it, do it---

SAT. I will do
Just what you please---

Tox. That's kind---Make haste---Hie home---
Tutor your daughter cunningly; and give her
Her cue with art---How she may frame her story--- 80
Where she may say she had her birth---Who were
Her parents, and the place whence she was stolen---
Let her suppose, tho', it was far from *Athens*---
Where she was born---And all the while she tells
Her story, let her feign a flood of tears--- 85

SAT. What! han't you said enough?---She's
three times worse

Than even you could wish her.

Tox. That's well said---

But do you know what 'tis I'd have you do?

You must provide a tunick and a girdle,

And bring a broad brim'd hat, and soldier's cloak go
To dress him in, who is to sell your daughter.

SAT. Excellent this!

Tox. As if he was a foreigner.

SAT. I praise your scheme—

Tox. Do you then bring your daughter,
Quaintly dress'd out, and in some foreign fashion.

SAT. But whence intend you to procure the
habit?

95

Tox. Why, from the master of the wardrobe—'Tis
His business to accommodate the actors---

The Ædiles for that purpose plac'd him there.

SAT. Well, I'll take care to bring them here im-
mediately,

But I am to know nothing of the matter. 100

Tox. No, not a syllable---As soon as e'er
I have receiv'd the money she is sold for,
You will directly claim her of the pandar---

SAT. If I don't bear her off immediately,
Why let him keep her--- 105

Tox. Go, and mind your business---

[Exit SATURIO.]

V. 89. —*a tunick and a girdle*—] The tunick of the Romans, was a dress which answered to our waistcoat, was without ornaments, and had very short sleeves, See *Arbushnot* on coins.

V. 96. —*the master of the wardrobe*.] The original is *abshorago*. See *The Parasite*, Act IV. Scene I. Vol. IV. of this translation.

V. 98. *The Ædiles*.] It has been before observed, that all that belonged to the stage was under the direction of the Ædiles.

Meanwhile, I'll to my love dispatch the boy---
 Bid her|take heart---And tell her I shall finish
 Th' affair to day --I prattle here too long---

[*Exit.*

* * This first Act is opened by *Toxilus*, *Sagaristio* appearing at a little distance. After each of them has made some reflections on the state they are at present in, they join ; and *Toxilus* demands of *Sagaristio*, the supply of money he had occasion for, in order to purchase his mistress's freedom. After promising him to do his best to procure it, they go out separately. In the second scene *Saturio* the Parasite enters, who was on his way to *Toxilus* to get a dinner. When he has finish'd his elogium on his profession, *Toxilus* enters, and begins with asking him to lend him a sum of money. But meeting with no success on that subject, he makes him another proposal ; which is to lend him his daughter, to assist in a scheme he had in his head, to impose upon *Dordalus* the procurer, and by this means to get some money. On his doing this, he engages to keep his word, in regard to the entertainment he had promised to give him. *Saturio* consents ; and matters being thus settled, goes out, in order to instruct his daughter in the part she was to act. *Toxilus*, on his part, quits the stage in order to dispatch a messenger to his mistress to prevent her inquietude in this state of uncertainty ; and the time, necessary for doing this, fills up the first interval,

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter SOPHOCLIDISCA and LEMNISELENE.

SOPHOCLIDISCA...

AN untaught, thoughtless, silly girl needs not
 So often to be told.—I see you think
 I am a country girl, a downright simpleton—
 Tho' I drink wine, I drink not your commands—
 Me, and my manners, I conceiv'd, by this 5
 You'd tried enough—I've now attended you
 Five years almost—Send but a dog to school
 As long, he'll know his letters well.—But you,
 Speaking or not, not all this while have learn'd

V. 3. —*a downright simpleton*—] The original is *bardus*.
Nonius the grammarian tells us that *bardus* signifies *stupid, dull-witted*. Greek *βραδεις*. *Cicero* uses the word in that sense.

Zopyrus stupidum esse Socratem dixit, et bardum.

De Fato, Cap. v.

Zopyrus affirmed that *Socrates* was stupid, and dull-witted.

V. 7. —*Send but a dog to school*—] The original in many editions is *cuculus*, a *cuckow*; in some *cucius*; of which word *cuculus* is a diminutive. *Aldus*, and some of the older editions, read *canis*, a *dog*; in which they are followed by *Lambin* and some others. We have translated it accordingly. But either reading will answer the intent of the author, so the reader will adhere to which he likes best.

V. 9. *Speaking or not*—] The original is, *fans atque infans*, literally, whether *speaking or not speaking*.

My

My disposition—Can't you say no more? 10
 And leave off stunning me?—I recollect,
 Remember, know, and understand you are
 Unhappily in love—Love in your mind
 Bubbles and boils—But I'll allay the ferment.

LEMN. To be in love's a miserable state— 15
 [Exit.]

SOPH. And to love nothing's, to be good for nothing.
 For pray what need of life to such a creature?
 I should go now, and do what I am bid,
 The sooner to obtain my mistress' freedom.
 I'll meet this *Toxilus*, and stuff his ears 20
 With these my orders which I have receiv'd—

SCENE II.

Enter TOXILUS and PÆGNIUM.

TOX. Are these things plain and certain to you, boy?
 Do'st understand them and remember them?

PÆG. Better than you who taught me—

Tox. Say you so,
 You hang-dog?

PÆG. Yes, I say so—

Tox. Well, and what
 Was it I said?

PÆG. That, I'll tell her—

Tox. By *Pollux*! 5

You do not know—

PÆG. I'll wager you, I do—
 Ay, and remember too—

Tox. I'll wager you,
 You cannot count your fingers—

PÆG.

PÆG. If you wish
To lose, why I say, done.

Tox. I'd rather have
A truce—

PÆG. Why let me go then—

Tox. Go, I bid you. 10
See that you be at home, before I think
You there—

PÆG. I will—

Tox. And whither going now?

PÆG. Why home, that I may be at home, before
You think me there—

Tox. You rascal of a boy—
I'll give you something you may call your own. 15

PÆG. How ill are faithful services rewarded!
How difficult it is to prove them faithful!

Tox. Well, go now—

PÆG. Sir, you shall command my speed—

Tox. Be sure to *Lemnifelene* herself
You give these tables, *Pægnium*, and tell her 20
That which I bid you—

SOPH. Why then don't I go
Where I was order'd—

PÆG. I am going, sir—

Tox. Well, go then—Now I'll hie me home—
Be careful in this business—Run and fly—

[Exit TOXILUS.]

V. 15. —*you may call your own.*] The original is, *te peculiabo*. *Peculio* is, to add to a slave's private stock, which he holdeth distinct from his master's. The commentators will have it, that there is some indecency alluded to here. If there is, we are very happy in not being able to find it out.

PÆG.

PÆG. That's what an ostrich in the circus does---25
Well—He's gone in—But who's this coming hither?

SOPH. 'Tis *Pægnium* sure!

PÆG. Why this is her own slave
To whom I'm sent—This is *Sophoclidisca*.

SOPH. He is a pickle dog, as I've been told—
I'll speak to him—

PÆG. At this bar, I must stop— 30

SOPH. *Pægnium*, my sweet boy, hail!—What art
about?

How fares it with you?

PÆG. Yes, the gods will favour me—
They will, *Sophoclidisca*.

SOPH. And me too,
Will they not also favour?—

PÆG. I don't know---
But if they act as you deserve, by *Hercules*! 35
They'll hold you in their hate; torment you too.

SOPH. Don't be abusive---

PÆG. It is no abuse
To speak the truth---

SOPH. What are you doing?

PÆG. Standing
Opposite you, and looking at a jade.

SOPH. I'm sure I never knew so vile a boy. 40

PÆG. What mischief do I?—Whom have I abus'd?—

SOPH. Why, when occasion offers, every one---

V. 25. —an ostrich—] The original is *marinus passer*, literally, a sea sparrow. The commentators tell us it means an ostrich; and cite this passage in confirmation of it.

V. 38. What are you doing?—Standing, &c.] See *The Apperition*, Act I. Scene V. v. 26. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

PÆG. None ever thought so---

SOPH. And yet many know it.

PÆG. O brave!--

SOPH. And O brave too!

PÆG. 'Tis by yourself

You judge of others---

SOPH. I confess, I'm fit 45

For such a family as I am in ;

A family of no repute, a pandar's---

PÆG. You've said enough---

SOPH. But what are you?--Confess

You're what I guess'd---

PÆG. And was I such, I would---

SOPH. March off---You've got the victory---

PÆG. March you--- 50

SOPH. First, tell me one thing---Whither are you going?

PÆG. And whither you?---

SOPH. That you should answer me, I ask'd you first---

PÆG. But you shall last be answer'd,

SOPH. I'm not going far---

PÆG. Nor I---

SOPH. But where, you rascal!

PÆG. Unless you tell me first, you'll never know 55
From me---

SOPH. Nor you, if you don't open first---

PÆG. And is it so?---

SOPH. And is it so? say I---

PÆG. You're a vile jade---

SOPH. And you as vile a rascal.

PÆG. Why so I should be---

SOPH. And so should not I!

PÆG. What say you!---Jade of jades, are you determin'd 60

Not to inform me whither you are going?---

SOPH. And thou, thou rogue of rogues, hast thou resolv'd

The same?

PÆG. 'Tis like for like---Since you're resolv'd,
Be gone---I would not give a rush to know---
Farewell---

SOPH. Nay stay---

PÆG. But I'm in haste---

SOPH. And so 65

Am I---

PÆG. What stays you?

SOPH. And what is't stays you?

PÆG. Nothing.

SOPH. Your hand then.

PÆG. Say which hand? What this?

[giving his right-hand.

SOPH. No---Where's your left? your pilfering hand I mean.

PÆG. At home---I've brought no other with me hither---

SOPH. Yes, but you have.

PÆG. Let me alone, enticer--- 70

SOPH. Suppose I love you---

PÆG. You'll but lose your labour.

SOPH. How so?

PÆG. Because, where love is not return'd,
It is no love at all.

SOPH. Be vigilant,

While youth and beauty yet are in their prime;

V. 67. --your pilfering hand--] See *The Discovery*, Act I, Scene I. v. 12. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

Left

Left when your hair turns grey, you still remain 75
A slave—As yet, you weigh scarce eighty pounds—

PÆG. Spirit, not weight's the thing—I'm wasting
time—

SOPH. How so?---

PÆG. How so?---Because I teach my grannam.
But I stay loitering here---

SOPH. Stay---Do---

PÆG. You teize me.

SOPH. Why so I will, unless you quickly tell me, 80
Whither it is you're going.

PÆG. To your house---

SOPH. And I, in troth, was going unto yours—

PÆG. Why there?---

SOPH. What's that to you?

PÆG. You shall not go
Unless I know---

SOPH. You are impertinent---

PÆG. That's my delight to be--You ne'er shall screw
That out of me, that you may be beforehand--- 85

SOPH. 'Tis painful to contend with you in mischief.

PÆG. You're a bad piece of goods.

SOPH. What is't you fear?---

PÆG. The same as you---

SOPH. Then tell me what it is?

PÆG. I am forbid to tell it any man;
The dumb shall first divulge it.

[V. 78. —*I teach my grannam*—] The original is, *perita prædico*. See *The Carthaginian*, Act IV. Scene II. v. 100: note. Vol. IV. of this translation.

V. 84. *You ne'er shall screw*—] We have in several parts of this Scene deviated a little from the original. The learned reader will easily see the reason.

SOPH.

SOPH. I am under go
The same restraint---forbid to tell it any---
The dumb shall first divulge it---And now let us,
Upon our oaths not to divulge it, trust
The secret to each other---

PÆG. Well I know,
All bawds are light of faith; than spider's legs 95
Their faith is lighter---

SOPH. Tell me, and I'll love you.

PÆG. Tell me, and I'll love you---

SOPH. I would not have you
To be in love---

PÆG. To follow your advice
Is easy to me---

SOPH. For your love, pray keep it
Within yourself---

PÆG. Keep you this secret too--- 100
[giving a tablet.]

SOPH. It shall be kept---

PÆG. It shall: for you shan't know it---

SOPH. This tablet's for your master *Toxilus*---

PÆG. Go---He's at home---And these seal'd tablets
here,

Are for your mistress, *Lemniscelene*.

SOPH. What's their contents?

PÆG. Why that if you not know, 105
You know as much as I---Unless, perhaps
Soft words---

V. 95. —*than spider's legs*—] The original is *tippulæ fecius*. *Festus* the grammarian informs us, that *tippula*, or *tipula*, is a little animal that has six feet, and is so light that it runs upon the surface of the water. Possibly, what we call a *water-spider*. The sentence seems to have been a proverbial one.

SOPH.

SOPH. I'm going--

PÆG. So am I--

SOPH. March on then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter SAGARISTIO.

SAG. For his deserts with pleasure I rejoice
 In the renowned son of *Ops*, high *Jove*,
 The mighty, powerful, and the supreme,
 Who hope, and help and plenty does bestow.
 For he it is has kindly lent the money, 5
 That I may aid my friend---I neither dream'd,
 Nor could have thought, nor ever could imagine
 I should have such an opportunity---
 'Tis just as if it drop'd from heaven---My master
 Has sent me to *Eretria*, to buy 10
 Some oxen train'd for service, and has given me
 The money for the purchase---And he said
 The fair would be the seventh day from hence.
 A fool, to give me money, when he knows
 My disposition---To some other use 15
 I shall apply it---Then, there are no oxen
 For me to buy---And now unto my friend
 I'll give success, and freely gratify
 My inclinations---One day's pain will pay
 An age of pleasure---Thwack upon my shoulders--- 20

V. 1. --*I rejoice*---] The original is *vitulor*; literally, *I skip about like a young calf*.

V. 10. --*to Eretria*---] *Eretria* was a city of *Eubosa* in *Greece*.

V. 20. --*Thwack*---] The original is *tax, tax*, which we are told, is properly the smack, or sound of a stroke made with a whip.

Well,

Well, well---I care not---Now I will present
 My friend with these train'd oxen from my purse---
 O 'tis a charming thing, to bite your dry,
 Niggardly, covetous, spiritless old fellows,
 Who from their slaves lock up their very salt. 25
 'Tis virtue, when a fair occasion serves,
 To hold them in contempt---What will he do?---
 Why strait command me to be scourg'd and shackled--
 Then let him do't---I would not have him think
 I'll be upon my knees---My curses on him! 30
 He can do nought but what I have experienc'd--
 But see! Here's *Pægnium*, *Toxilus*'s boy.

SCENE IV.

Enter PÆGNIUM.

PÆG. I've done my task, and now am hastening
 home.

SAG. Stay --Tho' in haste yet hearken to me,
Pægnium.

PÆG. If you want one to obey you, buy a slave.

SAG. But stop---

PÆG. You're plaguy troublesome I think---
 How would you teize me, if I ow'd you money?--- 5

SAG. Won't you look back upon me then, you
 scoundrel?

PÆG. I know I'm but a youngster; else I'd make
 you

Suffer, for thus abusing me---

SAG. Where is
 Your master *Toxilus*?---

PÆG. Just where he likes---
 He don't ask your opinion where to be. 10

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SAG.

SAG. Won't you then tell me, hang-dog?

PÆG. Why, I tell you
I do not know, of elm twigs thou destruction.

SAG. What! do you dare thus to abuse your elders?—

PÆG. You first deserv'd it, therefore learn to bear it.
I am a slave in office; but my master
Orders that I shall have my tongue at liberty. 15

SAG. Won't you then tell me, where is *Toxilus*?

PÆG. I tell you—You may go and hang yourself.

SAG. And may you feel the lash this very day!

PÆG. On your account, you cuckow?—Was I,
whey-face, 20
To break your head, I should fear nought for that.

SAG. Assurance!—

PÆG. Ay, I am well assur'd, by *Hercules*!
One day I shall be free; and that is more
Than ever you can hope for—

SAG. Leave off teizing—

PÆG. That which you ask of others, you can't do 25
Yourself—

SAG. Go and be hang'd—

PÆG. And go you home—
There's one there ready for you.

SAG. I am call'd
To court.

V. 12. —*of elm twigs thou destruction.*] The original is *ulmi-triba*, a word coined out of two languages, the Latin, *ulmus*, an elm, and the Greek, *τρίβη*, to beat or thresh; literally, one beaten with elm-twigs.

V. 20. —*whey-face*—] The original is *morticina*, which we are told means one that has a pale, cadaverous countenance. *Limiers* translates it, *visage de papier maché*. After verse 21 a line or two is omitted in the translation. The learned reader will know the reason.

PÆG.

ACT. II. SCENE IV. 131

PÆG. I wish your sureties may be absent,
That you may be in jail!--

SAG. How's this?

PÆG. Ay, how?

SAG. Do you persist in your abuse, you rascal?-- 30

PÆG. And why should not one slave abuse another?

SAG. Do you say so?---See what I'll give you then?

PÆG. Just nothing--For you nothing have to give.

SAG. May all the gods and goddesses confound me,
If I lay hold on you, and do not fell you 35
Down to the ground!--

PÆG. I am your friend, I wish
Your prayer succeeds---You fell me to the ground!
You to the gallows will be fix'd ere long--

SAG. May all the gods---You know what I would
say---

But I restrain my tongue---Why can't you go? 40

PÆG. You drive me off with ease--My shadow's now
Whipping within, because I staid so long--- [Exit.

SAG. The gods confound this brat--A prating rascal,
And poisonous as a serpent--I am glad
He's gone---Open the doors---Out comes the man, 45
The very man, I've wish'd so much to meet.

V. 41. —*My shadow's now, &c.*] As the shadow at times goes before the substance or body by which it is caused, and as the body is then not far from the place at which the shadow is already arrived, the speaker would mean, that his shadow having been beaten beforehand at the house, he shall soon be served so himself, for having been so long in returning.

V. 43. —*a prating rascal*—] The original is *bilinguis, double-tongued*. But the commentators observe that in this passage, it means as we have translated it.

SCENE V.

Enter TOXILUS and SOPHOCLIDISCA.

TOX. Tell her, I've found out where to get the money.

Bid her take heart, and say how much I love her.

That when she's happy, I am happy too.

Do you understand what you're to say to her?

SOPH. O yes, your legs don't understand you better. 5

TOX. Haste then home, *Sophoclidisca*. Go---

[Exit SOPH.]

SAG. I'll play the perfect droll, myself swing in
With arms a-kimbo, and a saucy strut.

TOX. What have we here? Sure a two handled jug!

SAG. I'll spit with dignity---

V. 5. —*your legs don't understand you better.*] The original is, *magis calleo, quam aprugnum callum callet.* The same occurs pretty nearly in *Pernulus*, Act III. Scene II. v. 2. See *The Carthaginian*, Act III. Scene II. note. v. 5. Vol. IV. of this translation.

V. 8. —*a saucy strut.*] The original is, *amicibor gloriosè.* This must allude to some particular manner of wearing his habit; which we could not translate exactly according to the original, because we do not well know what that manner was.

V. 9. *I'll spit with dignity—*] The original is, *magnificè confitebor.* To spit far off, and with a great noise, carries with it an air of importance. When a person began to harangue, he used to spit first. And we learn from *Causabon*, *Quintilian*, and *Aristophanes*, that this custom was in use among the ancients as well as the moderns. Some editions read *confitebor*, others, in particular that of *Aldus*, *contestebor.*

Limiers from *De L'Oeuvre.*

To

Tox. As I'm alive 10

'Tis *Sagaristio*---What are you about?---

How fare you, *Sagaristio*?---And what?

In my affair I have entrusted to you

Is there a little hope?

SAG. Come hither then.

We shall take care---We wish the thing success--- 15

Advance---Move forward---

Tox. Ha!---What swelling's this
Upon your neck?---

SAG. A tumour---Nay, don't squeeze it.
If you but touch it hard, there will be pain,

Tox. How long has it been there?

SAG. Only to-day.

Tox. It should be lanc'd.

SAG. I fear it is not ripe. 20

And then, to lance it will increase the evil.

Tox. Let me examine your complaint---

SAG. Keep off---

Beware the horns---

Tox. How's that?

SAG. I've got a yoke

Of oxen in my purse.

Tox. Pray, let them out.

To this custom, it is not impossible *Shakspeare* might allude
in the following passage;

" Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; for
" lovers, lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to
" kifs." *As you like it.* A& IV. Scene II. *Rosalind.*

V. 17. *Upon your neck*—] It was the custom of the *Romans* to
wear their purses tied round their necks. See *The Discovery*,
A& III. Scene II, v. 37. note. Vol. III. of this translation. And
it is to this the speaker alludes.

Turn them to grass---They will be starv'd to death. 25

SAG. I fear they'll stray---How shall I get them in
Their stalls again?

Tox. Courage!--I'll drive them in.

SAG. Well, I believe you---To your care I trust
them.

Follow me--Here's the chink--The whole you wanted--

Tox. What's that you say?

SAG. Why, my wife master sent me 30
To buy some oxen for him, to *Eretria*.

Now this your house shall my *Eretria* be.

Tox. Your words are quite enchanting--I'll return
The money safe immediately---I've set

My engines all to work, and form'd my schemes 35
How I shall chouse this pandar of the money.

SAG. All for the best --

Tox. And to procure my girl
Her freedom, and to make the pandar pay for't.

But do you follow me---I want your help---

SAG. 'Tis at your service---Use it as you please. 40

[*Exeunt.*]

* * * *Lemniscene*, *Toxilus's* mistress, impatient to know how things were going on, is dispatching *Sopboclidisca*, a female slave of *Dordalus* for that purpose. This begins the second Act. *Lemniscene* quits the stage, and leaves *Sopboclidisca*; who, after a short reflection or two, stands apart. In the second Scene, *Toxilus* enters, with *Pægnium* a boy who was his slave, giving him instructions in regard to the message he was to carry to *Lemniscene*. Having done this, he quits the stage; when *Pægnium* is joined by *Sopboclidisca*, and the rest of the Scene is employed in their talking with one another on their respective commissions; which they quit the stage severally to execute. The third Scene is opened by *Sagaristio*, who is congratulating himself on having found out the means to assist his friend. The affair was this. *Sagaristio* had been sent by his master to a fair in *Eretria*, to purchase

chafe some oxen, trained for service ; and had given him money for that purpose. This money, instead of going with it to the fair, he determines to give to his friend *Toxilus*, on condition that he returns it to him in a short time. Rejoiced at this thought, he is going to *Toxilus*, to acquaint him with it : when in the fourth Scene, he is met by *Pægnium*, who is returning from having executed his commission. This Scene is entirely taken up with such sort of buffoonery, as is consistent with their characters. On *Pægnium*'s quitting the stage to tell his master the result of his message, *Toxilus*, in the fifth Scene, enters with *Sophoclidisca*, who are joined by *Sagaristio*, who communicates to him his having got the money. *Toxilus*, charmed with this expedient, is assured of now having it in his power to procure his mistress her liberty ; and the second interval is filled up, by concerting the proper measures to put this affair in execution.

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T. III.

S C E N E I.

Enter SATURIO, and his daughter in the habit of a Persian.

S A T U R I O.

H E A V E N grant, this thing may turn out well
to me,

To you, my appetite, and also to

A perpetuity of feasts !—O may

There be enough, a superfluity, and may

They e'en outlast me !—With the gods good leave, 5

Follow me, daughter—You perceive, you know,

You comprehend the thing we are to do—

All my designs I have imparted to you ;

And for that purpose I have dress'd you thus,

You must be sold to day—

DAUG. I beg, my father, 10

At others cost how much so e'er you wish

To eat, you'd not, to gratify your appetite,

Now sell your daughter.

SAT. 'Twould be strange, that I,

For *Attalus*, or for king *Philip's* sake,

Should rather sell thee, girl, than for my own. 15

Why, are you not my own ?

DAUG. Do you, my father,

Look on me as your daughter, or your slave ?

V. 14. —for *Attalus*.] *Attalus* was the name of three kings of *Pergamus* in *Asia*.

SAT.

ACT III. SCENE I. 137

SAT. That which is most convenient for my appetite---

I am your lord and master, not you mine---

DAUG. Father, I own it, it is true you are--- 20
But since our pittance is but small, we ought
To lead a frugal, and a modest life.
For, if to poverty we add disgrace,
Our poverty will be of double weight;
Our credit, of no weight at all..

SAT. Be gone--- 25

You are impertinent---

DAUG. I hope I'm not,
Nor do I think I am; when, though so young,
I give my father good advice--- Our foes
Misrepresent things---

SAT. Let them, as they please;
And then go hang themselves—for their reports 30
Won't hurt me half so much, nor do I think them
One half so bad, as an uncover'd table.

DAUG. Disgrace and scandal are immortal, sir;
And live, when one would think them dead and gone.

SAT. What! are you then afraid lest I should
tell you? 35

DAUG. My father---no I'm not afraid you will.
But I could wish you would not feign to sell me---

SAT. That wish is vain; for I must have my will.
It shall be so—What now!

DAUG. Reflect on this—
Whene'er a master menaces a slave;

V. 33. *Disgrace and scandal are immortal.*] Thus Claudius
Cæsar, when he had re-instated a person who had been guilty of
some infamous practices, added, *the stain still remains, and will do*
so for ever. Guedeville from *De L'Oeuvre*.

Although

Although he don't intend to put his threats
 In execution, whilst the whip's in hand,
 While he undresses, what's the misery,
 What is the pain, he does not undergo!
 So I the thing, which may not happen, fear. 45

SAT. There never was a girl, nor yet a woman,
 Who thought herself much wiser than her parents,
 But she was good for nothing—

DAUG. Let me say,
 There never was a girl, nor yet a woman,
 That e'er was good, who held her peace, while
 things 50
 Were going wrong before her face.

SAT. You'd better
 Beware of mischief—

DAUG. If I can't avoid it,
 What should I do? You'd best beware yourself.

SAT. Am I a mischief?

DAUG. No: And if you were
 It would not become me to say you were— 55
 But I would do my best to hinder others
 From saying it, who have licentious tongues.

SAT. Let every man say what he will, I will not
 Be driven from this purpose—

DAUG. Sir, if I
 Might have my way, you rather should act wisely 60
 Than act imprudently—

SAT. It is my pleasure—

DAUG. Your pleasure I esteem a law—But if
 I had my will, it should not be your pleasure.

SAT. Will you, or will you not obey your father?

DAUG. I'm all obedience.—

SAT,

ACT III. SCENE I. 139

SAT. Know you my instructions? 65

DAUG. I know them all—

SAT. And this among the rest—
How you was stolen?

DAUG. Perfectly well—

SAT. And who
Your parents were?

DAUG. I bear it all in mind.
You force me to do this through meer necessity.
But pray, be cautious, when you'd have me married, 70
That this report don't spoil the match—

SAT. Peace, fool!
You don't observe the manners of the times—
Girls, of whatever character, get husbands,
Easily here—And so they have but money,
All faults are overlook'd---

DAUG. Remember though 75
That I'm without a fortune---

SAT. Say not so---
Through the assistance of the gods, and from
My ancestors, I swear I have a fortune
For you.---Say not then you are dowerless,
Who have at home a fortune---I have got 80
A choice collection of most curious books---
And if you manage this affair adroitly,
Your fortune is, fix hundred witty sayings,

V. 81. —*a choice collection.*—] The original is *foracum*: the meaning of which *Festus* tells us, is a baggage waggon, particularly one used to carry dresses, and every thing belonging to a theatre. But it here means a chest to put books in.

V. 83. —*fix hundred witty sayings.*] *Limiers* observes, that jokes, witty sayings and bon mots, being all the wealth of a parasite, he jocosely says, he will reserve them for a portion

All

All Attic—Not a Syracusan word
 Among them—With a fortune such as this, 85
 Why you may marry even with a beggar—

DAUG. If I'm to go, sir, lead me where you will—
 Or sell me, or do with me what you please.

SAT. You now say what is just and equitable—
 Follow me this way—

DAUG. I obey you, sir— 90

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter DORDALUS.

DORD. What shall I say my neighbour is about?
 Who swore, he'd this day let me have the cash:
 If he does not, and lets the whole day pass,
 His oaths he'll forfeit, and I lose my money.
 But the door creaks---Who is it coming out? 5

for his daughter. This is imitated from what is recorded of *Homer*, that having no other property, besides his poems, he gave some of them to his daughter for a portion.

Λέγεται δὲ καὶ αὐτὸ πρὸς τοῦτοις, ὅτι ἄρα ἀπορῶν ἰκδδύναται τὴν θυγατέρα, ἔδωκεν (Ομηρος) αὐτῇ προῖκα ἔχειν τὰ ἐπὶ Κύπρια, καὶ ὁμολογεῖ τοῦτο Πίνδαρος.—

ÆLIAN. *Varia Historia*. Lib. IX. Cap. 15.

Besides this, it is also reported, that not being able to match his daughter suitably on account of his poverty, he (*Homer*) gave her his Cyprian poems as a portion. And for this, we have the authority of *Pindar*.

V. 1. —*My neighbour is about.*] By his neighbour he means *Toxilos*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter TOXILUS.

Tox. Take care within doors---I shall be at home
Forthwith---

[*speaking to the slaves within--*

DOR. What are you, *Toxilus*, about?

Tox. So ho there, sirrah!--pimp of dirt and
mud---

Thou publick dunghill, shameful fellow, filth,
Unrighteous, lawless ruin of the city, 5
Thou money-hawk-- greedy and spiteful, bold,
Rapacious, stingy---In three hundred verses,
Who can recount thy villainies---Here, take
The money, impudence! What?--won't you take it?
Is there no way to make you take it, scoundrel? 10
Who would'st not trust me, but upon my oath.

DOR. Let me recover breath to answer you---
Dregs of the rabble, and for worn out wenches
Thou stable, and of punks thou manumitter,
Of scourges thou consumer, wearer out 15
Of fetters---Citizen of bridewell thou---
Eternal slave, thou gormandizing glutton---
Thou thief, thou run-away---Give me the money,
Give it, I say---Consummate impudence!

V. 6. —*thou money-hawk.*] The original is *pecuniæ accipiter*.
We have translated it literally.

V. 13. —*for worn out wenches, thou stable.*] The original,
stabulum servitricium. We have followed the conjecture of
Gronovius in his note on this passage.

Is

Is there no way to wrest the money from thee? 20
Give me the money---What! and won't you give
it me?

Can nothing shame you?---Why, thou perfect
slavery---

To let a merchant here demand his money,
So loud, that the whole town may hear---Why 'tis
The purchase of your mistress's liberty--- 25

Tox. Truce with your tongue, I beg---your voice
is strong,
And must prevail---

Dor. Yes, yes, I have a tongue
To give an answer---My salt costs no more
Than yours---And if this tongue will not defend me,
It never shall lick salt again---

Tox. So now 30
I'm calm again---It put me in a rage
That you refus'd to trust me with the money.

Dor. 'Tis marvellous indeed I did not trust you:
That you might act as many bankers do,
Who from the forum run, when they have pocketed 35
The cash, fast as a hare, when at the games
She's first turn'd out---

Tox. Take this---

Dor. Why don't you give it?

Tox. Here are six hundred pieces, ready told---
Now give my girl her freedom---Bring her here,
Immediately---

Dor. I'll bring her in a twinkling--- 40

V. 28. —*My salt costs no more.*] By salt, is here to be understood, all provisions for the table. It being that which gives every thing a relish.

By

By Hercules! I know not whom to trust,
To try this money---

Tox. What, are you afraid,
Not to find any hand to trust it in?

Dor. It would be strange indeed, should not the
bankers

Scamper away, and fly off from the forum, 45
Swift as the chariot wheel whirls round the circus---

Tox. Thro' th' alley go, the back way to the
forum;

And thro' the garden let her come to me,
The same back-way—

Dor. I'll see, she shall be here—

Tox. But not in publick—

Dor. No, no—most discreetly. 50

Tox. To morrow to the gods she shall return
Her thanks—

Dor. That's right, by *Hercules*!

Tox. You might
Have been return'd, while you've been loitering here.
[*Exeunt.*]

V. 42. —*to try this money.*] The Romans had certain persons, whose business it was to try gold and silver and examine whether it had a proper alloy. *Denatus*, in his notes on a passage in the *Eunuchus* of Terence, calls them *pecunie probatores*, the approvers of money.

V. 51. —*she shall return her thanks.*] It was a custom among the ancients, for those who had obtained their freedom, to return thanks to the gods as the authors of it.

De L' Oeuvre.

. This act is opened by *Saturno* the parasite, and his daughter in the habit of a *Persian*. The first scene is employed, in his instructing her how to perform her part in carrying on this scheme; which she at last, after some difficulty, and after
many

many remonstrances, consents to do. In the second scene *Dordalus* appears, and expresses some concern, that the day will pass over his head, before *Toxilus* brings him the money to purchase *Lemniselene* her freedom. Scarce has he spoke, but *Toxilus* appears in the third scene, with the money. As he was piqued at *Dordalus's* refusal to deliver up his mistress to him, he does not part with it, till he had loaded him with many invectives and reproaches, worthy of the man to whom they were address'd. *Dordalus*, on receiving the money, promises to send his daughter to him. *Toxilus* goes home to be ready to receive her; and this fills up the third interval.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Enter TOXILUS.

TOXILUS.

WHEN with good management and sober care
 We act, not without reason we succeed—
 Things well begun, will go on well of course.
 Whate'er a knave or fool engages in,
 Will turn out ill—But a wise man's affairs
 Will have assur'd success—This business
 I cleverly and artfully began;
 Therefore I'm sure, it can't turn out amiss—
 And now this pandar shall I hamper so,
 He shan't know how to disengage himself—
 Holla there!—*Sagaristio* come out,
 And bring the maiden with you, and those tablets,

V. 3. — *will go on well of course.*] The original is, *ferme ut quisque rem accurat suam, sic et procedunt post principia denique—Postprincipium* (for it should be one word, or at least with a hyphen, thus, *post-principium*) the grammarians tell us, is the continuance of a thing after it is begun.

—*Utilitas talium disciplinarum in postprincipiis existit.*

A. Gellius, Lib. xvi. Cap. 18. from Varro.

The usefulness of these kinds of instructions exists in the continuance of them.

The instructions he is there speaking of are those of mathematicians. *Gronovius* says, it is a proverbial expression borrowed from the camp.

VOL. V.

L

Which

Which I consign'd to you; those which you've
brought
From *Persia*, from my master—

S C E N E II.

*Enter SAGARISTIO, leading in SATURIO's
daughter, both in Persian habits.*

SAG. Here am I.

Tox. O fine! O brave! A splendid dress indeed!
And the tiara gives a grace to it.
The slipper too!—How nicely it becomes
The stranger—But your parts have you well
studied? 5

SAG. No tragic actor, nor no comic, e'er
Studied his part with such attention—

Tox. 'Tis true
You aid me well—Retire quite out of sight,

[to SAG. &c.]

And pray, be silent—When you see me talking
With that same pandar, then's the proper time 10
To join us, and approach—So—Now march off—

V. 3. *And the tjara—*] The tiara was a cap or ornament for the head, worn by the *Persians* and *Chaldeans*. The priests also made use of it. It was different from the turband, had no brim, and was narrowed toward the top like a pine-apple.

S C E N E III.

Enter DORDALUS.

DOR. Whene'er the gods are pleas'd a man to
favour,

They always throw some profit in his way.

Now shall I gain two loaves a day—My girl

Is now his property—His cash prevail'd.

She'll sup to-day at his expence—nor taste

A morsel more at mine—Now am not I

A good man, and a dainty citizen,

Who this large city *Athens* have increas'd,

And made it larger still, by adding to it

One female citizen?—I have been generous, 10

And trusted some to-day without a pawn.

In short, like credit I to all have given,

Nor fear'd my debtors should forswear themselves.

From this day forward I've a mind to be

An honest man—That's what I never was— 15

Nor ever shall be—

Tox. I, by subtil arts,

Shall catch this rogue to-day—I've set my trap

So cunningly—Yes---I'll accost the fellow---

What are you doing, *Dordalus*?

DOR. Trusting you.

V. 19. *Trusting you*—] It appears that *Dordalus* had received the money from *Lemnisclene*, therefore he did not trust *Toxilus*. It may possibly be meant ironically; and in that way, a reproving of *Toxilus*, because he had paid the money before his mistress was made free. If this is not the author's intention, we own, we do not understand the passage.

Tox. May the gods grant you good success!--

Pray say,

20

Have you made free the girl?

DOR. I give you credit.

I say, and swear it too---

Tox. But have you now

A freed-woman at home?---

DOR. I'm plagu'd to death.

I say I give you credit.

Tox. Well, but say

Upon your faith and truth, the girl is free. 25

DOR. Go to the Forum, to the Prætor go,
Ask him, since I'm unworthy of your credit.

I say, she's free---Do you hear?---

Tox. The gods reward you!

I'll never wish again to you nor yours

What you dislike---

DOR. Well, now you need not swear: 30

I give you credit---

Tox. Your freed-woman now,

Where is she?

DOR. At your house---

Tox, What! Say you so!

She at my house?

DOR. I tell you that she is.

She's at your house, I say---

Tox. And may the gods

So love and bless me, as for this good turn 35

I have in store a thousand favours for you!

V. 26. --to the Prætor go--] It was the business of the Prætor not only to register the names of those who had received their freedom, but the reasons for which they had received it.

LIMIERS.

I have

I have conceal'd a thing I'll now disclose,
From which you'll gain a profit so immense,
That you'll remember me, whilst you have breath
To breathe---

DOR. My ears ask aid of some kind deeds 40
For these kind words.

Tox. Your merits sure command
As much---That you may know what I shall do,
Here, take and read this tablet---

DOR. Is't to me?

Tox. You and your interest too are both concern'd---

'Tis brought to me from *Persia*, from my master. 45

DOR. And when?---

Tox. E'en now---

DOR. What says it?

Tox. Ask the tablet;
It will itself inform you.

DOR. Give it me.

Tox. But read it out aloud. [*giving a tablet.*]

DOR. Be silent then,

Whilst I am reading---

Tox. I'll not speak a word---

DOR. [*reading.*] "*Timarchides* to *Toxilus* sends,
" health, 50

" And to his family---'Twill give me joy

" To hear you're well---I am in health myself;

" Am busied in affairs that bring me gain---

" Nor, till eight months are past, shall I return

" From hence--Some business will detain me here. 55

" The *Persians Eleuspolis* have sack'd,

" A city of *Arabia*, old and opulent---

" And such a mass of plunder have procur'd,

"That there must be proclaim'd a publick auction.
 "'Tis this affair prevents my coming home. 60
 "Do you assist, and entertain the man
 "Who brings this letter—All that he desires,
 "Take care to do for him—For I have been
 "Much honour'd at his house"—What interest

[to TOXILUS.]

Have I, or my affairs, in what your master 65
 Or what the *Persians* do?

Tox. Peace, foolish babler!

You do not know the luck hangs o'er your head---
 Fortune for you but lights her torch in vain---

Dor. And what's this mighty gainful luck then?
 Say---

Tox. Ask those who know---I know no more than
 you, 70

But that I chanc'd to read the tablet first.

Go on as you began, and from the tablet

Inform yourself of all the whole affair---

Dor. You counsel me aright---And so, be silent--

Tox. Now you will come to what's 'for your ad-
 vantage. 75

Dor. [*reading.*] "The man who brings this tablet,
 "also brings

"A beautiful engaging girl, born free,

"Stolen, and brought here from the inmost part

"Of all *Arabia*--- Take you care she's sold---

"But he who buys her, buys her at his peril. 80

"None will engage to warrant the possession.

"Mind you be paid in good and lawful money,

"And that my friend be well receiv'd---Farewell"---

Tox. Well---D'you believe me, now you've read
 the tablet?

DOR.

ACT IV. SCENE III. 151

DOR. Where is the man who brought this tablet
to you? 85

Tox. I've sent to fetch him from the ship—I think
He'll soon be here—

DOR. I want no law, no quirks—
Why should I pay my cash for other folks?
I'll have my goods, or have them warranted.

Tox. Will you then hold your tongue; or, will
you not? 90

I never could have thought you such an idiot.
What is it you're afraid of—

DOR. Troth, I fear—
Many a time and oft I've felt the smart—
And 'twill be no new thing to me, to stick
In such a bog—

Tox. Psha! psha!—There seems no danger— 95

DOR. Why that I know—But then, I have my
fears—

Tox. I have no private interest of my own—
Merely on your account I mov'd the thing,
To throw a lucky purchase in your way—

DOR. I thank you for't—But yet, 'tis sweeter
far 100

Wisdom to gain from other's woes, than others
Should learn from ours—

Tox. Who from the inmost part
Of *Barbary* can possibly pursue her?
Not buy her yet?—

DOR. Let me but see the goods?

V. 91. —*such an idiot*—] The original is *matulam*, which the commentators tell us, has sometimes that signification; and cite this passage as an instance.

Tox. You say what's just---but see! he comes himself,

105

The very man who brought the tablet to me.

Dor. What! is this he?

Tox. The very man---

Dor. And this

The kidnapp'd girl?

Tox. I know no more than you,

But that I've seen her—Be she who she will,

She's quite genteel—

Dor. Her face is well enough. 110

Tox. [*aside*] With what contempt the scoundrel speaks of her---

In silence then we will observe her form, [*to DOR.*]

Dor. Well, be it so, I like your counsel well.

SCENE IV.

Enter SAGARISTIO and the DAUGHTER of SATURIO.

SAG. Don't *Athens* seem a rich and sumptuous city?

DAUG. I've only seen the outside and the form ;
The ways and manners of the people, yet
But little I've observ'd.---

Tox. There's not a word,
But from the very first she has wisely spoke. 5

Dor. [*apart*] In a first word I cannot find out wisdom.

SAG. But as to what you've seen---How does the city

Seem fortified?---

DAUG.

DAUG. Why I should think indeed,
Be but the manners of the people good,
The city's well and fairly fortified--- 10
If breach of faith be banish'd from the city;
Embezzlement of publick money too,
And avarice; if three others with them, spite,
Ambition, scandal, perjury a seventh---

Tox. O brave!

DOR. If idleness an eighth, a ninth 15
Injurious treatment; and a tenth, of all
Most difficult to come at, lawless lust;
If all this crew be not remov'd from hence,
The thickest wall is a defence too weak---

Tox. What say you, *Dordalus*?---

DOR. What is't you mean? 20

Tox. You're of the ten, one of the brotherhood---
You ought to troop off hence to banishment---

DOR. How so?

Tox. Because you are a perjur'd rascal---

DOR. Ay, by my troth, there's wisdom in those
words---

V. 11. *If breach of faith, &c.*] A little liberty is here taken
in the translation.

V. 19. *The thickest wall is a defence too weak.*] The reader
may not be displeased if we quote a passage from *Plato*. It is
in his first *Alcibiades*, near the end, very similar, and analogous
to this sentiment. Οὐκ ἄρα τειχῶν, οὐδὲ τριήρων, οὐδὲ νεωρίων δέουσαι
αἱ πόλεις, ὥς Ἀλκιβιάδης, εἰ μέλλοισιν εὐδαιμονήσειν, οὐδὲ πλῆθους, οὐδὲ
μεγέθους, ἀνευ ἀρετῆς.

Fortifications therefore, and shipping, and harbours, will be of
no avail to the happiness of any civil States; neither will the
multitude of their people, nor the extent of their territories,
if they want virtue.

SYDENHAM.

Tox.

TOX. Buy her I say---This turns to your advantage. 25

DOR. Why, troth, the more I look, the more I like her---

TOX. If you should purchase her, immortal gods! You'll be the richest merchant in the place,
Turn people out of their estates and houses,
Be introduc'd to men of rank and quality. 30
They'll pay you court, and feast and revel with you.

DOR. I'll not admit them tho'—

TOX. Then, they by night
Will sing abusive songs before your house;
Burn down your doors—Then you may shut your house
With doors of steel, make your whole house of iron, 35
Fix iron thresholds, iron bolt and ring;—
For fear, if you be sparing of your iron,
You should get iron fetters for yourself.

DOR. Go, hang yourself—

TOX. Go you, and buy the girl—
Mind what I've said—

V. 33. —*will sing abusive songs.*] The original is, *occidentibus ostium*. The word again occurs in *Plautus*.

———*occidentibus ostium*.

Mercator, A& II. Scene III. v. 73.

On which passage, *Limiers* has the following remark. The songs here spoken of, says he, are those abusive ones, which were used to be sung at the doors of those whom they had a mind to defame. To restrain this liberty, there was anciently a law conceived in these terms, *si quis carmen occentassit, quod alteri flagitium faxit, capital esto*. If any one should sing an abusive song, which should hurt the reputation of another, let him be punished with death.

V. 34. —*your house you may shut up, &c.*] Mr. *De L'Oeuvre* observes that this and what follows, alludes to the tower in which *André* was confined. See *Ovid. Metam. Lib. IV.*

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 155

DOR. Let me but know the price— 40

Tox. Say, shall I call him hither—

DOR. I'll go to him.

Tox. What say you, friend?—[to SAGARISTIO.]

SAG. I'm come, and bring the girl,
As I just now had promis'd you I would—

'Twas but last night, our ship arriv'd in port—

I wish to sell this maiden, if I can; 45

If not, why then with all the speed I may

I'll go from hence—

DOR. Welcome, young man---

SAG. Well come

Indeed, can I but sell her at her price.

Tox. You'll sell her well to him, or else to no
one—

SAG. Are you his friend?—

Tox. As much as all the gods, 50
Heaven's high inhabitants—

DOR. 'Tis past a doubt
You're then my foe—For never was a god
To any of our trade so kind, that he
Would favour him—

SAG. Come to the point in hand—
Have you a mind to buy my girl?—

DOR. Why yes--- 55

If you've a mind to sell, I have to buy---

If you've no business on your hands in haste,

I'm quite at leisure too---

SAG. Well, fix your price---

DOR. The goods are yours---That's what you
ought to do.

Tox. That's fair---

SAG. Would you buy cheap?

DOR.

DOR. Would you sell dear? 60

Tox. That's what both with I know, by *Hercules!*

DOR. Come, set your price---

SAG. I must inform you first,
No man alive will warrant you the goods :
You understand me?

DOR. Yes, I do declare
The lowest price, that one may have her for— 65

Tox. Peace, peace you fool, you're acting like a
child---

DOR. How so?

Tox. Because, I first would have you ask
Some proper questions of the girl herself.

DOR. By *Hercules!* you give no bad advice—
The wary pandar I had almost slip't, 70
And fal'n into a trap, if you had not
Been here—Of what advantage 'tis to have
A friend at hand, when business is transacted!

Tox. Inquire her family, where she was born,
And who her parents are; lest you should say 75
That you had made by my advice and impulse
Too rash a bargain—By your leave, my friend
[to SAGARISTIO.

Would a few questions ask of this fair maid---

SAG. With all my heart, at his own will and
pleasure.

Tox. Why stand you?---Go yourself, make your
demands--- 80

Altho' the liberty was granted me,
Yet you may ask such questions as you please---
And I had rather you should go yourself,
For fear the man should hold you in contempt.

DOR,

DOR. You give me good advice enough---My
friend, [to SAGARISTIO. 85

I fain would ask this girl of yours some questions.

SAG. From first to last, as many as you please---

Tox. Bid her come here to me---

SAG. Go to him, child,
And do what he commands---Examine her---[to DORD.
Ask her as many questions as you please. 90

Tox. [to DORDALUS] Come on now you---step
forward; and take care

You enter on the matter with good omens.

DOR. The auspices are clear---

Tox. Then hold your tongue.
Go back a little; now I'll bring her to you.

[goes to the girl.

DOR. Do what you think is most for my ad-
vantage--- 95

Tox. [to the girl.] Follow me---[to DORD.] Would
you ask her any question?

I lead her to you---[going.

DOR. I'd fain have you by---

Tox. I can't---I must obey my master's will,
And do my duty to this stranger here.---

[pointing to SAGARISTIO.

Suppose he should not like to have me by?--- 100

SAG. [to TOXILUS] Yes, yes, come near---

Tox. I will assist you then---

V. 87. *From first to last.*] The original is a *terra ad caelum*, literally, from earth to heaven; a proverbial expression from the Greek, 'Απ' οὐρανοῦ μέχρι γῆς.

V. 88. *Bid her come here to me.*] Most of the editions give this speech to *Toxilus*; and we have followed them. That of *Aldus* gives it to *Dordalus*.

DOR.

DOR. When you assist your friend, you aid yourself---

TOX. Examine her---[*Aside to the girl*] Be you upon your guard---

DAUG. A word's enough [*aside to TOXILUS.*] Altho' I am a slave [aloud.

I know my duty well---To his demands 105

I must a fair and candid answer make

As far as I'm inform'd---

TOX. My girl, this man's An honest man---

DAUG. I do believe he is---

TOX. You will not serve him long---

DAUG. Such is my hope; If that my parents will but do their duty--- 110

DOR. Be not surpriz'd I beg, if we demand

Who are your parents, and what is your country?

DAUG. Why should I be surpriz'd at that, good sir?

My state of slavery has forbid me now

To be amaz'd at any evil hap 115

Which may betide poor me---

TOX. Weep not---

DAUG. Alas!

Alas! ah! woe is me---

TOX. [*aside*] The gods confound her!

Why, what an artful, crafty slut she is!--

She has courage too, and says just what she ought.

DOR. Pray give me leave to ask your name---

TOX. Ah! now 120

V. 116. —weep not! Alas! alas! ah! woe is me.] In the common editions something is here suppos'd to be lost. Lambin has supplied it with a few words, which we have thus translated.

I'm

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 159

I'm in a mortal fright, lest she should blunder.—

DAUG. In my own country, I was called *Lucris*—

Tox. The name and omen are worth any price—

Why don't you purchase her?—[*aside*] She has pass'd
the pikes,

I was most wofully afraid she'd blunder— 125

DOR. If I should purchase you, I'm confident,
My *lucre* you will be—

Tox. And if you do,
'Tis my belief, she will not be your slave
To the month's end—

DOR. Why, that's my wish, by *Hercules*!

Tox. Assist yourself, that you may have your
wish. 130

She has made no *faux-pas* yet. [*aside*.]

DOR. Where was you born?

DAUG. 'Troth, as my mother told me, in the
kitchen—

And in a nook on the left hand of it—

Tox. To you, she'll be a lucky courtezan—

V. 127. —*my lucre you will be.*] The antients, among other superstitious omens in regard to future events, attributed much to names. Some were lucky, others unlucky. Thus *Lucris* was reckoned among the former, from its analogy to *lucrum*, which signifies gain, profit, advantage. The commentators inform us, that the antients used to appoint those soldiers to the most difficult enterprizes, whose names were lucky ones. There is a pun, which we have aimed at in some measure to preserve: the word *lucre* is synonymous to gain.

V. 133. —*on the left hand of it.*] The commentators have here a piece of refinement, which we apprehend never enter'd into the head of the author. By *culina*, the kitchen, they will have the speaker mean her mother's womb; and that she was born in a nook on the left hand of it, because, say they, anatomists have observed, that females are placed by nature on the left side of the womb, and males on the right.

The place of her nativity was warm, 135
 And where good things of every kind abound—
 The rogue was taken in, when he enquir'd [*aside*.
 Where she was born—She plays him off most
 rarely—

DOR. But what's your country?—that's the thing
 I ask?

DAUG. What should it be, but this where now I
 am— 140

DOR. But I enquire for that which was your
 country—

DAUG. What was, is deem'd as nothing when 'tis
 gone—

You might as well ask one who has breath'd his last,
 Who once he was—

Tox. So may the gods be kind!
 How cleverly she answers—Yet I pity her— 145

DOR. But still, my girl, what country are you
 of?

Speak out at once—What does this silence mean?

DAUG. I'll truly tell you then, what is my
 country—

This is my country, for I'm here a slave,

Tox. Touch not that string—You see, she'll not
 speak out, 150

Left you recall past miseries to her mind—

DOR. Well, well—Is then your father in cap-
 tivity?

DAUG. No, he is not—But every thing he had
 He lost—

Tox. She must be of a noble house;
 Her only knowledge is, to speak the truth— 155

DOR. Who was your father?—Let me know his
 name?

DAUG. Why should I say, who was my wretched father---

Both of us now may well be called wretched---

DOR. And how was he esteem'd among the people?

DAUG. None better lik'd---Both slaves and free men lov'd him. 160

Tox. You have describ'd a man of woe indeed—

Who has lost his friends, and is undone himself.

DOR. I think I'll purchase her—

Tox. Still, only think so?

DOR. She is descended from a princely race,

I well believe---

Tox. You'll make a fortune by her--- 165

DOR. Gods grant I may!

Tox. Would you but close the bargain.

DAUG. This I must say---Soon as my father knows I'm here arriv'd he'll come and ransom me.

Tox. How now?---

DOR. What is't---

Tox. Heard you not what she said? 169

DAUG. Altho' his fortune's bankrupt, he has friends [weeps.

DOR. Weep not---You'll soon regain your liberty, If you've gallants enough---But are you willing To be my slave?

V. 168. *I'm here arriv'd*—] The original in most of the editions is *venisse huc*. But some read *venisse*, or *venisse* from *veneo* to sell, not from *venio* to come. If this reading is preferred, it should be translated, *I am set to sale here*.

V. 172. *If you've gallants enough*.] The original is, *si crebro cades*. An expression not out of character in the mouth of a procurer. We have endeavoured to soften it, in the translation.

DAUG. Upon condition, that
I am not so too long---

Tox. Mark how she harps
Upon her freedom---She will be a mafs, 175
A mint of money to you---Come, do this
If you do any thing---I'll go to him--- [meaning
SAGARISTIO.]

Follow you me---[*to the girl*] I'll bring her back to
you.--- [to SAGARISTIO.]

DOR. Young man, are you dispos'd to sell this girl?

SAG. I rather chuse to sell her, than to lose her--- 180

DOR. Declare then in a word what I must give,
And fix your price---

SAG. And I will fix it so,
That I shall shew, I wish to deal with you.
Then for a hundred minæ she is yours---

DOR. That is too much---

SAG. For eighty then---

DOR. Too much--- 185

SAG. I cannot bate a single piece of what
I mention now---

DOR. Well, what is that?---Speak out---

SAG. Then she is yours for sixty silver minæ,
At your own risk---

DOR. Say then, what shall I do?

[*apart to TOXILUS.*]

Tox. May the angry gods pursue you for a
villain! [apart to DORDALUS. 190

Boggle at such a purchase!---

DOR. Well, I'll have her

Tox. You've got a noble prize---Go fetch the
money---

She'd be a bargain at three hundred minæ---

You

You are the winner.---

SAG. Hark you me! I add
Ten minæ more for her habiliments--- 195

DOR. You should abate, not add---

Tox. Can't you be quiet---
You see he wants a handle to be off---
Why don't you go, and fetch the money?

DOR. Mind,
And watch---

Tox. Go in---

DOR. I'm gone---I'll bring the money.
[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Tox. You've help'd us admirably well, my girl,
And play'd your part with judgment, sense, and skill.

DAUG. When on good men a favour we confer,
'Twill seem important, and will always please them.

Tox. Hark you!--You *Persian*, when you have the
money, 5
Pretend you're going to the ship directly---

SAG. Instruct not me.---

Tox. And then return again,
By the back lane on that side, through the garden.

SAG. You well describe the way that shall be
be taken---

Tox. Change not your quarters when you've got
the money--- 10

I caution you---

SAG. What you yourself deserve
Do 'you' think me worthy of?

Tox. 'St.---Silence then---
Lower your voice---Here comes the gudgeon out---

SCENE VI.

Re-enter DORDALUS with a bag of money.

DOR. Sixty good silver minæ, save two pieces,
Are in this bag—

SAG. What are those two to do?

DOR. To buy this bag—Or cause it to return
To me again—

SAG. Ay, that's left you should be
A pandar incompleat, you fordid wretch, 5
You fear to lose your bag—

Tox. Let him alone;
I beg you do—For, since he is a pandar
The thing's not wonderful at all—

DOR. This day,
If heed is given to omens I shall make
Considerable profit—Nothing then 10
So small, but I should grieve to part with it—
Here, take it—

SAG. Hang it then about my neck,
If 'tis not troublesome—

DOR. It shall be done—

*[Hangs the bag about
SAGARISTIO's neck.]*

SAG. Is there ought else you would command me in?
DOR. Why in such haste?

V. 2. *And what do they profess? They, i. e. the two pieces.*

V. 12. *Hang it then about my neck. See Act II. Scene V.
V. 17, note.*

SAG.

ACT IV. SCENE VI. 165

SAG. My business presses me. 15
I've letters to deliver in the city—

Besides, I'm told, that my twin brother's here
A slave—I want to find him, and redeem him.

DOR. You've put it luckily into my head,---
I think I've seen one here exactly like you, 20
Just the same size---

SAG. 'Tis certainly my brother.

DOR. But we would gladly know your name?

Tox. His name?

What's that to us?---

SAG. You must be all attention.

'Tis vainspekèron---virginfelleronides,
Triffelblaberos---silverscrewerton, 25
Theeworthyspeakades---flatt'rygaineros
What he has once done---neverpartwitharon---

DOR. Hey-day!--Your name must certainly be
written
In various ways---

V. 17. —*my twin brother's here*—] *Sagaristio* pretends to have a twin brother, quite like him, in order doubtless to put the change upon *Dordalus*, in case he should find out at the long run, that he had played him a trick, by selling him, for a foreigner, an *Athenian*, whom when discovered to be such, he must be obliged to return to her relations.

LIMERS.

V. 24. *'Tis vainspekèron, &c.*] This assemblage of hard words, partly *Latin*, partly *Greek*, and partly barbarous, we have endeavoured to imitate according to their literal signification. See *The Captives*, Act II. Scene II. v. 53. note. Vol. I. of this translation.

It seems probable, that Mrs. *Centlivre* had her eye upon this passage in her Comedy, called *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, when Colonel *Feignwell* in the habit of a *Dutchman*, being to give in his name, says, it is *Mynbeer Janwantimtam tirelire letto Heer Van Feignwell*---

SAG. It is the *Persian* fashion--
We have long names, and hard to be pronounc'd-- 30
Would you command me further?

DOR. No---Farewell--

SAG. Farewell to you---My mind's on board already---

DOR. You'd better go to-morrow---Sup with us
To-day---[*to SAGARISTIO going.*] Well, if it must be
so---Farewell. [Exit SAGARISTIO.]

SCENE VII.

Tox. So! now he's gone, I may declare my mind.
This day has shone a lucky day indeed--
You have not bought her, for she's all clear gain.

DOR. Ah! he knows well enough what he has done.
He has sold stol'n goods, and sold them at my risk. 5
How do I know she may'nt be claim'd to-day?---
Where shall I follow him?--To *Persia*--Nonsense!--

Tox. I thought you would have thank'd me for
the favour---

DOR. I do return you thanks indeed, my *Toxilus*---
For I perceive you aided me with care--- 10

Tox. Aided, d'you say?---I serv'd you to some
purpose.

DOR. Oh me! some things I've totally forgot,
I did intend to order in my family---
Pray guard her well---

Tox. She's safe, depend upon't---
[Exit DORDALUS.]

DAUG. My father loiters now---

Tox. What?---Shall I call him? 15

DAUG. 'Tis time.

Tox.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII. 157

Tox. Hola!--Come forth *Saturio*.
Now you may be reveng'd upon your enemy---

Enter SATURIO.

SAT. See, here am I---Do I delay the business?

Tox. Well---Go you there, a good way out of
fight---

SAT. No more---

Tox. When you observe me in discourse 20
And talking to the pandar, make a bustle.

SAT. A word you know is to the wife enough---

[*Exit SATURIO and his DAUGHTER.*]

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter DORDALUS.

DOR. I have well scourg'd my slaves since I went
home,

My house and furniture's in such a pickle.

Tox. Are you return'd at last---

DOR. You see I am---

Tox. And have I not got a good birth for you
To-day?---

DOR. I own it, and return you thanks--- 5

Tox. With me ought else?---

DOR. May happiness attend you.

Tox. By *Pollux*! I have ta'en good care of that---
For your freed girl I shall enjoy at home. *Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Re-enter SATURIO and his DAUGHTER.

SAT. Well--if I'm not destruction to that fellow--

DOR. Undone!

SAT. He's luckily before the door---

DAUG. My father, hail!

SAT. And hail to you, my daughter---

DOR. That *Persian's* ruin'd me---

DAUG. This is my father---

[to DORDALUS.

DOR. What father?--I am ruin'd past redemption. 5
Why don't I weep my sixty minæ lost---

SAT. Villain, I'll make you weep yourself---

DOR. I'm murder'd.

SAT. Come pandar---March before a magistrate---

DOR. Why summon me?

SAT. I'll open that in court,
Before the Prætor---Mind I summon you--- 10

DOR. But don't you call to this arrest some witness?

SAT. Shall I for you touch any freeman's ear?

Scoundrel---Whose trade is buying up free citizens.

DOR. Let me but speak---

SAT. I'll not---

DOR. Hear me---

V. 12. —*touch any freeman's ear?*] When a man of character was summoned before a magistrate, the accuser had no right to force him to go directly, but might call any by-stander who was a freeman to be a witness of the arrest; and the form was, to touch the ear of the witness. But if such person accused was a slave, or an infamous person, he might drag him by force, immediately before the Prætor.

SAT.

SAT. I'm deaf---
Come follow me this way, vile catamountain--- 15
Thou virgin-stealer---And do you, my daughter,
Go with us to the Prætor's---

DAUGH. Sir, I follow---

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 15. —*vile catamountain, &c.*] The original is *feles virginaria*. *Plautus* makes use of the same expression in *Rudens*, Act II. Scene IV. v. 43. A cat is known to be a very rapacious animal; the ancients used to call a thief so, for that reason. Not ill applied to a pandar in that, as well as in this Comedy.

Quis Marcus? Feles nuper pallaria dictus---

AUSONIUS. *Epig. 69.*

What *Marcus* mean you? He, who by the name
Of boy-stealer is known---

* * This Act is opened by *Toxilus*; who, after a few short reflections, is joined in the second Scene by *Sagaristio*, leading in *Saturio's* daughter, both in the habit of *Persians*. *Toxilus* expresses great satisfaction in seeing them so properly disguised, and after exhorting each of them to perform the part they are to act with propriety, dismisses them till the time should come of their beginning the Farce. *Toxilus* remains on the stage, and in the third Scene, is joined by *Dordalus*, exulting on the profit he has gained by selling his freed-woman. *Toxilus*, pretending to agree with him, tells him that an opportunity now offers itself of gaining still greater profit. He then shews him a letter, which he pretends to have received from his master, in which he acquaints him, that one of his friends had in *Arabia* kid-knapped a girl of exquisite beauty, whom he was desirous of disposing of at *Athens*; and had on that account applied to a merchant, who accompanied her; that he recommended both to him, and that their arrival was expected every instant. To which he adds, that as his inclination was to oblige *Dordalus*, he thought he could not better do it, than by apprising him of it, in order to give him the preference, on so advantageous an occasion. *Dordalus*, fearful of some trick, makes some difficulty of accepting the proposal.

But

But at length, on *Toxilus* urging that nothing could be more advantageous to him, he consents to see the girl he proposes to him to purchase. On this, the girl, as it were by accident, appears, attended by the pretended *Persian*; and *Toxilus* taking this opportunity of presenting her to him, in the fourth Scene, *Dordalus* examines her; and asks her several questions concerning her birth and her country, all which the artful girl cunningly evades, and that too without making use of so much as a single falsehood. However, to avoid any difficulty, he gives *Dordalus* to understand, that he warrants nothing, that he sells the girl just as she is, and that he must take all risks upon himself. *Dordalus* bites at the hook, and purchases the girl for sixty minæ. The bargain thus struck, while the buyer goes to fetch the money, *Toxilus* in the fifth Scene instructs the pretended *Persian* what he shall do with the money when he has received it. In the sixth Scene, *Dordalus* enters with the money, and *Sazarifio*, the pretended *Persian*, pretends he is going to the port to embark directly. In the seventh Scene *Toxilus* wishes his friend joy of the bargain he had it in his power to procure for him; and *Dordalus* retiring to his own house for a short time, *Toxilus* takes that opportunity of calling out to the parasite *Saturio*, and acquainting him with the trick he had been playing. In the eighth Scene, *Dordalus* returns, and thanks *Toxilus* for his generosity. He then quits the stage, and *Saturio* the parasite, in the ninth Scene, re-enters with his daughter. The father in a rage, demands his daughter back again; the astonished merchant knows not which way to turn himself, or to reply to the abuse they throw upon him; which they end in summoning him before a magistrate. The consequences of this dispute fill up the fourth interval.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A. C. T. V.

SCENE I.

Enter TOXILUS and Slaves.

TOXILUS.

THE foe subdu'd, the citizens all safe,
 The state secure, peace firmly ratified,
 The war extinct, and ended with success,
 Our army and our garrisons compleat,
 Since thus, O *Jove*, and all ye heavenly powers, 5
 You've aided us effectually, I'm grateful;
 And pay you my acknowledgements, that I
 So fully am reveng'd upon my foe.
 Go out then and prepare---Before the door,
 Here, 'twixt my fellow soldiers I'll divide 10
 The spoil, and make them be partakers with me---
 Here my co-mates I'll entertain---Come forth---

[to the slaves.]

Set down the couches here---Bring every thing
 Usual on such occasions---Here I'll have
 The water plac'd---Here will I make all gay, 15
 Free and rejoicing; that all those, by whose
 Assistance I've so easily accomplish'd
 The thing I wish'd for, may have some reward---

V. 15. *The water plac'd*—] The original is *aquilam*, the eagle, which the Romans carried on their ensigns. The commentators seem to agree, that the speaker uses it for *aquilam*, a little water, in order to make a kind of *jeu des mots* (as the French call it) on the words. That the Romans used warm and cold

water.

The man's a knave in grain, who can receive
A favour, and yet knows not to return it. 20

Enter LEMNISELENE, SAGARISTIO, and
PÆGNIUM.

LEM. My *Toxilus*, why stand I distant from you?
Or rather, should I say, why you from me?

Tox. Go to—Why don't you come then and ca-
ress me?

LEM. I will with all my heart—[*embracing him.*]
There's nothing sweeter.

Prithee, why don't you take us to our couches 25
At once, my dear—

Tox. Your wish is mine—

LEM. And mine

Is yours—

water both before their meals, most probably to wash their hands,
appears from many passages in our author.

Age accumbere igitur—cedo aquam

Manibus, puer appone hic mensulam.

Moscellaria, Act I. Scene III. v. 130.

Then take your place—Some water for our hands—

Boy, set the table here—

V. 26. — *my dear*—] The original is, *oculus meus*, *my eye*.
Oculus and *ocellus* are often made use of by *Plautus* in an endear-
ing sense.

Bona vale, oculo mi— *Curculio*, Act I. Scene III. v. 47.

Adieu, my dear—

Mens oculus, da mihi sorvium—

Stichus, Act V. Scene VI. v. 3.

Give me a kiss, you rogue—

Tox. Come, *Sagaristio*, come and take
The upper couch—

SAG. I care not much 'bout that,
Do you but make the agreement good betwixt us.

Tox. All in good time—

SAG. All in good time's too late. 30

Tox. Attend the present business---Take your
couch---

This happy day let's celebrate with joy,
It is my birth-day---Bring us water, boy, [to PÆG.
To wash our hands---Set supper on the table---
To you, sweet flower, this wreath of flowers I give, 35

[giving a wreath to LEMNISELENE.

For you shall be the mistress of our feast---

Start from the top with seven cups, my boy,
Move your hand briskly, stir---Thou art an age,
Pegnium, in giving me the cups---Come, give them
me---

Health to my noble self, and health to you, 40
[drinking.

And health to my fair mistress---The kind gods
Have granted me this day, this day I long'd for---

V. 29. *Do you but make, &c.*] The original in most of the editions is *cado parum*. Aldus and Lambin read *cado partem*. If the former is adhered to, it is, say the commentators, addressed to *Toxilus*, and means, *do you provide a mistress for me, that I may be as happy as you are*. If the latter, it means, *give me the money, according to agreement*.

V. 37. —*with seven cups*—] This is an allusion to the game the Romans called *curulia*, which were races with chariots, which they were to drive round the course. The Grecians drove round twelve times. Therefore *pergræcari*, to drink like Grecians, as has been observed in the course of these notes, was to drink largely.

Limiers from M. De L'Oeuwre.

When

When in my arms I may enfold you freed [to LEM.
From slavery.

LEM. You've made us happy all---
As it becomes a mistress to her love, 45
My hand presents this cup to yours---

Tox. Come, give it me---

LEM. Take it--- [giving him the cup.

Tox. To him, who in this joy rejoices,
Health; and to him, who does not grudge it me---

SCENE II.

Enter DORDALUS at a distance.

DOR. Who are, who shall be, or whoe'er have been,
Or who from this day forth shall ever be,
I, single I, surpass them all---And am
Without a peer, the greatest wretch alive.
I'm ruin'd, totally undone---This day 5
Has been to me the worst of days---That cheat
Has by his crafty tricks quite ruin'd me.
I've lost my silver hook, nor ta'en my prey---
May all the gods confound this rascal *Persian*,

¶ 8. *I've lost my silver hook*—] The commentators give themselves much trouble in explaining this passage, which to us seems very easy to be understood. *Dordalus*, by his having parted with the girl who had brought grist to his mill, in order to have a sum of money, and by the purchase he had just made of a girl whom he was obliged to give up, loses both the money, and the one as well as the other of these persons, at the same time. Herein seems to be the whole mystery of this passage, which on following the disposition of the piece, and not losing sight of the subject, as most commentators do, by quitting things for words, is very clear.

LIMIERS.

And

And every *Persian*---every person too--- 10
 I'm such a miserable, luckless wretch --
 'Tis *Toxilus* has conjur'd up these plagues---
 Because I would not trust him with the money,
 He has contriv'd these engines of deceit;
 Whom, if I live, if I do not to chains 15
 And torture drive, should but his master once
 Return again, as I do hope he will---
 But ha!--What see I!--Do but look at them!
 What comedy is this?---They're drinking here---
 By *Pollux*! I will venture to accost them--- 20
 My honest friend, my honest freed slave too!
 Hail to you both!

Tox. This surely must be *Dordalus*---

SAG. Why not invite him hither---

Tox. Let him come---

We'll shout applause--My most consummate *Dordalus*
 All hail!--This is your place--Come, here re-
 cline--- 25

Water to wash his feet--Come, bring it boy!--

[to PÆGNIUM.

DOR. Touch me but lightly, with a single finger,
 I'll fell you to the ground, you rascal, you---

PÆG. I'll instant dash your eye out with my cup---

DOR. What say'st thou, gallows?--Wearer out of
 scourges! 30

How thou hast cheated me this day, how hamper'd
 me!

How lent a hand about this *Persian* too!

V. 26. *Water to wash his feet*—] The commentators inform us, that it was the custom of the Gentiles as well as Jews, to have their slaves wash the feet of their guests before they sat down to meals. *Lambin*, not aware of this, will have it to be ironical.

TOX. If you were wife, you'd wrangle somewhere else.

DOR. And you, my dainty freed woman, you knew All this full well, and yet conceal'd it from me. 35

LEM. What folly 'tis, when one may live at ease,
To chuse the stirring of contentious brawls---
To live at ease, in time may suit you best---

DOR. My heart's on fire---

TOX. Give him a bowl of wine---
Extinguish it---For if his heart's on fire, 40
His head may catch the flame---

DOR. I understand you---
You fool me now---Flout on as you were wont---
This is a place of liberty--- [to PÆGNIUM.

TOX. Well done!
What a facetious, princely strut thou'st got---

PÆG. Facetiousness becomes me mighty well. 45
Besides, I long to play this knave some pranks,
Since he deserves them well---

TOX. As you've begun
Go on---

PÆG. Have at you, pandar--- [striking him.

DOR. Oh! undone,
He has almost knock'd me down---

PÆG. Here, mind again---

DOR. Play on your pranks at will, while far from
hence 50
Your master's absent---

PÆG. See how I obey---
Why should not you obey then, in return,
All my commands, and do what I persuade you?

V. 42. *You fool me now*—] After these words a sentence is not translated. The learned reader will know the reason.

DOR.

DOR. What's that?---

PÆG. Why, take a rope, a stout one tho,'
And hang yourself---

DOR. You'd best be cautious how 55
You touch me, boy ; lest I, with this my staff,
Should do your business---

PÆG. Well, well---Use your staff,
I'll pardon you---

Tox. Come *Pægnium*, have done---

DOR. I'll utterly destroy you all, by *Pollux* !

PÆG. But he who dwells above me will, ere long, 60
Utterly ruin you---who is your foe,
And will not be your friend---It is not they
Who tell you so---But it is I, myself---

Tox. Come, carry round the wine, and in full
bumpers---

We have not drank this age--Our lips are parch'd--65

DOR. Would to the gods your drink might not
pass through you !

PÆG. Well, I must dance the stationary dance,
The same which *Hegea* heretofore compos'd---
But pray now look and see how well you like it---

V. 58. —*have done*—] The original is *da pansam*. Greek,
παύου, a cessation.

V. 66. —*might not pass thro' you* !] We have translated it literally. The speaker means, *I wish your drink would poison you*.

V. 67. —*the stationary dance*—] The original is *staticulum*, which the commentators tell us is a grave slow dance, what the French call *paixne*. It is mentioned by *Macrobius*, in *Saturnal* : Lib. ii. Cap. 10.

V. 68—71. —*Hegea*—*Diodorus*—] These, the commentators say, are the names of two dancing-masters--Of whom nothing more is known, than from this passage.

SAG. I'm willing also to repeat the dance. 70
Which *Diodorus* in *Ionia* made.

DOR. I'll make you suffer, if you march not off---

SAG. What, brazen-face, and do you still keep
muttering?

Provoke me but---I'll bring again the *Persian*.

DOR. By *Hercules*! thou'st clos'd my lips at once. 75
Thou art the *Persian*, who hast maim'd me quite.

Tox. Peace, simpleton; why this is his twin-
brother. [to SAGARISTIO.]

DOR. Is he?

Tox. Most certainly---His very twin-brother.

DOR. The gods confound your twin-brother, and
you.

SAG. Yes, him who ruin'd you---I've deserv'd
nothing--- 80

DOR. But may the plagues which he deserv'd,
plague you!

Tox. Come, let us play a little more upon him,
Unless you think he is not worthy of it.

SAG. No need---

LEM. For me, it is by no means decent.

Tox. What! I suppose, 'cause when I purchas'd
you, 85

He gave no trouble, none at all---

LEM. But yet---

V. 71. —*in Ionia made.*] Concerning the *Ionic* dance, See
The Cheat, Act V. Scene I. v. 29. note. Vol. III. of this trans-
lation.

V. 77. —*his twin-brother.*] See Act IV. Scene VI. v. 17.
note.

V. 86. *He gave no trouble---*] *Lambin* says this is spoke ironi-
cally.

Tox.

TOX. Truce with but yet---Beware of a mishap,
 And follow me---I'm sure it well becomes you,
 Nay, it is decent to obey my orders---
 Had it not been for me, and my protection, 90
 He shortly would have turn'd you on the town
 A common street-walker---But so it is---
 Some who have gain'd their freedom never think
 Themselves genteel enough, nor free enough,
 Nor wise enough, unless they thwart their patrons--95
 Nor besides this, unless they curse him too,
 And are ungrateful to their benefactors.

LEM. Your kindneſſes to me command obedience.

TOX. I, who have paid this man my money for
 you,
 Am, without doubt, your patron, and I'd have
 him 100
 Moſt exquisitely fool'd---

LEM. I'll do my beſt---

DOR. As ſure as I'm alive, theſe are conſulting
 Something, I know not what, to injure me.

SAG. Hola!

V. 92. *A common ſtreet-walker*—]. The original in moſt of the editions is *proſtibilem*. That of *Aldus* reads *proſtibulam*, which reading *Lambin* approves of. The difference, the grammarians tell us, is this: *Proſtibilis* means a courtezán, or kept-miſtreſs, *proſtibula*, one that plies in the ſtreets as a common prostitute. The word *proſtibilis* alſo occurs again in our author.

Proſtibili eſt autem ſtanti ſtanti ſarvium

Dare amicum amice— *Stichus*, Act V. Scene VI. v. 4.

————— A rare whore's trick,
 To give a friend a kiſs juſt as he paſſes—

We could with the editions gave authority, for the ſame reaſons, to read *proſtibula* alſo in this paſſage.

TOX. What say'st?

SAG. Is this the pandar, *Dordalus*,
Who buys free virgins here? And is this he 105
Who was so valiant once?

DOR. What can this mean?
Out and alas! he has slap'd me on the face;
[PÆGNIUM strikes him.
I'll do you some curs'd mischief, that I will.

TOX. 'Tis what we've done to you, and shall again.

DOR. He pinches me---

PÆG. And wherefore should he not? 110
Your back's been pinch'd ere now---

DOR. Do'st thou prate too?
Thou fragment of a boy---

LEM. My patron, come---
Let me intreat you to come in to supper---

DOR. O thou memorial of my heedlessness!
Dost thou deride me too, and scoff?

LEM. For why? 115
Because I ask you to regale yourself?

DOR. I won't regale myself---

LEM. Well, do not then.
TOX. O what strange things six hundred pieces do?
And what disturbances can they excite?

DOR. Undone! Undone!--Now to requite a foe 120
They know full well---

TOX. We've punish'd him enough---

DOR. Well, I knock under---I confess---

TOX. And shall
Under the gibbet---In then---

V. 122. —*I knock under*—] The original is, *manus vobis do, I agree to you, I yield.* We have here taken a little liberty in the translation, in order to accommodate it to what follows; *et post dabis, sub furcis; and shall, under the gibbet.*

ACT V. SCENE II. 181

SAG. To the stocks--- [to DORD.]

DOR. Have not these fellows work'd me then enough?

Tox. You'll ne'er forget you met with *Toxilus*. 125
Spectators, fare ye well---The pandar now
Is quite demolish'd---

[to the Spectators, by way of Epilogue.]
Give us your applause.

* * In order to make *Toxilus's* revenge compleat, by making *Dordalus* a witness of his satisfaction on the success of his enterprise, he contrives it, so as to add a relish to the entertainment he is going to give, on his mistress having obtained her freedom. This is the business of this fifth Act. In the first Scene the amorous *Toxilus* appears giving orders for that purpose. Then *Lemniselene* and *Sagaristio* enter; when they all place themselves on their couches, and begin carousing. In the second Scene *Dordalus* appears; whom they make to take his couch, ask him to drink with them, then turn him into ridicule, beat him, and punish him, as his infamous profession deserved. Thus, after the usual address to the spectators, ends this Comedy. The incidents are few, and the subject as slight as any of *Plautus*. It is nevertheless entertaining; and the business of it, slight as it is, is well conducted.

End of THE PERSIAN,

THE
ASS-DEALER.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

DEMÆNETUS, *an old Gentleman of Athens,*

ARGYRIPPUS, *his Son.*

LIBANUS, } *his Servants.*

LEONIDA, }

THE ASS-DEALER.

DIABOLUS, *a young Gentleman, Rival to ARGYRIPPUS.*

PARASITE, *attending on DIABOLUS.*

AREMONA, *Wife of DEMÆNETUS.*

CLEÆRETA, *a Bawd.*

PHILENIUM, *a Courtesan.*

SCENE, *ATHENS.*



PROLOGUE.

* Spoken by The ASS-DEALER.

SPECTATORS, if you please, mind what is doing,
 I hope we all shall be the better for it;
 Yourselfes and I, and this our company,
 Our masters, and our managers—Now crier
 Make proclamation, that all people here 5
 Give their attention—So—come, now sit down,
 Take care however, that you're paid for silence.
 What's my intention, and what brought me here,
 I'll now explain; that you may know the name
 Of this our Comedy—For the fable of it, 10

* Spoken by The Ass-Dealer.] This we have on the authority
 of *Marolles*, though he gives no reason; nor does it indeed ap-
 pear, why he thinks so.

V. 4. *Our masters—*] The original is, *conductoribus*, which
Lambin would have to mean the *Ædiles*, under whose care thea-
 trical representations were exhibited. But *Gruter* and *Taubman*
 seem to think it rather means the Managers; and we are of
 opinion they are right.

V. 7. —you're paid for silence.]

———*Vis, garrule, quantum*

Accipis, ut clames, accipere ut taceas.

MARTIAL, Lib. ix. Ep. 70.

———Thy bawling lectures cease,

Thy gain shall greater be, to hold thy peace.

'Tis

'Tis short and plain enough—As to its name
 I'll now inform you, that in Greek 'tis called
ONACOS : That 'twas written by **DEMOPHILUS**—
Plautus translates it into Latin; and,
 By your good leave, would call it **ASINARIA**. 15
 There's in this piece both pleasantry and wit.
 'Twill make you laugh—With favour hear it then,
 And may god *Mars*, as he has done before,
 Go on to take you into his protection.

V. 13. *Onagos*—] From ὄνος *an ass*, and ἄγω, *I drive*. *The Ass-Driver*.

Ibid. —'twas written by *Demophilus*.] Who this *Demophilus* was we are not told. Some commentators, against the authority of all the MSS. (as *Taubman* observes) would read *Diphilus*; who is mentioned by *Terence* in the Prologue to his *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers*, and who was, as Mr. COLMAN observes, a comick poet, cotemporary with *Menander*.

V. 16. —*Asinaria*.] A word used by *Cato* and *Varro*, *De Re Rusticâ*, in that sense.

V. 19. —into his protection.] This conclusion, and almost in the same words, *Plautus* has made use of at the end of many of his Prologues, in particular, to *Captivi*, *Casina*, and *Cistellaria*.



T H E
A S S - D E A L E R.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter DEMÆNETUS and LIBANUS.

L I B A N U S.

AS you would wish your only son should happily,
And in good health survive you, I conjure you
By your old age, and her you stand in fear of,
Your wife, if you've this day play'd false with me,
Then may your wife survive you a whole age; 5
And whilst you live together, may she be
Your plague, till she has worried you to death.

DEM. Since I'm so solemnly conjur'd, I see

V. 1. *As you would wish—*] This beginning seems rather abrupt. But it must be observed that they had been talking of this matter before they enter upon the stage. This manner of beginning a Play, has been imitated by modern authors. *Shakespeare* begins his *As you like it*, in the same manner.

V. 8. —*I'm so solemnly conjur'd—*] The original is, *per deum Fidium*, by the god Fidius. He had a temple in the Capitol. He

is

I must speak out, and answer all your questions—
I dare not but discover all to you. 10

Be quick then, tell me what you'd wish to know,
That I may tell you all I know myself—

LIB. Answer me seriously to what I ask;
Take care too, that you tell me not a lie.

DEM. What is it you would ask?

LIB. You'd not conduct me 15
To that same place where one stone grinds another.

DEM. What is't you mean? Where is it in the
world

That place is to be found?

LIB. Where wicked men
Dine on coarse country food, and weep too o'er it.

DEM. What is't you mean? I own I cannot tell, 20
Where should that country be, where wicked men
Dine on coarse country food, and weep too over it.

is represented as having Honour on his right hand, and Truth on
his left. *Ovid* mentions him.

Quærebam Nonas Sanco Fidiens referrem—

An tibi, Semo, pater— *Fastorum*, Lib. vi. V. 213.

Demanding if I might ascribe the Nones

To *Sancus*, *Fidius*, *Semo* —

MASSEY.

It seems to be the same with the god *Fides*, or Fidelity, often
mentioned by *Plautus*; particularly in *The Captives*, and *The*
Miser. See *Herbert*, *De Religione Gentilium*, Cap. xv.

V. 16. *To that same place, &c.*] i. e. to the mill-house, where
they grind corn, a punishment often inflicted on slaves; and to
which *Plautus* is continually alluding.

V. 19. *Dine on coarse country food—*] The original is *polentam*
præstant. What the ancients called *polenta* was flour of barley,
dried before the fire, soaked in water for one night, and then
fried. It is often mentioned in the *Autores Rei Rusticæ*, parti-
cularly in *Columella*.

LIB.

ACT I. SCENE I. 189

LIB. Why, in club island, and in that of rattle-chain;

Where your dead oxen gore your living men.

DEM. O ho! I take you now--Perhaps you mean 25
The place where meal is made.

LIB. Not I, indeed;
I say not so, nor would I have it said so.
By *Hercules*! I would not; and I beg of you
That you'd spit out your words.

DEM. It shall be done:
I will obey you. [*coughing and spitting.*]

LIB. Come then, hawk away. 30

DEM. What! more?

LIB. Ev'n to the bottom of your entrails.

DEM. Still more?

LIB. Yes more---

DEM. How far would't have me go?

LIB. Hawk till you hawk to death; 'tis what I wish.

DEM. Take heed you draw not evil on your head.

LIB. To your own death? No, no, I meant your
wife's. 35

DEM. Good! for that word I'll free you from all
fear.

LIB. The gods grant all you wish!

DEM. Do me one favour:
Why should I ask you, what I know already?
Why threaten you, for that you've not inform'd me
All that you know yourself of this affair? 40

V, 23. —*in club island*—] *Fustitudinas, ferricipinas insulas.*
These are words coined by *Plautus*. We have endeavoured to
imitate the passage in the best manner we could.

V. 24. *Where your dead oxen*—] Alluding to the thongs made
of an ox's hide, which were used to scourge slaves.

Or

190 THE ASS-DEALER.

Or why should I be angry with my son,
As other fathers us'd to be?

LIB. What's this?

DEM. I know my son's in love here with a girl,
She lives hard by, her name's *Philenium*.

Libanus, is it not so?

LIB. In troth you're right; 45
'Tis even so---But your son's vry ill,

DEM. What's his disorder?

LIB. He is very ill.

Because he has not wherewithal to keep
His word.

DEM. And are you one then who assists him
In his amours?

LIB. I am, in troth, and then 50
There is another, our *Leonida*.

DEM. Well done, by *Hercules*! Why this will gain
My favour. Yet you do not know, my *Libanus*,
The humour of my wife.

LIB. You feel it first :
But we can give a guess.

DEM. I own, she's troublesome, 55
And never to be pleas'd.

LIB. That long ago
I knew; and that or e'er you told me so.

DEM. Each father, *Libanus*, if to me he'd hearken,
Would ever let his son have his own way---
For by this means the son would be affectionate 60
The more, and would become his father's friend.

V. 55. *But we can give a guess.*] The original is, *nos tamen prænoscimus*. There are many various readings of this passage, on which the commentators have taken great pains. But which ever is adopted, the meaning seems to be as we have given it.

This is the thing I aim at. I desire
 To be belov'd by mine : I'd act myself
 Like my own father ; who to pleasure me,
 In a ship-master's dress, by stratagem 65
 From a procurer stole a girl I lov'd.
 Nor at his time of life, advanc'd in years,
 Was he asham'd impostures to contrive,
 And purchase with good turns his son's affection.
 His conduct I'm determin'd now to imitate. 70
 This very day did my son, *Argyrippus*,
 Ask me to give him a supply of money,
 Wherewith to forward his amours : in this
 I'm willing to oblige him : am desirous
 To forward his amours ; that, as a father 75
 He may sincerely love me—Tho' his mother
 Holds a tight rein o'er every step he takes,
 Keeps him with strictness, nor allows him liberty,
 As fathers, not as mothers use to do.
 But I do no such thing—especially 80
 Since he has thought me worthy to be made
 The confidant of his affairs ; I ought
 To shew regard to such a disposition ;
 When, as 'tis right a modest son should do,
 He makes his application to his father. 85
 Yes, I must doubtless find the money for him
 To carry to his mistress.—

LIB. [*aside.*] I'm amaz'd

V. 65. *In a ship-master's dress—*] *Naclero ipse ornatus—* So again,

Facito ut venias hic, ornatus naclerico—

Miles Gloriosus, Act IV. Scene IV. v. 41.

—Come you hither

Accoutred like the master of a ship—

THORNTON.

At

At this harangue, and fearful how 'twill end.

DEM. For on the whole, I know my son's in love.

LIB. You wish for that, which to my certain
knowledge 90

You wish in vain for—*Saurea*, the slave

Your wife brought with her on her marriage, has
More money in her hands than you have, sir.

DEM. In fact I've got a portion with my wife,
And for that portion giv'n up my authority. 95

In short, I'll tell you now what I would have.

My son now stands in need of twenty minæ.

You must procure them for him.

LIB. And from whom?

DEM. Why cheat me of them.

LIB. Now you talk quite idly.

'Tis just as if you bad me take some garments 100

From one who is quite naked--What! cheat you?

Come on--and without wings fly off--Cheat you!

You, who yourself have nothing in your power,
Unless your wife you've cheated out of somewhat.

DEM. Me, or my wife, or *Saurea* here her slave, 105

Which ever, and whatever way you can,

Defraud, impose upon, or rob—I promise you,

You shan't be hurt, if you this day procure it.

V. 91. —*the slave*—Your wife brought with her on her marriage—} The original is *dotalem servum*, which was, a slave the wife brought with her to her husband's house with her portion, at the time of her marriage. The husband was master of all the other slaves, but this was only under the controul of the wife. The reader will find a farther account of this slave in *A. Gellius*, Lib. xvii. Cap. 6. where he is called *servus recepticius*; perhaps from it being his business to receive whatever was due to his mistress; or, as some think, from his being received into the house in preference to all other slaves.

LIB.

LIB. You may as well go bid me fish in air,
Hunt with a javelin on the open sea, 110
And there to spread my toils—

DEM. Well, if you please,
Your fellow slave *Leonida* take with you.
Devise, invent, frame some expedient, see
My son the money has this day, to give
His mistress—

LIB. What are you about, *Demetrius*? 115
What if I fall into an ambuscade?
If taken by the foe, you will redeem me?

DEM. I will—

LIB. Then you may follow other game:
Whate'er you please—

DEM. If then no more with me,
I'll to the forum.

LIB. Go—What! and no faster? 120

DEM. Yet one word more.

LIB. Your pleasure, sir?

DEM. Why this.
If I should want you, where shall you be found?

V 109. — *as well go bid me fish in air, &c.*] *In aere piscari, venari in mari*, to fish in the air, and to hunt upon the sea, was a proverbial expression, used against those who vainly aimed at things impossible, or preposterously sought after what they could never hope to find. See *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. 1. Cent. 4. 74. where he cites this very passage of *Plautus*.

V. 120. — *What! and no faster?*] *I, etiamne ambulas*. This is a banter of the slave's, who is rallying his master on the pain he is in in walking supported by his crutch stick. There is a distinction made between *ire*, which the grammarians tell us, is used to express walking fast, and *ambulare*, to walk slowly, or step by step. LEMIERS.

LIB. Just where I please, and where my business calls me.

Troth, from this time I shall not stand in fear
Of any man; nor is there any one 125
Can hurt me, since from what you've just now said,
Your mind you have disclos'd—In this affair
If I succeed, I shan't think much of you.
I'm going where I thought of; and shall now
Employ my thoughts on what I have to do. 130

DEM. Do ye mind? I'm to be found with *Archibulus*

The banker.

LIB. What, i'th' forum?

DEM. There, if need.

LIB. Enough—I shall remember. [Exit.]

V. 132. *The banker.*] The original is, *argentarium*. Banking was, among the ancients, a public employment. The bankers' shops were in the most frequented places of the city. People went to them to have their money valued, or to put it out at interest; and when a person had wrote the name of any one on their pieces of money, it was the same as a bond. LIMBERS.

The reader, who desires to know more of these bankers and their business, may see it described at large by *Cujacius*, in his *Comment. de Pact.* quoted at large by *M. De L'Oeuwre* and *Taubman*, in their notes on this passage:

Ibid. —*if need.*] *Siquid opus fuerit.* This was an expression made use of by the *Romans*, when they had an intention of engaging themselves. To which *Martial* alludes.

*Si quid opus fuerit, scis me non esse rogandum,
Bis nobis dicitis, Bacchara, terque die.* Lib. vii. Epig. 91.

If need thou haste, thou need'st not me intreat,
Bacchar, these words thou often dost repeat.

DEM.

DEM. 'Tis impossible

To find a rogue more cunning or more fly
Than this same slave of mine—Nor one that's
harder 135

To guard against—At the same time, if ought
You'd have well look'd to, you've nought else to do
Than trust him with it—He had rather die
Wretched, than not accomplish what he has promis'd.
That he'll procure this money for my son, 140
I know as well, as that I've in my hand
This walking-stick—But why do I delay
My going to the forum as intended?
I'll go, and there I'll wait him at the banker's. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter ARGYRIPPUS from CLEÆRETA's house.

ARG. Is't thus I'm serv'd?—What! turn me out
of doors! [*to CLEÆRETA within.*]
This my reward for all the good I've done you!
To those who have deserved well of you,
You do what's ill; to those who have ill deserv'd
You do what good you can—But you'll repent it. 5
I'll now go straitway to the magistrate,
And give in all your names—You and your daughter
I'll charge with capital offences; whores,
Destruction, common bane of youth. The sea
Is not the sea when 'tis compar'd to you; 10
You're a most dangerous sea indeed—At sea

V. 6. —*to the magistrate—*] *ad tres viros.* The *tres viri* have been explained in the course of these notes, particularly in *Amphitruon*, Act I. Scene I. v. 5. Vol. I. of this translation.

I found a fortune, here I've squander'd it.
 I now find out that all my kindneffes
 And all my presents are of no effect,
 And have been given to ingrates : henceforth 15
 I'll do you all the mischief in my power,
 Which will be giving you but your deserts.
 By *Pollux*! I'll reduce you to the state
 You first arose from, extreme poverty.
 By *Pollux*' temple, I will make you know 20
 Who now you are, and what thing once you was,
 Before I visited your daughter, and
 Bestow'd my love upon her : on coarse bread
 You liv'd, and all your cloathing was but rags :
 And if you'd these, you had to thank the gods
 for 'em. 25
 Now things are better, and you live at ease,
 You will not own that 'tis to me you owe
 The obligation : like a savage beast

V. 12. *I found a fortune*—] *i. e.* by merchandizing.

V. 23. —*on coarse bread*—] *Sordido panis* : by which, the commentators tell us, is meant brown bread with the bran in it.

Terence calls it *panis ater*, black bread.

—*ex jure bestiarum panem atrum vorant.*

Eunuchus, Act V. Scene III. v. 17.

—they devour

From yesterday's stale broth, the coarse black bread.

COLMAN.

Juvenal calls it dog's bread.

—*sordes farris mordera canini*—

Sat. v. V. 11.

—gnow the sweepings of dog's bread—

Some commentators are of opinion that some words are lost in this place. But we, with *Limiers*, can see no reason for the supposition.

Have

ACT I. SCENE II, III. 197

Have you behav'd : but I shall make you tame
 With hunger. Leave that matter but to me. 30
 I am not angry with my dear *Philenium*.
 She has merited no ill from me. She did
 But what you order'd, and obey'd your will :
 You are her mother and her mistress too.
 I will revenge myself on you alone, 35
 Treat you according to your worth, and give you
 To th' utmost what you have deserv'd from me.
 But see, the jade ! she does not think me worthy
 To be approach'd or spoke to, nor will deign
 To deprecate my anger. But see there 40
 Th' enticer's coming out. Before the door
 Since I am not allow'd to enter in,
 I'll tell her what I have to say to her.

SCENE III.

Enter CLEÆRETA.

CLE. If any purchaser should offer me
 For every word you've said, a *Philippean*,
 I would not part with them—Whate'er you've said
 Wrongfully of us, is good gold and silver.
 Your heart's lock'd up with us, and *Cupid* keeps 5
 The key—Haste then, begone this instant.
 Hoist all the sail you can, and ply your oars.
 The farther you get out to sea, the sooner
 The increasing surge will bring you back to port.

V. 2. —a *Philippean*—] See *The Carthaginian*, Act I. Scene
 I. v. 43. note. Vol. IV. of this translation.

ARG. [*aside.*] By *Pollux*! that inspector of the
 customs 10
 Shall not be paid his duty. [*to her.*] Yes, I'll treat
 you

As you've deserv'd, and as my ruin'd fortune
 Shall dictate to me: You who have excluded me
 Your house, when I have not deserv'd from you.
 Such treatment.

CLE. Yes, you tell us so in words, 15
 But you'll not make it good by deeds.

ARG. 'Twas I,
 'Twas I alone, who brought you from obscurity,
 Redeem'd you from your poverty; when I
 Alone conferr'd my favours on you, you
 Could scarce return acknowledgement enough. 20

CLE. And still you shall continue so, provided
 You always give me every thing I ask.

ARG. When you are never satisfied, what bounds
 To giving?—You have scarce receiv'd a favour,
 But you are ready to ask something more. 25

V. 10. —*that inspector of the customs*—] The original is, *portitorem*. In other places in *Plautus* we meet with the same word, in the same sense.

*Jam si obsignatas non feret, dici non potest,
 Apud portitorem eas resignatas fieri
 Inspectasque esse.*—

Trinummus, A& III. Scene III. v. 65.

What if indeed they were not seal'd at all,
 This might be said, that they were open'd, and
 Inspected at the customs— THORNTON.

Some commentators say, it means *a farmer of the revenues*, or, what we call, *an exciseman*. But either sense will answer in this place.

CLE.

CLE. What bounds? Are you e'er satisfied yourself
With love, or with enjoyment of my daughter?
No sooner have you sent her home to me,
But you directly send for her again.

ARG. In truth I've given whate'er you wanted
of me. 30

CLE. And I have ever sent to you your girl,
I've given you a requital, like for like;
And what I gave was in return for money.

ARG. You use me ill.

CLE. Why blame me, if I do
My duty? For 'twas never feign'd in story, 35
Painted in pictures, or in poems written,
That when a bawd shews favour to a lover,
It was for aught but for her own advantage.

ARG. 'Twould be but right to give me some in-
dulgence,
That I may last the longer.

CLE. What! not know, 40
The bawd that is indulgent to a lover,
Shews small indulgence to herself—A lover
Is to a bawd just like a fish; which if
Not fresh, is good for nothing. When 'tis fresh
'Tis full of juice, 'tis sweet; which ever way, 45
Or in whatever manner 'tis you season it,
Or stew'd or roasted; which way e'er you will,
You turn it often—Just so a new lover,
To give is ever ready, ever willing
To have something ask'd of him--For when he takes 50
From a full bag, he knows not what he gives,

V. 32. —*a requital*—] The original is *hostimentum*; which the grammarians tell us, means a requital for some benefit received.

Nor thinks on what he's out of pocket by it.
 He thinks on nothing but to make himself
 Both pleasing to his mistress and to me ;
 The footman, household servants, and the maidens ; 55
 Nay, a good lover strokes my lap-dog, that
 Whene'er he sees him, he may wag his tail.
 I tell you truth—'Tis right for every one
 To be attentive to his proper interest.

ARG. Yes, to my cost I've learn'd that this is true. 60

CLE. By *Castor's* temple, if you had to give,
 You'd tell another tale ; but now you've nothing,
 You think to have your mistress by abusing me.

ARG. 'Tis not my way.

CLE. Troth, neither is it mine,
 To let you take away the girl for nothing. 65
 But this I'll do in pity to your youth,
 And from the high regard which I have for you,
 Considering too, that you have paid attention
 To our advantage, more than your own fame,
 If you will give me down upon the nail 70
 Two silver talents for your honour's sake,
 This night you shall possess your mistress gratis—

ARG. But, what if I have not the money ?

CLE. Why

'Twill be worse for you ; she shall go elsewhere.

ARG. What is become of that already given you ? 75

CLE. 'Tis spent—Was it not so, and I still had it,
 The girl should be sent to you ; and I'd ask
 For nothing—True, I purchase not with money
 Daylight nor water, sun nor moon, nor night :
 What else we want, we buy for ready money. 80

V. 80. —*we buy for ready money.*] The original is, *Græca mercamur fide*. The Grecians were so noted for not abiding by their

If from the baker's we want bread, or wine
 From out the vaults, if we send ready money
 We have the goods—And thus it is with us.
 My hands have always eyes—Within their palm
 They never credit ought but what they see. 85
 'Tis an old saying, money down's the thing.
 Do you attend to me?—I'll say no more.

ARG. Now I'm undone, you talk another language:
 Far different this from that which once you talk'd,
 When I was wont to make you presents: then
 You sooth'd me, kindly spake to me, and blest'd me—
 Your very house receiv'd me with a smile, 90
 Whene'er I came to you. Oft you told me,
 And told *Philenium* too the same, you lov'd
 Me only, and preferr'd me to all others.
 When I had ought to give, you then were ever
 Like two young pigeons hanging on my lips: 95
 Your likings all depended upon mine:
 Whate'er I bad you do, or chose to have done,
 You did: whatever I forbad the doing,
 Or chose should not be done, with utmost care

their bargains, that they always bought and sold for ready money,
 So that *Græca fides* became a proverb. See *Erasmi Adagia*,
 Chil. 1. Cent. 8—27. where this very passage of *Plautus* is cited.

V. 86. — *Money down's the thing.*] The original is, *nibili cotia est*. The commentators are much divided in their opinions concerning this passage; some thinking it means one thing, some another; and some altering the word. But by all we can collect from them, it must mean as we have translated it, or something like it.

V. 95. *Like two young pigeons—*] An allusion to the wantonness and lewdness of pigeons. It is often mentioned and alluded to by the antients. See, in particular, CATULLUS ad *Maximium*.

You'd shun to do, nor dar'd to set about it. 100
 Now whether I would have ought done or not,
 Is no concern of yours, you wicked creatures—

CLE. Know you not this?—Our trade is very like
 The trade of fowling—When he has pitch'd upon
 A place, the fowler throws down corn; the birds 105
 Approach it. He who'd seek for gain, must be
 At some expence. The birds oft eat the corn:
 But once they're catch'd, they reimburse the fowler.
 Just so it is with us. Our house, the place;
 The fowler, I; the corn, the courtezan; 110
 The bed is the decoy; the birds, the lovers.
 They become tame by frequent salutations,
 By speaking soft and kindly, mutual kisses,
 With pleasant, sweet discoursing intermix'd.
 If he should touch her bosom, then it is 115
 Advantage to the fowler. Farther, if
 He has ta'en a kiss, he's caught without a net.
 You who so oft have made the experiment,
 Have you forgot this?

ARG. There you are to blame
 To turn away a scholar half instructed. 120

CLE. Come back again, when you have got the
 money,
 With confidence; at present, get you gone.

ARG. Stay, stay and hear me—What am I to
 give you

V. 107. — *At some expence.*] M. De L'Oeuvre tells us, that
 Louis XII. king of France, was so fond of this sentence, that he
 was always repeating it. See note on *The Parasite*, Act III,
 Scene I. v. 11. Vol. IV. of this translation.

V. 111. *The bed is the decoy*—] See note on *The Carthaginian*,
 Act III. Scene IV. Vol. IV. of this translation.

To

To have her to myself the whole year round ?

CLE. To have her to yourself? Why, twenty
minæ. 125

On this condition tho', that if another
Should bring the money first, farewell to you.

ARG. But I, before you go, have something more
To say to you—

CLE. Well then, say what you please.

ARG. I'm not entirely ruin'd, I've yet left 130
Something to lose—I've wherewithal to give you
What you demand; but on my own conditions,
That I the whole year have possession of her,
And she admit no other man whatever. 135

CLE. The servants shall be all made eunuchs, if
'Tis your desire—Bring with you a deed,
Containing what is now agreed between us.
Enjoin whate'er you please, make your own bargain;
Bring but the money with you, all the rest
I shall with ease come into—A bawd's doors, 140
Like those of a collector of the customs,
If you bring with you wherewithal, are open;
If you have nought to give, why then they're shut.

[Exit.

ARG. Unless I can procure these twenty minæ
I am undone—And if I pay it not; 145
I'm ruin'd horse and foot—I'll hie me now
Strait to the forum, try my utmost force—
I'll beg, I'll earnestly entreat each friend
I meet, accost both good and bad—And if
I can't without, must take it up at interest. 150

[Exit.

* * * This Act is opened by *Demænetus* and his servant *Libanus*; whom we must suppose to have been talking together, before they enter upon the stage. The old gentleman is desirous of engaging his

his servant's assistance in his son's and his own amours. This, the servant not finding out; and perhaps conscious to himself of having been guilty of some fault, is afraid he is going to be sent to the house of correction. But *Demænetus* soon rids him of that fear, by telling him that he is privy to his son's intrigues; and so far from blaming him, is desirous of assisting him in the prosecution of them. And in order to conceal so scandalous a design, he pretends, that 'tis the effect of the tenderness of a father towards a son he is fond of; and that 'tis the duty of a father, rather to make his children love him, than fear him. Having thus engaged *Libanus* in his son's interests, and given him leave to get the money where he could, they go off separately. In the second Scene, *Argyrippus* the son of *Demænetus* enters, turned out from the bawd *Cleæreta's* house, because he had spent all his money. He readily excuses the young girl, his mistress, determining to let the weight of his vengeance fall on the old bawd. Full of this resolution, in the third Scene, he sees her coming out from her house; when, after some altercation, the quarrel is made up, on condition that *Argyrippus*, upon paying a stipulated sum of money, should have possession of the courtesan *Philenium* to himself for one year. Thus ends this Act; and the first interval is filled up, by the time taken by *Argyrippus*, to procure the money stipulated to be given to the bawd, which was twenty minæ.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter LIBANUS, gaping and yawning, as scarcely awake.

LIBANUS.

BY *Hercules!* 'tis better for thee, *Libanus*,
 To wake and find some lucky stratagem
 To get this money—Many hours have past
 Since thou did'st quit thy master, and did'st hie
 Away to th' forum with this view, to feign 5
 Some fallacy for the procuring money—
 There, to this time o'th' day, thou'st slept at ease—
 Throw off this indolence and sluggishness,
 And take to thee again thy wonted cunning.
 Preserve thy master! and beware of acting 10
 Like other slaves, who all their wit employ
 In cheating and imposing on their masters.
 But how to get it?—Who shall be my dupe?
 And whither shall I steer my little boat?
 'Tis done; the thing's resolv'd on—Birds on each
 side 15
 Give omens, and approve—The chough and crow
 Caw from the left, the raven from the right.

V. 17. —*the raven from the right.*] During the auspices, or act of foretelling events by means of birds, it was esteemed lucky to see a raven on the right hand, and the contrary on the left. So in *Aulularia*, *The Miser*.

Non temerè est, quod corvus canat mihi ab læva manu.

Act IV. Scene III. v. 1.

'Tis

They all induce me : Your advice, in troth,
 I am resolv'd to follow—But what's this ?
 What means the chough by striking with his beak 20
 That elm ? It is not without cause—By *Hercules* !
 From what I can collect from these same auguries,
 Or *Saurea*'s back, our usher of the hall,
 Or mine, will feel the scourge—But what means this ?
 What makes *Leonida* come running hither,

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven
 Sing on my left hand.

THORNTON.

See his note on this passage, Vol. III. of this translation.

V. 21. —*That elm ?*] The scourges which the *Romans* used in punishing their slaves were made of twigs of the elm-tree. The speaker for that reason looks on this as an unlucky omen.

V. 23. *our usher of the hall*—] The original is *atriensis Saurea*, the same whom he had before called *domalem servum*. See A&I. Sc. I. v. 89. and the note. See also *The Cheat*, A&I. Sc. II. v. 20. note, Vol. III. of this translation, and *The Carthaginian*, Vol. IV. A&V. Scene V. v. 6. note. To which we may add, that the term was in use heretofore in this country. This we find from the ancient Ballad, called *The Lady turned Serving Man*, v. 45. Reliques of ancient Poetry, Vol. III.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
 For thee a service I'll provyde ;
 But tell me first, what thou can'st do ?
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be *usher of my hall*,
 To wait upon my nobles all ?
 Or wilt be taster of my wine,
 To tend on me when I shall dine ?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine
 About my person to remaine ?
 Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
 And I will give thee great reward.

Quite

Quite out of breath? I fear it bodes but ill 25
To these my schemes—

SCENE II.

Enter LEONIDA.

LEO. Where shall I now find *Libanus*,
Or our young master, that I strait might make them
Merrier than mirth herself? I bring along with me
Abundant gain, and triumph—And 'tis fit,
That, as together we enjoy our pleasures, 5
We should divide the plunder I have got,
Between us—

LIB. [*aside*] Sure the fellow has been pillaging
Some house or other, as 'tis usual with him!
Woe be to him that kept so ill the door!

LEO. I'd be content could I now find out *Libanus*, 10
With a whole age of slavery—

LIB. By *Hercules*! [*aside*].
I'll never be the means to hasten on
Your freedom.

LEO. Nay, e'en freely yield my back
To bear two hundred lashes—

LIB. [*aside*] Yes, in troth,

V. 3. —*Merrier than mirth itself*—] The original is *lubentiores quam Lubentia* 'st. *Lubentia*, we are told by *Pareus* and *Lambin*, was the goddess of mirth, pleasure and delight. The latter tells us she was also called *Venus lubentina*.

V. 9. —*that kept so ill the door*!] It was usual for rich citizens to place a slave at the entrance of their houses, in order to observe the motions of comers and goers, not unlike our modern *Swiss* or porters. *Guedeuvreille.*

He

He offers up his substance : all he's worth 15
Is on his back.

LEO. For if he should let slip
This opportunity, by *Pollux*' temple !
He'll never overtake it afterwards,
Not tho' he drove his car with four white horses.

V. 19. — *four white horses.*] *Erasmus* in his *Adagia*, Chil. i. Cent. 4. tells us, that it was a proverbial expression when any person remarkably excelled another in any thing, *equis albis præcedebat*, he surpassed in white horses. White horses, we are told, were particularly esteemed for their swiftness. From *Homer* we learn, that the horses of *Rhesus* were whiter than snow, and as swift as the wind.

Ἐν δὲ σφιν Ῥήσος Βασιλεὺς, πᾶς Ἡϊονῆος,
Τῶν δὲ καλλίους ἵππους ἶδον, ἡδὲ μέγιστος
Δευκότεροι χιόνος, θάσσιν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖοι—

Iliad. Lib. x. V. 435.

Led on by *Rhesus*, great *Eioneus*' son,
I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind and white as winter snow— POPE.

Virgil too describes the horses of *Turnus* as such.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, rapidusque in tecta recessit :
Poscit equos, gaudetque tuens ante ora frementes :
Pilumno quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia ;
Qui candore nives antecirent, cursibus auras.

Æneid. Lib. xii. V. 81.

He said, and furious to the palace speeds,
There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds,
Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
White as the snow, and swifter than the wind ;
Of old to great *Pilumnus*, bold and brave,
The fire of these *Eretheus*' daughter gave. PITT.

Horace too mentions the same.

— adeo sermonis amari
Sifennas, Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Lib. i. Sat. 7. V. 2.

— with white horses aided,
In bitterness of speech outstrip'd the wind,
And left the swift-tongued *Barrus* far behind. FRANCIS.

He'd

He'd leave his master in the lurch, and thus
 Give courage to the foe—But if with me
 He'll profit by this opportunity,
 Plenty of good things he and I shall heap
 Upon his masters, both the son and father : 25
 Who, for this kindness, ever will remain
 Bound to us in the strictest bands—

LIB. [*aside*] He's talking
 Of being bound in bands. I like it not.
 I fear he has been devising some device
 For which we both shall feel one common punish-
 ment. 30

LEO. I'm ruin'd horse and foot, unless I soon
 Find *Libanus*—Where, in the name of wonder,
 Where can he be?

LIB. [*aside*] The man is looking out
 For an accomplice in some bad design. 35
 I like it not—'Tis a portentous sign
 When a man sweats, and at the same time trembles.

LEO. But why, when I'm in haste, are my feet tardy,
 And my tongue runs so fast?—Why do I not
 Bid it be quiet, not wear out the day 40
 In chattering?

LIB. [*aside*] Troth the man's unfortunate,
 To check his patroness—For should he do

V. 29. —*devising some device*—] The original is *fraudem
 fraudus fiet*. This playing upon words we have endeavoured to
 imitate.

V. 37. —*When a man sweats*—] This, *Limiers* tells us, is an
 allusion to a sort of scourge, which *Festus* calls *sudiculus*, from its
 making those sweat who are scourged with it.

V. 42. —*his patroness*—] *Menander* calls slaves by the term
γλωσσάστιδες, those who make use of their tongues as a shield to
 defend themselves.

TAUBMAN.

VOL. V.

P

Aught

Aught that's amiss, she would be perjurd for him.

LEO. Well, I'll make haste, lest I should miss my blow,

And come too late to seize upon my prey. 45

LIB. What prey is't that he means?—I will accost him,

And wheedle out the business—I have hollow'd

As loud as I can bawl, to give to you

The good time of the day.

LEO. Ha! Whipping-post,
Good day to you.

LIB. How is it with you, jail bird? 50

LEO. Townsman of chain-town!

LIB. Thou delight of scourges!

LEO. When naked, say, how many pounds thou weighest?

LIB. In troth I know not.

LEO. That I know full well—
But I, by *Pollux*, who have weigh'd thee, know,
When thou art hung up naked, thy feet downward, 55

V. 49. —*Whipping-post*,] The original is, *gymnasium flagrum*. An allusion to the place where the *Romans* used to exercise themselves in wrestling, racing, and all manly exercises.

V. 51. *Townsman of chain town*!] The original is, *O catenarum colone*! By which *Plautus*, according to his mode of writing, seems to mean no more than *bond-slave*. We have endeavoured to imitate him in his manner. See *The Cheat*, Act IV. Scene VI. v. 50. Vol. III. of this translation, and the note.

V. 55. —*thy feet downward*] The original is, *per pedes*, which the commentators tell us has that signification. And indeed by what immediately follows, it must be so.

Thou weighest an hundred weight.

LIB. How know you that?

LEO. I'll tell thee how I know, and how it is.
When thou'st an hundred weight upon thy feet,
When thy hands manacled are tied to a post,
Whether thou then art under weight or over, 60
Thou weigh'st a rascal.

LIB. Go and hang thyself.

LEO. Thy servitude bequeaths thee that by will.

LIB. Truce with this gabble—What's the business, say?

LEO. And may I trust you—

LIB. Yes, and confidently.

LEO. If you've a mind to assist our master's son 65
In his amours, a fair occasion offers.
But 'tis attended too with danger: and
The hangman will at our expence be famous.
Now's the time, *Libanus*, to shew the world
That we have courage and address—I've thought 70
Of an exploit just now, will render us
Most worthy of the torture.

V. 56. *Thou weighest an hundred weight.*] When slaves were hung up by the arm-pits to be scourged, it was usual to fasten heavy weights to their feet, in order to prevent their striking those who scourged them.

V. 60. *Whether thou then art under weight or over—*] Lambin and some other editions read *nec dependes, nec propendes*. It then means, *whether you hang with your feet upwards or downwards*. But that of Aldus reads *nec dependis, nec propendis*, and is followed by the *Delphin* and *Variorum*. This we think right, and have translated it accordingly.

V. 63. *—gabble—*] *Velitatio*, a skirmish with words: what the *Greeks* called *λογμαχία*.

LIB. Oh! no wonder
My shoulders itch'd but now, as they foretold
Some danger tow'rd— Well, what's the business,
speak?

LEO. Great plunder, but attended with great mischief. 75

LIB. If all the tortures that did e'er exist,
Were sworn into conspiracy against me,
I have at home a back I think would bear them,
Nor need I seek abroad.

LEO. Such constancy
Of mind if you keep up, then safe's the word. 80

LIB. If 'tis the back's alone to suffer, I
Could wish my back were publick—If the business
Is stiffy to deny, to bear the scourge,
Nay, to be perjur'd, why depend upon me.

LEO. O brave! undauntedly to suffer evil, 85
When opportunity shall offer, this,
This is true virtue. He who resolutely
Evil endures, shall in the end see good.

LIB. Why don't you tell the matter instantly?
I long to feel the scourge.

LEO. Deliberately 90
Ask me each question, give me time to breathe;
Don't you observe I'm out of breath with running?

LIB. Well, well, I'll wait your pleasure, even 'till
You die—

LEO. Say where's our master?

LIB. Why, our old one
Is at the forum, the young one's here within. 95

LEO. I've now enough.

LIB. You then are become rich.

LEO. No raillery now.

LIB.

ACT II. SCENE II. 213

LIB. Well, be it so—My ears
Are now in waiting for what you've to say.

LEO. Attend, that you may know the whole affair
As well as I do—

LIB. Well, I'm silent then. 100

LEO. You make me happy. Do you not remember
Our usher of the hall, some time ago,
Sold some *Arcadian* asses to a dealer
Of *Pella*?

LIB. I remember it.—What then?

LEO. That dealer then has sent to *Saucea*
The money for the asses: a young man
Came strait, and brought it.

LIB. Where is the young man?

LEO. Could you but see him, you'd devour him
instantly.

LIB. Ay, to be sure—But do you mean those asses,
Those old and lame ones, with their hoofs worn
out: 110

Quite to the quick?

LEO. I mean those very asses,

V. 102. *Our usher of the hall—*] See note on V. 23.

V. 104. —*of Pella?*] *Pella* was a city of *Macedonia*, in which
we are told were many rich merchants: It was famous for be-
ing the place where *Alexander* the Great was born. On which
account *Juvenal* calls him *Pellæus juvenis*, the *Pellæan youth*.

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbi— Sat. x. V. 168.

One world suffic'd not *Alexander's* mind— DRYDEN.

V. 111. —*quite to the quick—*] The original is, *subtritis ad
femina jam erant ungulæ*, their hoofs worn out quite to their thighs.
An hyperbole, as *Lambin* observes, too gross to be translated
literally.

That drew a load of elm twigs from the country,
And for your use.

LIB. I understand you: Yes
The same, who from the country once brought you,
With your hands tied behind you.

LEO. So, I find 115
You've a good memory. In the barber's shop
As I was sitting, he began, and ask'd me
Whether I knew *Demænetus*, the son
Of *Strato*—Yes, said I, for I'm
His servant; and then shew'd to him our house. 120

LIB. What next?

LEO. He said, that he had brought for *Saurea*
The money for the asses, twenty minæ,
But that he did not know the man: how'er
Demænetus he well knew—Finding then
He said thus much—

LIB. What then?

LEO. But hearken then, 125
And you shall know—I instantly put on
An easy, and genteely grand behaviour—
And said, I was the usher of the hall.
He answer'd me, in troth I know not *Saurea*,
Nor yet what kind of man he is, so then 130
You have no need to be affronted at it:
Only bring here *Demænetus*, your master,
Whom I well know, and I will fetch the money.
I told him I would fetch him, and would be
At home immediately—He's going now 135
Strait to the baths; and will come here forthwith.
What's to be done in this affair now?—Say.

LIB. I'm thinking how to intercept the money,
Getting between the bearer and our *Saurea*.

The

The work's rough hewn already—If the stranger
 Bring first the money to the house, why then 140
 We're both blown up—For our old man to-day
 Took me aside ; and order'd you and me,
 On pain of tasting what elm twigs are made of,
 To find for *Argyrippus* twenty minæ :
 This day too—Nay, he order'd us to cheat. 145
 Our usher of it, or his wife ; and further,
 Promis'd to give us his assistance in it.
 Now hie thee to the forum to our master ;
 There tell him what we are about to do ;
 That you shall be no more *Leonida*, 150
 But *Saurea*, till this dealer here has brought
 The money for the asses.

LEO. Well, I'll do
 As you command me.

LIB. I'll amuse him here,
 Should he come first—

LEO. But, hark ye !

LIB. What's your will ?

LEO. If while I'm personating *Saurea*, I 155
 Give you a cuff, you must not then be angry.

LIB. Take care you touch me not, for if you do,
 By *Hercules* ! you'll think it an ill omen,

V. 139. *The work's rough hewn already—*] *Jam hoc opus est
 exasciatum* ; a metaphor from the statuary's shop. The statuary
 begins with cutting the statue rough, then finishes and polishes
 it. So that the speaker means, with whatever difficulties the
 enterprize may be attended, he has at least made a beginning ;
 and put it into a state of being compleated.

V. 156. —*Give you a cuff—*] The usher of the hall had a
 right to strike the other slaves if they offended him.

That you have chang'd your name.

LEO. Yet, in good part
I prithee take it.

LIB. And, when I return it, 160
Do you the same.

LEO. I say no more than what
Is ord'narily done.

LIB. And I, by *Hercules*!
Tell you but what I'll do.

LEO. Refuse me not.

LIB. I promise to return you what you bring.

LEO. Well, I'll be gone—I know you'll hold your-
self 165

In readiness to take what I shall give you.

But who is this? 'Tis he, the very man.

This instant I'll return. In the mean time

Do you detain him here. 'Tis now my pleasure

To inform the old man what we have determin'd. 170

LIB. Why don't you do your duty then, and fly—

[Exit LEONIDA.]

SCENE III.

Enter THE ASS-DEALER, and BOY.

ASS-DEALER. By the directions, this must be the
house,

Where, as they told me, lives *Demænetus*.

Knock at the door, boy; and if *Saurea*

The usher of the hall is now at home,

Call him out hither.

V. 159. *That you have chang'd your name.*] *Limiers* tells us,
this alludes to his taking the name of *Saurea*, which signifies
a lash, or scourge.

LIB.

LIB. Who is't knocks so hard? 5
As if he'd break the door? Enough, I say,
If you're not deaf.

Ass-D. Why no one yet has touch'd them.
Have you your senses?

LIB. Why I thought you had,
As I had seen you this way coming hither.
These doors here are my fellow servants, and 10
I do not like to have them thresh'd; for I
Profess myself their friend.

Ass-D. There's no great danger,
By *Pollux*! that the hinges should be broken,
If in this manner 'tis you answer all
Who ask a question.

LIB. Why, the door's so made, 15
That if it sees far off a person coming
To kick it down, itself ev'n in the instant
Calls for the porter—But why come you hither?
Whom are you looking for?

Ass-D. Why, for *Demianetus*.
LIB. Was he at home, I'd tell you so.

Ass-D. But *Saurea*, 20
His usher of the hall, is he at home?

LIB. Nor he no more than t'other.
Ass-D. But where is he?

LIB. He said that he was going to the barber's.
Ass-D. Since he went thither is he not return'd?

V. 10. — *are my fellow servants*—] He calls the doors his fellow servants, because they were both subject to the same master. A mode of expression not uncommon among the ancients. *Ovid. Amorum*, Lib. i. Eleg. 6. and *Catullus*, 65. See *The Paradise*, Act. I. Scene I. v. 48. Vol. IV. of this translation. And the commentators tell us, that *Horace* in his *Servum Pecus*, Lib. i. Epist. xix. V. 19. alludes to the same.

LIB.

LIB. By *Rollux*' temple! No — What want you with him? 25

ASS-D. To take these twenty minæ, was he here.

LIB. For what?

ASS-D. Why for the asses which he sold At market, to a dealer of *Pellea*.

LIB. I know it—Well, you've brought the money now?

He'll soon be here.

ASS-D. But say, what sort of man 30 Is *Saurea*? For I soon shall know if 'tis The man I mean.

LIB. Why lanthorn jaw'd, hair reddish, Somewhat gorbellied, with fierce eyes, his stature Nor tall nor short, sour aspect.

ASS-D. There's no painter Could draw his picture better—And, by *Hercules*! 35 I think I see him—When he walks, he wags His head.

LIB. The man that meets him when he's angry He will be sure to strike.

ASS-D. By *Hercules*! If like *Achilles*' self he walk'd, as wrathful,

V. 34. *Nor tall nor short*—] The original is, *commodâ staturâ*, what we should call *middle sized*. The Romans, as the commentators inform us, esteemed those men, who were above six feet, to be tall; those under, short. If the reader chuses any thing farther on this subject, he will meet with it, by consulting *Taubman* on the place.

V. 39. —*as wrathful*—] The anger of *Achilles* is commonly known. *Homer* has made it the subject of his *Iliad*.

Μητιν ἄειδε, θεῶν, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος;
Οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγος ἔθηκεν.

Lib. i. V. 1.

The wrath of *Peleus*' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O goddess sing.

POPE.

Yea,

Yea, and as full of threats, if he in anger
Should strike at me, I would return the favour.

S C E N E. IV.

*Enter LEONIDA, counterfeiting SAUREA,
the usher of the ball.*

LEO. What's here to do? No one obeys my orders.
I just now order'd *Libanus* to come to me;
Told him he'd find me at the barber's shop;
But he ne'er came. An ill affair for him!
His back and legs will fare the worse for it. 5

Ass-D. A lordly fellow!

LIB. Woe be to me now!

LEO. Oh! *Libanus*, I'm to salute a freed-man.
What, you've obtain'd your freedom?

LIB. Pray forgive me.

LEO. By *Hercules*! e'er long you will repent
Your meeting with me here. What was the reason
You came not to me at the barber's shop?

LIB. This man detain'd me here.

[*pointing to the ASS-DEALER.*]

LEO. By *Hercules*!

If you had said that e'en great *Jupiter*
Detain'd you, and he was himself to sue for you,

V. 8. *Pray forgive me.*] *Obsecro te.* An expression used in
asking pardon. So *Terence*.

— *Obsecro te vero Phædria* —

Eunuchus, A& IV. Scene IV. v. 48.

Beseech you, sir, forgive me.

COLMAN.

You

You should not 'scape due punishment--You rascal! 15
You've disobey'd my orders—

LIB. [*to the ASS-DEALER*] Stranger, friend,
I am undone.

Ass-D. *Saurea*, I beg of you
Mistake him not on my account.

LEO. O would I had now in my hand a club!—

Ass D. I beg you be appeas'd.

LEO. To make your sides 20
All callous with my blows—Stand off, and suffer me

[*to the ASS-DEALER, who interposes.*]

To be the death of him, he's always putting me
Into a passion. It is not enough

To tell the rascal once to do a thing;
I must command him o'er and o'er again 25

An hundred times, and ring it in his ears.

By *Hercules*! I've neither breath nor lungs
To follow after him—Did I not order you,

Rascal! to take away the dirt which lies
Before the doors? to sweep those cobwebs there 30

From off the pillars? Did I not command you
To scour those nails upon the door, and make them
Shining and bright? And yet all this is nothing:

V. 26.—*ring it in his ears.*] The original is *egganiam*, properly, *bark like a fox*. Terence uses the same expression.

Habet hæc, ei quod, dum vivat, usque ad aurem obganiam.

Phormio, Act V. Scene VIII. v. 41.

— She has something

To ring into his ears his whole life long. COLMAN.

V. 32. *To scour those nails—*] The Romans used to ornament their doors with nails with large heads, either of brass or some other metal gilt and polished; in the same manner as is now used to ornament coaches and chariots.

I, as

I, as if lamé, must never walk without
 A good oak towel in my hand—Because 35
 I've been oblig'd these three days to attend
 The forum, there to see if any wanted
 To borrow money upon interest, here
 At home you're all asleep; and my good master
 Lives in a hogs-stye, not a house—Take that— 40
 [Strikes him.

LIB. I beg you take my part—[to the ASS-DEALER.

Ass-D. I pray you, Saurea,
 On my account, forgive him.

LEO. Hark you! Sirrah,
 The carriage of that olive oil, is't paid for?

LIB. It is.

LEO. To whom?

LIB. *Sticbus*, your deputy.

LEO. Oh! you're preparing to appease my anger. 45
 I know that deputy of mine to be
 Much the best servant in the house—The wines
 That yesterday I sold to *Execrambus*,
 The vintner, has he yet paid *Sticbus* for them?

LIB. I think so: for I saw the vintner coming 50
 Here with his banker—

LEO. May I ever find
 Such customers! I've often sold beforehand,
 And scarce been paid my money in a year.
 This man is careful, brings the banker with him,

V. 51. *May I ever find, &c.*] The original is, *sic dedero*.
Camerarius understands this in another sense, and is followed by
Lambin: as if he had said, *I had rather give away my commodities,*
than sell them and be so ill paid. But *Limiers* thinks it means as
 we have translated it.

And

And gives an order to repay the money 55

At a fix'd time—Has *Dromo* paid his rent?

LIB. Not half, I think.

LEO. What then of the remainder?

LIB. He says, as soon as he has receiv'd some money,
He will discharge it; and that he retain'd it
Till he had finish'd what he was about. 60

LEO. The cups I lent to *Philodamus*, say
Has he return'd them?

LIB. Not yet.

LEO. What, not yet?

See, what it is to lend things to a friend!

You may as well give them at once.

Ass-D. By *Hercules*! [*aside*.

'Tis over with me—He's so out of humour 65

He'll drive me off, and not receive the money.

V. 55. —*gives an order*—] This passage the editions read differently. In most of them it is *scribit nummos*. But *Camærius* and *Lambin* read *rescribit nummos*, which we have followed.

——— *illud mibi*

Argentum rursus jube rescribi———

Phormio, A& V. Scene VII. v. 28.

——— *give an order*

For the repayment of our money.

COLMAN.

On which passage, that Gentleman observes from *Mad. Dacier*,
“ that *scribere*, *rescribere*, and *perscribere*, were technical terms
“ in use among merchants and bankers. *Scribere* is, to borrow
“ money; *rescribere* to repay it; *perscribere* to employ it on your
“ own occasions. And all those dealings were carried on then
“ as they are now with us, by draughts, bills of exchange, &c.”

V. 65. —*so out of humour*—] The original is *suo odio*; a word
often used by *Terence* as well as our author in the same sense.
Douza is of opinion this should be spoke *aside*, so as not to be
heard by *The Ass-Dealer*.

LIB.

ACT II. SCENE IV. 223

LIB. Hark ye! [*to* LEO.] No more on't. Hear
you what he says?

LEO. Yes; and I've done.

Ass-D. At length, I think he has done.
But to accost him now, ere he begins
Ringing again—Now, *Saurea*, will you give 70
[*to* LEONIDA.

Attention to me?

LEO. O! most certainly.
Have you been here some time? By *Hercules*!
I did not see you; pray excuse me, so
My passion blinded me.

Ass-D. That's not the matter.
Demænetus I want, if he's at home. 75

LEO. *Libanus* says he's not—But if you'll pay
The money down to me, the obligation
I'll promise you again shall be discharg'd.

Ass-D. I'd rather pay it when your master's by.

LIB. My master knows him, and he knows my
master. 80

Ass-D. Well, when your master's present I will
pay it.

LIB. Pay it him, at my peril I'll engage
You shall be safe. For should our old man know
You did not care to trust him, he'd be angry;
For he himself trusts every thing to him. 85

LEO. Well, 'tis no matter, let him have his way,
And keep the money, 'tis the same to me—

LIB. Give it, I say. I'm wretchedly afraid.
He'll think 'tis I've advis'd him not to trust him.
I beg you'd give it him, nor be afraid. 90
The money shall be safe, by *Hercules*!

Ass-D.

Ass-D. While in my hands, I verily believe so.
I am a stranger here, nor know I *Saurea*.

LIB. Troth, know him now.

Ass-D. It may be he, or it
May not be he—I know nought of the matter, 95
By *Pollux*' temple! If 'tis he, why then
It must be he—But this I know for certain
I will not pay the money to a man
I do not know—

LEO. The gods confound the fellow!
Say not another word to him—He's so stout: 100
Because he has twenty minæ in his hands
He knows belongs to me. Here's none will take it.
Take thyself home: begone from hence, and be
No longer troublesome.

Ass-D. You grow too angry:
It don't become a slave to be so stout. 105

LIB. Dear will you pay for treating him so ill;
You will, by *Hercules*! Dishonest fellow!
Thou thing of nothing! Don't you see he's angry?

LEO. [*aside to LIB.*] So, keep it up.

LIB. [*aloud*] Rascal! [*softly*] I do beseech you
Give him the cash, lest he himself abuse you. 110

Ass-D. On your own heads you're only seeking
evil.

LEO. By *Hercules*, I'll instant have your legs broke,
If highly you do not provoke the scoundrel.

V. 112. —*have your legs broke*] One of the punishments inflicted on slaves, was breaking their legs. The *Greeks* called it *κυκλοποιια*, *crurifragium*, *breaking of legs*. The manner was to extend their legs on an anvil, and then break them with a bar of iron, or a hammer.

LIMIER'S.

LIB.

LIB. Ruin'd, by *Hercules*! in my misfortunes
Won't you assist a brother, rascal?

LEO. Still 115
Persist you in soliciting the scoundrel?

Ass-D. How's this? You fellow, who're a slave,
to speak

In this foul language to a man that's free?

LEO. Give him the lash.

Ass-D. Ay, that will be your portion,
If once I see *Demænetus* to-day. 120
I summon you before the judge.

LEO. You may;
But I'll not go.

Ass-D. Not go? Remember this.

LEO. I shall.

Ass-D. Your back shall answer this, by *Pollux*!

LEO. My back be scourg'd on your account? you
rascal!

Ass-D. Yes; and I this day shall have satisfaction 125
For your ill words—

LEO. What? rascal! How is that?
You hang-dog, do you think we want to fly
Our master's presence?—Go directly to him,
Our master, before whom you just now cited us,
And whom you've wish'd to see.

Ass-D. Well then, I'll go. 130
But you shall never have from me the money,
Unless *Demænetus* your master orders me
To give it you.

LEO. Do as you please—Walk off—
Ill language will you give, and yet not have it
Return'd?—I am as good a man as you.

Ass-D. No doubt of it—

LEO. This way then follow me. 135

VOL. V.

Q

And

And give me leave to say, no man hath ere
Impeach'd my merit ; there is not a man
In *Athens*, of more credit than myself.

Ass-D. Perhaps so: yet you never shall persuade me
To trust my money to a man I know not. 140
Man is to man, to whomsoe'er one knows not,
A wolf and not a man.

LEO. A second insult !

Far, far is this from making satisfaction,
For the abuse you have bestow'd upon me ;
As I had cause to think you would have done. 145
But tho' my dress is mean, I yet am honest,
A treasure so inestimable's mine.

V. 136. *give me leave to say*—] The original is *præfscini hoc nunc dixerim*. The commentators observe, that the ancients imagined themselves in danger of being fascinated, if they spoke any thing in commendation of themselves. They therefore, when they would say any thing to their own advantage, prefaced it with the word *præfscine* or *præfscini*, equivalent to, *give me leave to say*—or, as they used, *fit verbo venia*; or, *absit verbo invidia*.

Plautus again uses the word—

———*Præfscine*

Satis nequam sum : ut pots qui bodis inceperim

Amare——

Rudens, Act. II. Scene V. v. 4.

———*Verily*

I am an oaf, that I should fall in love

For the first time——

THORNTON.

V. 142. *A wolf and not a man*.] Alluding to the proverb, *Homo homini lupus*. *Man is to man a wolf*. See *Erasmi Adagia*, Chil. i. Cent. i.—70. We meet with the same sentiment in *Seneca*, though not wrapped up in a proverb. *Ab homine homini quotidianum periculum*. Epist. 103. *A man daily expecteth from a man the most danger*.

V. 147. *A treasure, &c.*] *Frugi tamen sum, nec potest peculium enumerari*. *Limiers* observes that the commentators understand this as an avowal *Leonida* makes of his poverty, in saying that he

Ass-D. Perhaps so.

LEO. I can tell you more: *Periphanes*,
A *Rhodian* merchant, rich, entrusted me,
During his master's absence with a talent, 150
A silver one; nor was deceiv'd in me.

Ass-D. Perhaps so.

LEO. You too, if you had but ask'd
My character of others, would have had
No scruple to have trusted in my hands
What you have with you.

Ass-D. I deny it not. [*Exeunt.* 155

he has no property. But he thinks the latter part may be referred to *frugi sum*; and renders it accordingly, as we have translated it.

* * This Act is opened by *Libanus*; who, instead of endeavouring to procure the money, had fallen asleep. He awakes in a surprize; and, going to undertake it, sees *Leonida*, another servant, coming out of the house, whom he steps aside to observe. In the second Scene, *Leonida*, after having informed the spectators of the business he came about, is joined by *Libanus*; to whom he mentions the arrival of *The Ass-Dealer*, who had brought the money to pay for the asses. This money these two servants contrive to get from him; when seeing him coming, *Leonida* goes to inform his master *Demænetus* of it; and *Libanus* remaining upon the stage, is joined by the *Ass-Dealer* and his boy, who open the third Scene. He is going to knock at *Demænetus*'s door, when *Libanus* accosts him; and after some conversation, *Leonida* appears, who pretends to be *Saurea*, the principal servant, or usher of the hall. He, in the fourth Scene, comes up to *Libanus*, and begins to reprimand him for some neglect; when he sees the *Ass-Dealer*, and asks him his business. Being informed, that he came to pay the money for some asses that had been sold to him, *Leonida*, as *Saurea*, tells him, that he was the proper person to receive it. The *Ass-Dealer* however refuses it, alledging that he did not know him, and that he could not pay it to him without an order from *Demænetus*. This ends this Act; and the interval is filled by the time taken in their finding out *Demænetus*.

End of the SECOND ACT.

Q 2

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter CLEÆRETA *and* PHILENIUM.

CLEÆRETA.

AND is it, my *Pbilenium*, then impossible
To make you cease to do what I forbid?
And are you so dispos'd to think yourself
Free from your mother's jurisdiction?

PHIL. How, mother, could I think the goddess
piety

5

Would hear me, when I pray to her to make me
Pleasing to you, if, when I pray, my manners
Were such, as your instructions fain would have them?

CLE. Is it well manner'd, think you, to oppose
My precepts?

PHIL. How?

CLE. Is piety thus worship'd, 10
By lessening due obedience to a mother?

PHIL. Those who act right I blame not; but I
love not

Those who are wrong—

CLE. A prating love-sick girl!
That's what you are—

PHIL. He, mother, is my gain:
His tongue demands me, and his person seeks me; 15
His passion pleads, and fair occasion prompts—

CLE. I'm hither come to chide you, and you stand
As my accuser.

PHIL.

PHIL. No, by *Pollux*' temple !
 I don't accuse you ; nor yet do I think
 I have a right to do it. I am only 20
 Complaining of my lot, when I'm depriv'd
 Of him I love.

CLE. I hope you'll let me have
 My turn to speak, once in the day at least.

PHIL. Together with your own, I give you mine
 Into the bargain ; be you then directress 25

- V. 25. —*be you then directress.*] The original is, *tuta babeas portifsculum*. *Portifsculus*, we are told by the grammarians, is an officer in a ship, whose business it is to order the rowers either to work or give over. Some commentators say, he held in his hand a hammer, which he raised or let fall, as he would have the rowers row faster or slower ; not unlike the director of a concert of musick giving the time. We learn from *Polybius*, Lib. i. that the *Greeks* called this officer *Καλευστής*. The following passage from *Silius Italicus* may illustrate this.

*Tela simul, variamque ferunt contra aspera ponti
 Rerum ad tempus opem : mediæ stat margine puppis
 Qui voce alternos nautarum temperet ietus,
 Et remis diâet sonitum, pariterque relatis
 Ad numerum plaudat resonantia cœrula tonsis.*

Lib. i. V. 426.

Weapons, and all things else that needful were
 'Gainst dangers of the sea, with them they bear.
 Amidst the ship, upon the decks he stands,
 That timeth with the voice the seamen's hands,
 And bids them strike at once ; and as again
 They raise their oars, that echo o'er the main,
 Applauds them all.——

Ross.

To this too *Virgil* may allude.

*Considunt transitis, intentaque brachia remis
 Intenti expectant signum——* *Æneid.* Lib. v. V. 136.

Eager, they grasp their oars, and listning wait the sign——

PITT.

Q 3

When

When I'm to speak, and when to hold my tongue.

But then, by *Pollux*! if my oar's laid by,
And my sole ship remains in dock, remember
All's at a stand at home; no pot is boiling.

CLE. What's that you say, and with such impudence? 30

How many times have I forbidden you
To accost, or to come near to *Argyrippus*,
Son of *Demænetus*; to hold discourse
With him, or e'en to look him in the face!
What has he given us, or what provision 35
Has he e'er order'd to our house? Do you think
A smooth persuasive tongue will pass with us
For current coin? or that fine subtle speeches
Will pass for presents? Of your own accord
You love him, you endeavour to get at him, 40
You order him to be call'd to you—Those
Who make us presents, you deride: and those
Who cheat us, you are desperately in love with.
Should any promise, when his mother dies,

V. 28. —*in dock*—] *In castris*; which *Nonius* informs us, is a house wherein oars, rudder, sails and tackling are kept, while the ship is laid up in dock.

V. 38. —*fine subtle speeches*—] The original is, *diſta doſta*. So *Ennius*.

Haud doſtis diſtis certantes, ſed malediſtis. *Annal. Lib. viii.*

————contending

Not with fine, subtle, but opprobrious speeches.

Plautus again makes use of the same expression.

Diſtum facſas doſtum————

Menæchmi, Act. II. Scene I. v. 24.

——No fine subtle speeches.

THORNTON.

To make you opulent, ought you to lend 45
 Attention to it? Yes, by *Castor's* temple!
 While we're in expectation of her death,
 'Tis odds but we and our whole family
 Perish for want of food. If he don't bring
 Hither to me this day the twenty minæ, 50
 (Let him be e'er so bounteous of his tears,)
 I swear by *Castor's* temple, out of doors
 He shall be turn'd—This day's the very last
 I'll hear this plea of poverty—

PHIL. My mother,
 If you should bid me eat no food, I'd eat none. 55

CLE. I don't forbid you love those men who
 give us

Aught for the sake of which they should be lov'd—

PHIL. But, madam, when one's inclination's fix'd
 Upon a man, what's to be done? advise me.

CLE. Why, look at my grey hairs, my hoary
 head, 60

And then consult what suits your interest best.

PHIL. The shepherd, madam, that is fet to keep
 Another's sheep, hath for himself some few
 Which he can call his own; then nurse his hopes.

V. 64. *Which he can call his own—*] *Aliquam habet peculiarem.*
Peculium and *peculiaris* have been explained in the course of these
 notes, as being a slave's property, or what he may call his own.
 The following quotation may serve to shew that this extended to
 sheep and other cattle.

Tu, tibicen, non solum adimis domino pecus, sed etiam servis pecu-
lium, quibus domini dant, ut pascant. M. VARRO *De Re Rustica*,
 Lib. i. Cap. ii. Sect. 17.

You, piper, not only take from the master his own cattle, but
 also those he had given to his slaves as their property, to feed
 them for their own use.

Let me then love my *Argyrippus* only
For the meer sake of my affection to him.

65

CLE. Go in: in troth I've never seen a girl
So faucy.

PHIL. Madam, I am all obedience. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

Enter LEONIDA and LIBANUS.

LEO. Great thanks and praise deservedly we pay
To perfidy; since we, relying on
Our own perfidiousness, deceits and cunning,
The hardness of our shoulders, and our setting
The elm twigs at defiance, thongs and chains, 5
Prisons and yokes, and fetters too, and collars,
Our cruel scourgers, and the fellows that
Are well acquainted with our backs, as they
Have oft ere this wounded with stripes our shoulders:
These legions, all these forces and these armies 10

V. 68. —*I am all obedience.*] We have here given a different turn to the original, which a little borders upon indecency, but endeavoured to maintain the sense of it. *Produxisti* is the word, in the original, and the commentators tell us, that *matris est producere, seu procreare, lenæ est producere, seu prostituere*. This makes a *double entendre*, which we do not chuse to aim at imitating.

V. 5. *The elm twigs at defiance*—] *virtute ulmorum freti*. Instead of *ulmorum*, elm twigs, Lambin reads *humerorum*, shoulders; and contends strongly for that reading. But as most of the other editions, that of Aldus in particular, read *ulmorum*, we have adopted it.

V. 6. —*yokes*—] The original is *numellas*; which Pareus, from *Festus* and *Nonius*, tells us, is an engine made of wood, in which the neck and feet of offenders were put, by way of punishment.

5

Manfully

Manfully fighting, arm'd with perjuries,
We have, O brave! subdu'd—The deed is done
By this my comrade's prowess, and my own
Courteous demeanor—

LIB. Shew me now the man
Can bear the scourge with greater constancy— 15

LEO. By *Pollux*' temple, who is't can chant forth
Like me thy great exploits, and stratagems
In peace and war? Much may be said, in troth,
On thy account :—how those that trusted thee
Thou hast deceiv'd;—how also to thy master 20
Thou hast been unfaithful;—how thou, on thy con-
science,

Knowingly, wilfully, hast been perjur'd :—how
Thou hast broke through walls to steal ;—and how
Thou hast been taken in the very fact.
As how thy cause too thou hast often pleaded, 25
Hung by the heels, against eight hardened fellows,
Of stripes most sturdy layers on.

LIB. I own,
That what you say, *Leonida*, is true. And yet
One might recount many exploits of yours,
And true ones too :—how ill you have repaid 30
The confidence in you repos'd; how taken
In the very act of theft, and for it, scourg'd
In publick ;—how yourself too you forswore;—
How you laid hands on sacred things ;—and how
You've acted to your master's loss, and brought 35

V. 21. —on thy conscience—] The original is, *verbis conceptis*.
See *The Counterfeit*, Act I. Scene III. v. 173. note. Vol. III. of
this translation.

V. 26. —eight hardened fellows,] See *Amphitryon*, Act I.
Scene V. v. 5. Vol. I. of this translation, and the note.

Dis-

Disgrace and trouble on his head :—how too
 You have denied your having e'er receiv'd
 That which has been committed to your charge :
 How to your mistress you've more faithful been
 Than to your friend ;—and how you've tired out 40
 Six sturdy Liftors, arm'd with pliant elm twigs.
 And have I ill return'd the compliment ?
 How well the commendation he deserv'd,
 I've given to my colleague !

LEO. One most worthy of me,
 Most worthy of yourself, and of our genius— 45

LIB. No more of this—Answer to what I ask.

LEO. Say then, what is't you'd have ?

LIB. Well, have you got
 The twenty silver minæ ?

LEO. Sure you conjure.

'Troth, 'twas a smart conceit in old *Demanetus*,
 To make me pass for *Saurea* ; how witty ! 50
 I scarce could hold from laughter, when he chid
 The stranger, for not having faith in me
 When he was absent ; and how readily
 He call'd me *Saurea*, usher of the hall ?

LIB. But hold a little.

LEO. What's the matter now ? 55

LIB. Say, is not this, that's coming out, *Philenium* ?
 And *Argyrippus* with her ?

LEO. Hold your tongue.

'Tis he. Let's listen here to what they say.
 She is in tears, and holds him by his robe,
 While he's in tears no less—What can this be ? 60
 Let's hold our peace and listen.

LIB. Be it so.

V. 41. *Six sturdy Liftors*—] See note on V. 25.

I've

I've got a thought just come into my head,
By *Hercules*! I wish I had a stick—

LEO. For what?

LIB. To still these asses in my purse,
If they should take it in their heads to bray. 65
[*they stand apart.*]

SCENE III.

Enter ARGYRIPPUS followed by PHILENIUM.

ARG. Why do you hold me back?

PHI. Because I love you,
And cannot bear you should be absent from me.

ARG. Farewell.

PHI. I should fare better, would you stay.

ARG. I wish you health.

PHI. You wish me health, alas!
When your departure brings disease upon me. 5

ARG. *Cleæreta*, your mother, has just given me
The last farewell, and bid me to retire.

V. 64. —*these asses*—] i. e. the money for the asses. A Metonymy.

V. 7. *The last farewell*—] *Supremum dixit*. The commentators suppose the word *vale* to be understood. And *Limiers* says, it alludes to a custom of the *Romans*. When they burned a dead body, and all the funeral rites were performed, the company that assisted at the ceremony gave their last farewell, by crying out with a loud voice, *vale*.

—*animamque sepulchro*

Condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus.

VIRGIL. *Æneid*. Lib. iii. V. 67.

Compos'd the soul; and with a dismal knell,
Took thrice the melancholy last farewell—

PITT.

PHI.

PHI. 'Twill be my death, if I'm depriv'd of you.

LIB. [*apart to LEO.*] By *Hercules*! the man's turn'd out of doors.

LEO. 'Tis plain 'tis so.

ARG. I prithee, let me go. 10

PHI. Ah! whither wou'd you go? Why stay not here?

ARG. All night, if you desire it, I will stay.

LIB. [*to LEO.*] Do you mark him? he's profuse you find of night work.

'Tis day-time now; and he's too much engag'd.

A very *Solon*, who employs his time 15

In framing laws to make his people good.

Meer trifling! Those who to his laws submit,

Won't do great things, unless it be to pass

Whole days and nights in tippling.

LEO. No, by *Hercules*!

He'll never budge a foot if she would let him: 20

Tho' now he seems so much in haste, and threatens

To go away.

LIB. Peace be with your tongue, that I May hear what 'tis he says.

ARG. Again farewell.

PHI. Ah! whither are you going now?

ARG. Once more Farewell. In t'other world I shall behold you, 25

V. 15. *A very Solon*—] *Solon* was one of the wise men of *Greece*, and one of the lawgivers of the *Athenians*. He was famous for the severity of his morals. The speaker means ironically.

V. 17. *Meer trifling*—] The original is, *Gerræ*. See *The Carthaginian*, Act I. Scene I. v. 9. and the note on that passage, Vol. IV. of this translation.

For

For I'm determin'd soon as possible
To quit this life.

PHI. And why now? prithee, say,
Why do you, thus unmerited, consign me
Over to death?

ARG. I,—You?—I who would die
To save your life, if 'twere in any danger; 30
And eke it out with mine.

PHI. Why did you threaten
To quit this life? Which should you really do,
What think you would become of me? For 'tis
A thing with me determin'd, that whate'er
You do to yourself I from myself shall suffer 35
The very fame—

ARG. O sweeter than sweet honey!

PHI. You surely are my life—My dear, embrace me.

ARG. With pleasure. [*embracing her.*] Lock'd
thus in each other's arms,

O! that we might be carried to the tomb.

LEO. [*to LIB.*] O what a wretch, my *Libanus*, is
a man 40

In love!

V. 36. *O sweeter than sweet honey!*] *Melle dulci ducior.* Longolius, and Limiers from him, tell us, that some commentators blame *Plautus* here, for a *pleonasm* or redundancy of words, in adding the epithet of *sweet* to *honey*. But, say they, it ought to be considered, that authors tell us, there is in many countries *bitter* honey. What authors these are who say so, they do not tell us. It seems only an hyperbole.

V. 39. —*be carried to the tomb.*] The original is only *efframur*, *be carried out*; but *ad sepulchrum*, *to the tomb*, must, as the commentators observe, be undoubtedly understood. It is as if the speaker had said, *May we thus die!*

238 THE ASS-DEALER.

LIB. A man that's hanging by the heels,
In troth, is more so.

LEO. Yes, I know it well;
And by experience too—Suppose we go,
And one on this, and on that side the other
Accost them.

LIB. Good day, master—What was't you 45
Had just now in your arms? What, was it smoke?

ARG. Why smoke?

LIB. Because your eyes now stand in tears :
That was the reason why I ask'd.

ARG. You've lost
The man that would have been a patron to you.

LIB. Troth I've lost none, for I ne'er had one
yet. 50

LEO. [to PHI.] Good day, *Philenium*.

PHI. May the gods now grant
All that you both can wish.

LIB. Had I my wish,
That wish should be to pass the night with you,
And have a cask of wine into the bargain.

ARG. Rascal, take heed of what you say.

LIB. In troth 55
The wish was for yourself, not me.

ARG. Well then
Say what you'd have.

LIB. I fain would have a slap
At him there.

V. 41. — *hanging by the heels*—] It has been before observed,
that slaves are often hung up by the heels when they are scourged.

V. 52. *Had I my wish*—] M. De L'Oeuvre and Limiers are of
opinion this speech should be given to *Leonida*.

LEO.

LEO. Well, and who will let you do it,
You frizzled lecher—What! you strike me, you!
Whose very food is blows.

ARG. You both of you 60
Are far happier than me. For, *Libanus*,
I am determin'd not to live till evening.

LIB. And pray, why so?

ARG. Because I doat on her,
And she on me: and yet I've nought to give her,
Nought in the world: on which account, her mother 65
Has turn'd me out of doors. The twenty minæ
Which young *Diabolus* is this day to give her,
To have possession of her the year round,
Have been the death of me. See, of what force
Are twenty minæ, and what feats they'll do. 70
The man who loses them is happy, I,
Who have not them to lose, am quite undone.

LIB. Has he paid down the money?

ARG. No, he has not.

LIB. Pluck up your courage then, nor be afraid
Of ought.

LEO. Hark! *Libanus*, aside this way 75
A little. Somewhat I've to say to you.

LIB. Your pleasure?

ARG. Yes, 'tis pleasant talking, when
At the same time you can embrace each other.

LIB. You'll please to know, all things are not
alike

V. 59. —*You frizzled lecher*—] The original is *cinædi calamistræ*. Cicero uses the word *calamistratus* in the same sense.

Cur in lustris et belluationibus hujus calamistrati saltoris, tam eximia virtus tamdiu cessavit.

Orat. post reditum in Senatu, Sect. 6.

Pleasant

Pleasant to all. Caresses, while you're talking, 80
 To you and such like lovers, are full pleasant.
 But these embraces I regard not.

LEO. So

Pbilenium there despises mine. Yourself
 Then do, what you're persuading us to do. 85

ARG. Yes, and with all my heart, by *Pollux'*
 temple!

You, if you please, mean time may step aside—

LEO. [*to LIB.*] Suppose we have some sport now
 with our master.

LIB. Troth, he deserves it richly.

LEO. Then suppose
 I make *Pbilenium*, while he's by, embrace me.

LIB. I wish you may so, troth—

LEO. Come this way then. 90

ARG. Well, what am I to hope for? Ha'nt you yet
 Not all this while had conference enough?

LEO. Attend then both: and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse—First of all then
 That we're your slaves, we don't deny: But if 95
 Twenty good silver minæ are brought to you,
 How will you call us then?

ARG. I'll call you free.

LEO. And not your patrons too?

ARG. Yes, even that.

LEO. Look, here are twenty minæ in this purse.
 These, if you'd have it so, I'll give to you. 100

ARG. Protector of your master, may the gods
 Preserve you! you're an honour to the people,

V. 94. *Devour up my discourse—*] *mea dicta devorare*. *Plautus*
 again uses the same expression in *Aulularia*, or *The Miser*, Act III.
 Scene VI. v. 1. which see, and the note upon it, Vol. II. of this
 translation.

Treasure of treasures, of my life preserver,
Of love commander: here, put, place it here,
Tye the bag round my neck.

LEO. I know not how, 105
As you're my master, so to burden you.

ARG. But, rid you of the trouble; give it me
To carry.

LEO. No, I'll bear it like a porter;
You go before me, and without a burden.
'Tis a civility to a master due. 110

ARG. How now? What are you doing? Why do
you not

Give me the bag, unwieldy as it is?

LEO. Tell her, to whom you'd give it, that of me
She may demand it; where you'd have me place it,
It may slip down—

PHI. My pigfney, my sweet rose, 115
My soul, my joy! O give it me, *Leonida*,
Nor part such lovers.

LEO. Call me then, *Philenium*,
Your little sparrow, chicken, and your quail;
Your lambkin, pretty little kid, your calveling.
And take me by the ears, and press your lips 120
To mine.

V. 105. *Tye the bag round my neck.*] See *The Discovery*, Act III.
Scene II. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

V. 112. —*unwieldy as it is?*] *Pressatam*. There are many
various readings of this passage. Some read *pressuram*, others
pregnantem, scil. *ars*. But they all come pretty near to the
same sense.

V. 120. —*take me by the ears*—]. See note on *The Carthaginian*, Act I. Scene II. v. 209. Vol. IV. of this translation.

VOL. V.

R.

ARG.

ARG. Kiss you, you rascal?

LEO. What is't seems
Unmeet in that? I say you shall not have it,
Till she embrace my knees—

ARG. What want compels me to!
Your knees shall be embrac'd—Now give it me.

PHI. Come, my *Leonida*, give your master life--125
Redeem yourself by this your kindness to him,
And with this money buy your liberty.

LEO. You are too kind, too amiable; and if
'Twere mine, you should not press me so to give it.
'Tis better you address yourself to him; 130
He gave it me to keep for him. Then go,
Approach him sweetly, sweet— [to LIB.] Here!

Libanus,
Take this—[giving him the bag.]

V. 123. 'Till she embrace my knees.] The original is, *confri-*
cantur, literally, *rub*. But the idea this conveys not being quite
so decent, we have varied a little from it.

Ibid. —*what want compels me to!*] *Horace* has elegantly ex-
pressed the same sentiment.

Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis et facere et pati,
Virtutisque viam deserit ardua. *Carm. Lib. iii. Od. 24.*

What will not want's false shame enjoin,
Quitting the narrow tract of virtue's line?

DUNCOMBE.

So *Virgil*.

—*Labor omnia vincit.*
Improbis, et duris urens in rebus egestas.

Geor. Lib. i. V. 145.

What cannot ceaseless toil, and pressing need?

WARTON.

ARG.

ACT III. SCENE III. 243

ARG. What! playing on me still, you rascal!

LEO. By *Hercules*! I'd done it, if you had not 135
Embrac'd my knees so hard--Come on, [to LIB.]
'tis your turn now

To play on him---Come on---Embrace that fair one.

LIB. Peace, hold your tongue, let me alone.

ARG. My dear,
Let us approach him; a good lad, in troth!
Not like this thief here.

LIB. Come, let's walk a little.
Now will they both petition me.

ARG. By *Hercules*! 140
If you would save your master's life, my *Libanus*,
Give me those twenty minæ; you behold me
A man in love, in want into the bargain.

LIB. We'll see; 'tis possible it may be done,
Come here again at night. In the mean time 145
Command *Philenium* to intreat me for it.

PHI. And how intreat for't? With a little love,
Or with a kiss?

LIB. Upon my word, with both.

PHI. Well, I conjure you, take good care of both--

ARG. Give me the bag, my patron, my good
Libanus---

It better suits a freed-man, than a patron, 150
To bear a burden with him in the way.

PHI. My little golden pigsney, my dear *Libanus*,
I'll love you, I'll do what you will, but give us
That money.

LIB. Call me then your duckling, pigeon,
Your little kitten, swallow, your jackdaw, 155

V. 155. --your jackdaw--] The original is, *monachum*, a
jackdaw or chough. Pliny gives this account of them.

Your pretty sparrow, or your manikin.
 Make me a serpent strait, that I may have
 A double tongue. Now, in your arms encircle me,
 Embrace my neck.

ARG. What! how! embrace you, hang-dog!

LIB. What, then you think that I'm unworthy
 of it? 160

Such an unworthy thing you shall not say
 Of me, and go unpunish'd for it---By *Pollux*!
 You shall, this day, carry me on your shoulders;
 Or never hope to carry off this money.

ARG. I carry you upon my shoulders?

LIB. Yes--- 165

For on no other terms you'll have the money.

ARG. By *Hercules*! 'tis over with me---Yet
 If true decòrum can admit a master
 To bear his slave upon his shoulders, mount.

LIB. 'Tis in this manner that we tame the
 proud. 170

Stand still---So---Rarely well, my master---So,
 Now move: well done! I never knew a horse
 More wise---

ARG. Come, mount directly.

*Infubrium tractu examina graculorum monedularumque, cui soli avi
 furacitas auri argentique præcipuè mira est.*

Nat. Hist. Lib. x. Cap. 29.

In the neighbouring quarters of *Lombardy* near adjoining, are
 infinite and innumerable flocks and flights of choughs and jack-
 daws; the veriest thieves, nay, of all other birds the only thieves,
 especially for silver and gold, that it is wonderful to see what
 means they will make use of to steal it.

V. 171. *Stand still*—] A sentence is here omitted, the learned
 reader need not be told the reason. He may, if he pleases, con-
 sult *Lambin* on the passage.

LIB.

LIB. There, 'tis done. [*mounting on*
ARGYRIPPUS's *back.*]

Hey ! What's the matter ? How you move indeed !
I'll sconce you of your feed of corn, unless 175
You amble better—

ARG. Prithee, *Libanus*,
No more ; enough—

LIB. You'll by entreaty get
Nothing of me to-day—Now must I spur
My beast against the hill—Then will I send him
Strait to the miller's, there to tire him out 180
With running—Stop then, that I may get down ;
'Tis' more tho' than you merit, for you're naught.
[*coming off from his shoulders.*]

ARG. What now is to be done ? since at your
pleasure
You both of you have play'd upon us both,
Will you now give the money to me ?

LIB. Yes ; 185
If you will here erect to me a statue,
An altar too, and offer on't an ox
In sacrifice as to a god : for I
To you am as your god Salvation.

LEO. Why don't you, sir, get from that fellow
there, 190
And then apply yourself to me ; and grant me
What he has been asking you, prayers and a statue ?

V. 176. —*you amble better*—] The original is *badixas* ; from
the Greek *βαδίζω*.

V. 189. —*your god Salvation.*] This has been explained more
than once ; in particular in a note on a similar passage in *The*
Captives, Vol. I. of this translation.

246 THE ASS-DEALER.

ARG. By what name will your godship then be call'd?

LEO. Why, favourable Fortune.

ARG. Troth, in that You beat him out and out.

LIB. Why, can a man 195
Have any thing that's better than the god
Of health?

ARG. Tho' I speak in favour of
The goddess Fortune, yet I censure not
The god of health.

PHI. In troth, by *Castor's* temple,
They both of them are good.

ARG. That I shall know, 200
When they give ought that's good.

LEO. Then only wish
The thing that you would have, should happen to you.

ARG. What if I do?

LEO. Why, you shall have your wish.

ARG. I wish to have that fair one's company
All the year round.

LEO. 'Tis done, you have obtain'd it. 205

ARG. Indeed! Do you say so?

LEO. Certainly, I say it.

LIB. Come now in turn to me, and try my skill.
Wish what you will, and it shall come to pass.

ARG. What can I wish for, more than what I want?
Twenty good silver minæ in a bag 210
To give her mother.

V. 198. *The goddess Fortune*—] *Limiers* informs us from *Lipfius*,
[that there was at Rome a temple sacred *ad Fortunam obsequentem*, to
favourable Fortune; and it is to this that the speaker alludes.

LIB. Why the thing is done.
Take courage, you've obtain'd your wish.

ARG. 'Tis common
For Fortune, aye, and for Salvation too
To disappoint.

LEO. I was the head to-day
Which got this money for you.

LIB. I the foot. 215

ARG. I see nor head nor foot of all your talking.
Nor can I find the drift of what you say,
Nor why you play thus on me.

LIB. Come, enough
We've tantaliz'd him—Let us tell him now
The affair just as it is. Mind, *Argyrippus*! 220
It was your father's order we should bring
This money to you.

ARG. And you both are come
Most a-propos.

LIB. Then, here are in this bag
Twenty good minæ, got by no good means.
He order'd us to give them to you; but, 225
Upon conditions.

ARG. Prithee, what conditions?

LIB. That you would entertain him with a supper,

V. 214. *I was the head—*] *ego caput fui*. The head, that is the original, the principal cause. Often used in that sense by Latin authors. So *Propertius*, Lib. ii. Eleg. 18. V. 85.

V. 227. *That you would, &c.*] On reading this, one cannot help crying out upon the infamy of this old man, who is not ashamed of partaking with his own son of the favours of his mistress. This confirms the opinion of *Lucilius*, Book xxviii. who says that the *Chremes* of Terence (in *Heautontimoroumenos*, *The Self-Tormenter*) has preserved a just medium by his obliging carriage towards his son; but that the *Demænetus* of *Plautus* (in this Comedy) runs into extremes.

And let him pass a night with this your mistress.

ARG. Tell him to come, I beg you. 'Tis but fit
We should do what he'd have us, since he has 230
Thus brought again our scatter'd loves together.

LEO. And will you, *Argyrippus*, then permit
Your father to embrace your mistress?

ARG. Yes,
Her love will let me do it. Hasté, *Leonida*,
I beg you, hasten, and conjure my father 235
That he come hither.

LIB. He has long ago
Been here within.

ARG. He did not come this way.

LIB. He went in private round the garden, thro'
The little court, that none of his domesticks
Might see him coming hither: He's afraid 240
His wife should come to know it—Should your
mother

Know how this money was obtain'd—

ARG. Keep off!
Words of bad omen—Quickly in—Farewell—

LEO. And for you two, go on and love each other.

[*Exeunt.*]

V. 243. *Words of bad omen*—] The original is *Benedicite*.
εὐφραμίστε. This was the form the ancients made use of to avert
bad omens; for they scrupulously avoided imprecations.

Limiers from *Lambin*.

* * This Act is opened by *Cleareta* the bawd, and *Philenium*
her daughter, to whom she shews some displeasure for paying so
little regard to her instructions, not to see *Argyrippus* while he
has no money; which she, who really loves him, refuses to com-
ply with. On their quitting the stage, *Leonida* and *Libanus* begin
the second Scene. While they are making themselves merry
with the account they give of their bubbling *The Ass-Dealer* out
of

of his money, they perceive *Argyrippus* coming out of *Philenium's* house, and followed by her. On this they stand apart; and the third Scene is begun by these two. They express a mutual concern at their being to be parted from each other; which after the two servants had listened to for some time, they join them, in order to give *Argyrippus* an account of their success in having choused *The Ass-Dealer* out of his money, and got the sum he wanted. After having diverted themselves with playing the fool with *Argyrippus* for some time, they give him the money, upon condition that *Demænetus*, his father, should enjoy the company of *Philenium* that night, as well as himself. This ends the Act; and the interval is filled up by the time employed for *Leonida* to go to *Demænetus*, to invite him, at the request of his son *Argyrippus*, to sup with him, and his mistress *Philenium*.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter DIABOLUS and the PARASITE, with a writing.

DIABOLUS.

SHEW me the writing which you have drawn up
Between myself, my mistress and the bawd—
Read the conditions—You I know to be,
In an affair like this, a choice contriver—

PAR. When the conditions she shall hear, the
bawd
Will be quite frightened— 5

DIA. Read them to me then.

PAR. Give your attention, sir.

DIA. Well, well, I do—

PAR. [*reading.*] “*Diabolus* the son of *Glaucus* gives
“*Cleæreta* full twenty silver minæ;
“On this condition, that *Philenium* 10
“Give him her company, the whole year round,
“Both night and day.”

DIA. And also not to be
With any other.

PAR. What, shall I add that?

V. 4. —*a choice contriver*—] The original is, *poeta unicus*.
Poeta, maker, artist, contriver, Greek ποιητης, the original sense
of the word; and *unicus*, the grammarians tell us, is often used
in the sense of choice, rare, excellent.

DIA.

DIA. Yes—and be sure you make it plain and clear.

PAR. [*after having wrote.*] “That she admit into
“her company 15

“No other man, under pretence of being
“Or friend, or patron—”

DIA. No one whatsoever.

PAR. “No, nor yet any one whom she may call
“The lover of her friend—And that her doors 20
“To all men, you excepted, be kept shut :
“And that she write thereon, *she's not at leisure*—
“And that, to cut off from her all pretence,
“There shall be found no letter in the house,
“Nor yet a tablet smear'd with wax, to write on.
“That every useless picture she shall sell— 25
“And that, if four days after she received
“Money from you, she parts not with it, yours
“'Tis to be deem'd, to burn it if you choose—
“That no materials be in her possession
“To write on tablets—That she shall invite 30
“No guest to supper, but leave that to you—
“That to no guest she ever shall direct
“Her eyes—And that if any other man
“She has look'd at, she forthwith be blind to him.
“That she drink cup for cup with you—That she 35

V. 25. —*every useless picture*—] The original is *inutilis pictura*. We have translated it literally; but according to the commentators, *Plautus* meant by it *every indecent or immodest picture*.

V. 29. —*materials, &c.*] The original is *cera, wax*. The tables on which the *Romans* wrote, were rubbed over with wax, in order to receive the impression made by the style they wrote with.

Always

" Always from you receive the cup ; and when

" You drink, she tender it to you—And that

" She drink nor more nor less than you—"

DIA. 'Tis well—

PAR. [*reading on.*] " That she remove all causes
" of suspicion

" When from her couch she rises, that she tread 40

" On no man's foot ; nor step to the next couch ;

" Nor, stooping down, offer her hand to any

" To help support her—That she give to no man

" The ring she wears, to look at : nor yet ask

" To inspect another's ring from off his finger— 45

" That she shall never make an offer of

" The dice, to any but yourself ; and when

" She makes her throw, she shall not barely say,

" You I invoke, but she shall name your name—

" That she may pray to any female deity 50

" She likes ; but to no god address herself.

V. 40. —*tread—on no man's foot—*] As a token of love.

At cum discedet mensâ conviva remotâ ;

(Ipsa tibi accessus turba locumque dabit)

Insere te turba : leviterque admotus eunti,

Velle latus digitis ; et pede tange pedem.

OVIP. *De Arte Amandi.* Lib. i. V. 603.

When all are risen, and when she among

The guests is going, thrust into the throng ;

And touch her softly as she forth doth go,

And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.

And at this time, if a woman by accident treads upon a man's foot, the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap, (as *Shakespeare* says) *What, you'll come to bed to me !*

V. 49. —*You I invoke—*] See *The Captives*, Act I. Sc. I. note on V. 2. Vol. I. of this translation.

" Or,

“ Or, if she has particular devotion
 “ To any god, that she must tell you of it;
 “ You, in her stead, will pray to him to favour her—
 “ That she shall neither nod to any man, 55
 “ Nor wink at him, nor make him any signs.
 “ And if the lamp go out, she shall not move
 “ One joint of her, ’till light is brought.”

DIA. ’Tis best

She so behave—But in the bedchamber
 I would not have her seem so lifeless; that 60
 Therefore strike out, or she may plead her vow.

PAR. I apprehend—You fear some quirk—

DIA. I do.

PAR. Then as you bid me do, I’ll strike that out.

DIA. Certainly—

PAR. Hear the rest.

DIA. Go on—I hear.

PAR. [*reading.*] “ That no ambiguous, shuffling
 “ word she use; 65

“ Nor any other language speak, but *Attick*—
 “ That if she chance to cough, she shall contrive
 “ In coughing not to shew her tongue—And that
 “ She may not be oblig’d to do it, she
 “ Shall feign to have a stuffing in her head.

V. 52. —*particular devotion.*] *magis religiosa.* Perhaps it may rather mean, more conscientious.

V. 65. *That no ambiguous word—*] *verbum faciat perplexabile.*

So Terence,

Pergin’ scelestā, mecum perplexè loqui?

Eunuchus, Act V. Scene I. v. 1.

Still, still, you baggage, will you shuffle with me?

COLMAN.

“ And

" And, that her lips may ne'er appear to others 70
 " Moist with your kisses, you should wipe them off—
 " That when you're drinking, the bawd-mother ne'er
 " Should come to interrupt you, nor yet say
 " To any one the thing that's disobliging—
 " That if she does, she shall for punishment 75
 " Not touch a drop of wine for twenty days."

DIA. Fairly drawn up, in troth, a clever writing.

" PAR. " Then, if she sends her maid to offer up
 " Chaplets, or wreaths, or perfumes unto *Venus*,
 " Or unto *Cupid*, that your slave shall watch her; 80
 " Left, in the stead of giving them to *Venus*,
 " She give them to some man—And lastly, if
 " Out of devotion, she should choose to pass
 " Some widow'd nights, she should account to you

V. 80. —*shall watch her*—] The original is *servet*; which is often used for *observet*.

V. 84. *Some widow'd nights*—] The original is, *purè se habere*. In the mysteries of *Isis*, or when the women sacrificed to *Isis* and *Ceres*, we are told that it was customary for the votaries to separate themselves from the company of men, and to lie alone for ten nights successively. This the *Grecians* called ἀγῶς ἑξήνυχ, and the *Romans*, *purè se habere*.

So *Tibullus*.

Quidve, piè dum sacra colis, purèque lavari
Te memini, et puro secubuisse toro?
Nunc Dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi
Pià docet templis multa tabella tuis.

Lib. i. Eleg. iii. V. 25:

What, though array'd in sacred robes you stood,
 Fled man's embrace, and sought the purest flood?
 While this I write, I sensibly decay—
 Assist me, *Isis*, drive my pains away;
 That you can every mortal ill remove,
 The numerous tablets in your temple prove. GRAINGER.

" For

" For the same number, with her company. 85

" These are no trifles, such as those they use

" At funeral solemnities."

DIA. These articles
Are right, and I approve of them entirely.
Follow me in then.

PAR. I attend you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

* * This Act is opened by *Diabolus*, an humble servant of *Philenium's*, as well as *Argyrippus*, (and consequently his rival) with a Parasite. This Parasite had been drawing up in writing some articles between *Diabolus* and *Philenium's* mother, relative to his enjoying her daughter's company for one year, for a certain sum of money. These articles the Parasite reads; and *Diabolus* approving of them, they go out to carry them to *Cleæretta*, for her to sign them. Thus ends this Act; and the interval is taken up by the time necessary for that purpose.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

* S C E N E I.

Enter DIABOLUS *and* the PARASITE.

D I A B O L U S.

FOLLOW me this way : shall I suffer this ?
 And shall I hold my tongue ? I'd rather die
 Than not discover to his wife this business.
 Ay, say you so then ? With your mistress would you
 Act the young man ? And wou'd you to your wife 5
 Excuse yourself, and tell her you are old ?
 Take from your son his mistress ; and then give
 The bawd a sum of money for her ? Filch
 From your own wife at home clandestinely ?
 You first must hang me, ere you'll carry off. 10
 These matters undiscover'd—Yes, by *Hercules* !
 I'll go to her this instant ; as I'm certain,
 Unless she should prevent you, ere 'tis long
 You'll drive her to distress, that you may have
 Supplies for your expensive luxuries— 15

PAR. In my opinion, thus 'tis you should act.
 'Twould be more fit for me to inform her of it,
 Than you, who she might think discover'd it ;

* SCENE I.] This Scene in many editions is made the second Scene of the fourth Act. But as *Mercerus*, (see his note in the *Variorum* edition) *Marolles*, *Limiters*, and others, have observed, it is absurd to make it so. Either a Scene must have been lost ; or else this must be the first Scene of the fifth Act ; and we have made it so accordingly.

Incited

Incited to it rather from a pique
Of disappointed love, than from regard 20
To her—

DIA. By *Pollux*! nought can be more right.
Raise a storm, tell her, that at her expence
He's all the live-long day at a debauch;

V. 23. *He's all the live-long day, &c.*] The commentators inform us that the ancient *Romans* usual time for their meal was at sun-set. This is what our author calls, as *Limiers* has observed, *de vesperi suo vivere*. *Miles Gloriosus*, Act IV. Scene II. v. 5. We are aware that Mr. *Thornton* has given that passage another turn; see his note upon it, Vol. I. page 208 of this translation. But he owns the passage is obscure, and that commentators differ in their opinions concerning it. Afterwards their time of supper, their grand meal, was not till towards ten a clock, about our four a clock in the afternoon. This we learn from *Horace*.

———*sic ignovisse putato*
Me tibi, si cœnas hodie metum: Ut libet. Ergo
Post nonam venies——— Lib. i. Epist. vii. V. 69.

———Your pardon I will grant
Freely, says he—Then sup with me to-day:
Just as you please——At four then come away——

POPE and SWIFT.

And persons in business supped even later. We also find the same in *Martial*; and as it contains a short detail in general of the ancient *Romans* passing their time, the reader may not perhaps be displeased if we transcribe the whole Epigram.

Ad EUPHEMUM.

Prima salutantes, atque altera continet hora,
Exercet raucos tertia causidicos.
In quintam varios extendit Roma labores,
Sexta quies lassus, septima finis erit.
Sufficit in nonam nitidis octava palæstris,
Imperat extructos frangere nona toros:
Hora libellorum decima est, Eupheme, meorum,
Temperat ambrosias cum tua cura dapes.

Vol. V.

S

Et

His own son with him, and one girl in common.

PAR. Let me alone, I will take care of it. 25
I'll wait for him at home. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*Et bonus ætherio laxatur nectare Cæsar,
Ingentique tenet pocula parca manu :
Tunc admitte jocos : gressu timet ire licenti
Ad matutinum nostra Thalia Jovem.* Lib. iv. Epig. 8.

TO EUPHEMUS.

The two first hours, o'th' great consumed are ;
The third, in lawyers pleading at the bar ;
The trades of *Rome* the fourth and fifth employ,
The sixth some rest, the seventh all rest enjoy.
From eight to nine, in exercise is spent,
The ninth, on feasting all men are intent :
The tenth hour's proper for my book and me.
And, *Eupheme*, thou who do'st the board o'ersee,
And order our great lord's ambrosial fare,
When nectar has dissolv'd his publick care,
His mighty hand the sober cup does hold,
To introduce my mirth, thou may'st be bold.
My muse forbears licentiously to rove,
Pth' morn, when serious, to importune *Jove*.

ANONYMOUS.

The meal that was begun upon sooner, was called early. And those who began feasting by daylight, were thought intemperate and guilty of a debauch. However, during the riotous time of the *Saturnalia*, the evening entertainment always began before night, in order that they might have time to make it last the longer.

SCENE II.

*A table, and every thing necessary for an entertainment
at the farther end of the stage.*

*Enter ARGYRIPPUS, DEMÆNETUS, and
PHILENIUM.*

ARG. Come on, my father,
Let each one take his place.

DEM. Let it be so,
Since you command it, son.

ARG. Lads, spread the table.

DEM. 'Twill not, I hope, displease you, son, if she
Refts on the couch with me—

ARG. My duty, fir, 5
Forbids my doing ought may grieve your fight.
And tho' I love *Philenium* desperately,
Yet I'll restrain myself; nor be uneasy
To have her place herself by you—

V. 6. —*may grieve your fight.*] that is, give you pain. *Oculus
dolorem prohibet.* The same expression we meet with in *Terence*.

*Vin' primum hodie facere, quod ego pudeam, Naufstrata,
Et quod tuo viro oculi doleant?*

Phormio, Act V. Scene VIII. v. 63.

Will you then even now, *Naufstrata*,
Grant me one favour that will pleasure me,
And grieve your husband's fight?—

COLMAN.

DEM. My son,
It well becomes a young man to be modest. 10

ARG. That, the respect I owe to you, would
teach me.

DEM. This entertainment let us season, then,
With wine, and joyous conversation—I
Would not that you should stand in awe of me,
My son : No, no, I'd rather you should love me. 15

ARG. Sir, I'll do both : that's what becomes a son.

DEM. I should believe you, did I see you chearful.

ARG. And do you think me melancholy, sir ?

DEM. What ! when I see you look as sorrowful,
As if the judge was passing sentence on you. 20

ARG. Ah ! say not so.

DEM. I won't, if you'll not look so.

ARG. Well ! now look on me : now you see I'm
laughing. [*affecting to laugh.*]

DEM. Would those who wish me ill, would laugh
just so !

ARG. I know, sir, why you think me melancholy ;
Because *Philenium* is next to you. 25

To say the truth, my father, 'tis a thing
That hurts me not a little—Yet, what I say,
Is not, that I desire to oppose your will.
But, sir, I love her, and full well could bear
To see another next you.

DEM. But I chuse
This girl should be so. 30

ARG. Well, you have your wish.
Would I could have mine too.

DEM. But this one day
Let it be so—I've given you the power
To be the year round with her ; money too,
To answer the expences of your love. 35

ARG.

ACT V. SCENE III. 261

ARG. You by this act have bound me to your service.

DEM. Well, let me see you gay and chearful then.

[*They go to the farther end of the stage and place themselves on their respective couches: PHILENIUM places herself with DEMÆNETUS.*]

SCENE III.

Enter ARTEMONA and the PARASITE.

ART. Indeed! And do you say then, that my husband is with his son at a debauch, and that He has given his mistress twenty silver minæ? My son too privy to it; and knows his father is perpetrating now this wicked action. 5

PAR. Look on me as the greatest villain living,

V. 6. *Look on me as the greatest villain living.*] The original is, *neque divini, neque humani posthac quicquam accreduas.* Plautus has a passage similar to this in *Amphitryon*.

Nunquam ædepol tu mihi divini, quicquam creduas post hunc diem.

Act II. Scene II. v. 40.

———You shall not from this day

Trust any thing that's sacred to my care.

Mr. THORNTON has rendered this, by *never trust me*, which, though not quite so literal, means the same thing. On this passage Madam Dacier has the following remark; which may serve as a note to the sentiment we are now examining.

It was, says that Lady, a sort of oath; as much as to say, *look upon me as the greatest villain living.* For that man must be without all manner of credit, if he could not be trusted with any, not even with what is sacred to the gods.

If you shall ever find in this affair
I've told you ought but truth.

ART. Unhappy woman!
I who had always thought I had a husband
Excell'd in temperance, chastity, sobriety, 10
And fond too of his wife—

PAR. But from this time
Esteem him as a worthless wretch, a drunkard,
Incontinent, a hater of his wife.

ART. In troth, if what you say was not the truth,
He would not do as now he does.

PAR. By *Hercules*! 15
'Till now, I ever look'd upon him, as
A sober man: but here, this present action
Demonstrates what he is: at a debauch
With his own son! and keeping of a wench,
An old decrepid fellow!

ART. 'Twas for this, 20
By *Castor's* temple! that he sup'd abroad
Each day, to me pretending that he went
To *Archidemus*, *Chærea*, or *Cherestratus*,
Cheratinus, *Chremes*, *Dinias*, or *Demosthenes*—
He studies nothing but debauchery, 25
And spends his time in brothels with his wenches.

PAR. Why don't you bid your maidens drag him in
Headlong, and truss him up immediately?

V. 28. —truss him up immediately.] The original is, *rapere sublimem*. The same expression Terence makes use of.

—*sublimem hunc intro rape*—

Andria, Act V. Scene II. v. 20.

—drag him headlong in,
And truss him up immediately—

COLMAN.

ART. Let me alone, I'll treat him as he merits.

PAR. I doubt not that, as long as he's oblig'd 30
To treat you as his wife.

ART. I thought, for my part
He was on business at the senate, or
Among his clients; with these things so tir'd—
He snor'd all night—and from his work all day
Came home as weary as a dog—He ploughs 35
Another's land, and leaves his own untill'd :
And not content to be debauch'd himself,
Debauches his own son into the bargain.

PAR. Follow me this way only, I'll take care
That you shall catch him in the fact.

ART. By *Castor* ! 40
I wish for nothing more.

PAR. Stay then a little.

ART. Well, what is't I'm to do ?

PAR. Suppose, you see
Your husband on a couch, upon his head
A wreath, and in the embraces of his mistress :
Say, should you know him ?

ART. Yes, most certainly. 45

PAR. See, there's your man.

[*pointing to the farther end of the stage.*]

ART. Undone !

PAR. Hold, stay a little.

V. 36. —*leaves his own untill'd.*—] *Martial*, Lib. vii. Epig. 101. *Ben Jonson* too, Epig. 117. has the same thought, and expresses it much in the same manner.

V. 44. *A wreath*—] That guests at an entertainment wore a wreath on their heads, has been already observed in the course of these notes.

Let us keep under covert, and from hence
Attend to what they are about.

ARG. My father!

No end of your careffes?

DEM. Son, I own it.

ARG. What do you own?

DEM. Why, that I die with love. 50

PAR. [*apart.*] Hear you what 'tis he says?

ART. Yes, yes, I hear it.

DEM. Shall I not, tell me, when I once get home
Filch from my wife the robe she's fondest of,
And bring it to you? Yes, in troth, I'd do it.
Tho', if I did it not, I could be sure 55
My wife would die before the year was out.

PAR. Do you imagine this is the first time
He has been in a brothel?

ART. Yes, I find,

By *Castor's* temple, he's been filching from me,
When I have had suspicions of my maidens; 60
And punish'd them when they were innocent.

ARG. Order some wine, sir; for it seems an age
Since last I drank.

DEM. Boy, fill a cup of wine
On this side here; and on the other, love,
Give me a kiss.

V. 64. On this side here—] In order to understand this, it may be necessary for the reader to know the manner the *Romans* used when they eat their meals. They reposed themselves round the table on small couches, usually large enough for three persons. Here, we must suppose the old man in the middle, his son above him, and *Philenium* below him, in such a manner, that he might, by leaning a little, receive on one side wine from the boy who waited at table, and a kiss from his mistress. The original is, *da, puer, ab summo, give, boy, some wine at the head of the couch,*

ART. Wretch that I am! undone! 65
See how the hang-dog kisses! an old goat
With one foot in the grave!

DEM. How sweet's thy breath,
When I compare it with my wife's.

PHIL. Say, love,
Does your wife's breath smell strong?

DEM. I'd rather drink
Stinking ditch water, was it necessary, 70
Than kiss her—

ART. O the wretch!

PAR. By *Castor*! yes,
He well deserves to be one.

ARG. What do you say,
My father?

ART. Ay, let's hear what 'tis you say?
You will pay dear for what you've said of me.
Come but once home, I'll teach you what it is 75
To speak thus of a wife, who brought with her
A portion.

ARG. [*to DEM.*] What, don't you then love my
mother?

couch, that is to say, (*to Argyrippus*) and then, (*to Pbilenium*),
ab infimo da savium, you who are at the bottom of the couch;
give me a kiss from below. LIMIERE.

This seems to be the meaning of the passage, which we have
ventured to translate not quite literally.

V. 67. —*with one foot in the grave!*] The original is *capuli
decus*, the ornament of a bier.

V. 70. —*stinking ditch water*—] The original is *nauteam*,
which properly signifies, the filth issuing out of the pump of a
ship, from *nauta*, a sailor.

DEM.

DEM. Who I? Why yes, I love her well enough
Now she's not here.

ARG. And what and if she was?

DEM. I'd rather she was dead.

PAR. Yes, this man loves you, 80
And has a curious way to tell you so.

ART. By *Castor's* temple, he shall profit by it.
For if he once come home to-day, I'll take
My full revenge in kissing him.

ARG. Come, father,
Throw the dice first, and then I'll take my turn. 85

DEM. Well then--'Tis you that I invoke, *Philettum*,
And my wife's death—[*throwing the dice.*] Ha! this
is *Venus'* cast.

Boys clap your hands, and fill me out a bumper
In honour of my cast.

ART. I can hold out
No longer.

V. 86. —'Tis you that I invoke, &c.] See *The Captives*, Act I.
Scene I. v. 2. and the note. Vol. I. of this translation.

V. 87. —*this is Venus' cast.*—] To understand this, the
reader will observe, that the ancients had four dice, with which
they made four different casts. The first, which they called
Venus's cast, was when the face of the four dice was different.
The second, the *Dog's* cast, which was, when they were all the
same. The third, *Hercules's* cast, when two were the same, and
two different. The fourth, the *Vulture's* cast, when three were
the same, and one different. The first was esteemed the most
lucky cast.

Limiers from Lambin.

V. 89. *I can hold out no longer, &c.*] The original is, *non quo
durare, &c.* There seems to be a quibble intended here, in the
word *durare*, which signifies *to bear, to endure, to hold out*, and
also *to full, mill, barden or thicken cloth*. *Artemona* takes it in the
first sense, the Parasite in the latter. *Gronovius* gives it another
sense,

ACT. V. SCENE III. 267

PAR. 'Tis not to be wonder'd at, 90
Since you've not learn'd the business of a fuller.
'Tis time to shew yourself.

ART. Yes, I will live,
By *Pollux*! and this very day you'll find
You've made that invocation to your loss.
[*Here ARTEMONA and the PARASITE discover themselves.*]

PAR. Haste, some one run, and call the sexton
hither. 95

ARG. Health to you, madam.

ART. I am well in health.

PAR. *Demænetus* is now no more. 'Tis time
That I withdraw. The fight grows hot apace.
I'll to *Diabolus*, and strait inform him
I have obey'd his orders—And persuade him 100
While these are squabbling, that we get our supper.
To-morrow I'll conduct him to the bawd,
That he may give to her the twenty minæ;
And that he may be happy with his mistress.

sense, which *Limiers* adopts, and translates it accordingly; making it allude to the bad smell of the ingredients Fullers make use of in their business.

V. 95. —*call the sexton hither.*] viz. to carry off *Demænetus* as a dead man. The original is *pollinctorum*, one who takes care of the dead. Something very similar to this we meet with in the *Phormio* of *Terence*, where a discovery something of the same kind is made, between *Chremes* and his wife *Naufistrata*.

Exsequias Chremeti, quibus est commodum ire, hem! tempus est.

A& V. Scene VIII. n. 37.

Whoever would attend the funeral
Of *Chremes*, now's the time—

COLMAN.

I then

I then shall hope to induce this *Argyrippus* 105
 To agree to pass alternate nights with her.
 Which, if I don't obtain, I lose my patron,
 He loves this girl so desperately. [Exit.

ART. Why
 Do you here thus entertain my husband?

PHIL. Troth,
 He teiz'd me to it with his importunity. 110

ART. Come, sir gallant, arise! go, get you home.

DEM. 'Tis over with me.

ART. Yes, that's sure enough,
 Deny it not: thou worst of men, by *Pollux*!
 The cuckow's still upon his nest. Sir gallant!
 Rise up; go get you home!

DEM. Wretch that I am! 115

ART. You say but what is true—Arise, sir gallant,
 Go, get you home.

DEM. A little this way, prithee!

ART. Come, sir gallant, rise up! Go, get you home.

DEM. Wife, I conjure you.

ART. Now, I am your wife.
 But lately, when you heap'd abuses on me, 120
 I was your hatred, your aversion, not
 Your wife.

DEM. I'm utterly undone—

V. 114. *The cuckow's still upon his nest.*] It is a known fact that the cuckow always lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. See *The Cheat*, Act I. Scene I. v. 115. note. Vol. III. of this translation.

ART.

ART. Well then,
Does your wife's breath smell strong?

DEM. It smells of myrrh.

ART. And have you filch'd my robe, to give it here
To this your wench?

ARG. Yes, it is true, by *Castor*! 125
He promis'd he would filch it.

DEM. Hold your tongue.

ARG. But, madam, I dissuaded him from doing it.

ART. A pretty son indeed! Are these the morals
'Tis fit a father teach unto his children—
Are you ashamed of nothing?

DEM. Yes, of you. 130

ART. Yes, 'tis your wife, you old grey-headed
cuckow,
Has drove you from a brothel.

DEM. Wife, you see
The supper's ready, won't you let me stay
And pick a bit?

ART. Yes, you shall pick a bit;
But it shall be of your deserts.

DEM. In troth!
I shan't be very easy on my couch. 135
My wife's condemn'd me, and now bears me home.

ARG. I told you, sir, you should not disoblige
My mother.

PHIL. Don't forget the robe, I prithee!

DEM. And don't you order her to go from
hence. 140

PHIL. Rather, go in—Come, follow me, my soul.

DEM. With pleasure.

V. 131. —grey-headed cuckow—] See note on V. 113.

ART.

ART. Go, go home.

PHIL. One kiss, at least,

Before you go—

DEM. A kiss! go hang yourself—

The COMEDIANS.

If this old fellow here, *Demænetus*,
 Has done a thing to amuse himself, without
 The knowledge of his wife, there's nothing new,
 Nothing surprising in't; nor is it more
 Than others have their wont to do. Nor is 5
 There any one of so severe a temper,
 So rigid, but he'll follow the example.
 Now, if you would not have this old man punish'd,
 Clap but your hands in token of applause,
 And you will find the sound of't will relieve him. 10

* * This Act is opened by *Diabolus* and the Parasite's return from *Cleæreta*. *Diabolus* is very angry with *Demænetus* and his son *Argyrippus*, and threatens to inform *Artemona*, *Demænetus*'s wife, of the affair. But the Parasite persuades him to give up going himself on that errand, and rather to permit him to go for him; which is agreed to, and they quit the stage for that purpose. The second Scene represents *Demænetus*, *Argyrippus*, and *Philenium*, at the farther end of the stage, just going to supper. In the third Scene, at the very height of their joy, the Parasite introduces *Artemona*, who stands apart a short time to observe them. But at last, unable to hold out any longer, she falls upon her husband in great wrath; and in the utmost transports of anger, obliges him to quit the company; and drives him off the stage. Then the Comedians come forward, and far from disapproving what had passed, laugh at it with the Spectators.

Nothing (as has been observed) can be more immoral than this conclusion. * But indeed, the Heathens, in their practice espe-

* Dr. Hurd on Prophecy; and Dr. Crusius, in lives of the Roman Poets.
 cially,

cially, had little regard to chastity, where their lewdness did not disturb the publick peace. Fornication of all kinds, unless with citizens, was publickly tolerated ; and that in the most infamous degree, as we see from the example before us. For vague lust was generally practised in the Heathen world ; and the law of nature condemning that vice, but little known and respected by it. The † *Mosaic*, law, on the other hand, interdicted fornication in the severest terms ; and required that *there should be no whore of the daughters of Israel*. But a more forcible interdiction was reserved for the purer laws of Christianity ; the holy institutor of which tells us in express terms, ‡ that *whosoever looketh at a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart*.

We think it incumbent upon us to inform the reader, that, for the analysis at the end of each Act of this Comedy, we are indebted to Dr. *Crusius*. See his *Lives of the Roman Poets*.

† *Deuteronomy*, Chap. xxiii. Ver. 17.

‡ *St. Matthew*, Chap. v. Ver. 28.

End of THE ASS-DEALER.

THE

L O T S.

Vol. V,

T

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

STALINO, *an old Gentleman of Athens.*

EUTHYNICUS, *his Son, a Mute.*

SLAVE, *anonymous, a Mute.*

OLYMPIO, *Bailiff to STALINO at his Farm in the Country.*

CHALINUS, *Armour-bearer to EUTHYNICUS.*

ALCESIMUS, *an old Gentleman of Athens, Neighbour to STALINO.*

COOK.

The COMEDIANS.

CLEOSTRATA, *Wife to STALINO, and Mother to EUTHYNICUS.*

PARDALISCA, *her Maid-servant.*

MYRRINA, *Wife to ALCESIMUS.*

CASINA, *Slave to STALINO and CLEOSTRATA, a Mute.*

TWO WOMEN SLAVES, *belonging to STALINO and CLEOSTRATA.*

SCENE, *ATHENS.*



* P R O L O G U E.

MOST excellent spectators! Ye who honour
 Above all other things the goddess Faith,
 As above all her other votaries
 She is best pleas'd with you; I bid you welcome—
 If I have spoke your sentiments, declare, 5
 By giving me some mark of approbation,
 That I may know, you're from the very opening
 Candid and favourable to me—Those
 Who chuse old wine to drink, I esteem wise;

* PROLOGUE.] This Prologue was undoubtedly not written by *Plautus*, as is apparent from V. 16, &c. but probably, many years after his death, on the revival of some of his pieces; and in particular of this Comedy, in compliance with the taste of the age; or as it is expressed in the original, V. 11. *ad populi morem*.

V. 2. —*the goddess Faith*] The ancients made *Fides*, *Faith* or *Fidelity*, a goddess, and erected a temple in honour of her. This has been observed more than once in the course of these notes. See in particular *The Miser*, Act IV. Scene II. Vol. II. of this translation.

V. 9. *Who chuse old wine to drink—*] The criticks in the time of *Horace* had observed, that as the oldest wine is the best, the same may be said of poetry. — But *Horace* himself argues against them.

*Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
 Scire velim chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.*

Lib. ii. Epist. i. V. 34.

If age improves our verses like our wine,
 I would be glad to know how many years
 A proper sanction to an author give.

DUNCOMB.

T 2

Pindar

So I do those, who come through choice to see 10
 Old comedies—If antique works and words
 To modern ye prefer, with equal reason
 Ye should prefer old comedies to new ones—
 For the new comedies that now come out,
 Are baser far than is our new coin'd money— 15
 We, therefore, having heard from public rumour
 How earnestly ye long'd to have presented
 Before you on the stage, some plays of PLAUTUS,
 Revive this antique comedy of his ;
 Which heretofore by those of the elder class, 20
 Had been receiv'd with approbation.

Pindar was of the same opinion with Horace.

"Αἶνον δὲ παλαιὸν μὲν εἶπον,

"Αἶθρα δ' ἔμμενον νεωτέρων—

Olymp. Od. 9.

The praise of old wine celebrate,
 But poems are preferr'd of modern date.

V. 15. —*than is our new coin'd money—*]. See the commentators on *Persius*, Sat. iii. V. 69. This seems intended as a satirical reflection on some base money, newly coined and current among the people. Such another grievance happened afterwards in the time of *Cicero*.

Ne noster quidem Gratidianus officio boni viri functus est, tum cum prætor esset, collegiumque prætorum tribuni plebis adhibuissent, ut res nummaria de communi sententia constitueretur: jactabatur enim temporibus illis nummus sic, ut nemo posset scire quid haberet.

CICERO *De Officiis*, Lib. iii. Sect. 20.

Nor did my kinsman *Gratidianus* act the part of an honest and fair-dealing man, in the time of his Prætorship. The Tribunes of the people held a common consultation with the company of Prætors, about settling the value and rate of money; which at those times was grown to be so very unconstant, as that no body could be certain how much he was worth. COCKMAN.

V. 20. —*by those of the elder class—*] The original is, *in senariis*. *Boetornius* observes, that *Servius Tullius*, the sixth king

As to the younger part of this our audience,
 They, I'm assur'd, know nothing of the matter;
 But I'll endeavour to inform them of it.
 When first this comedy was represented, 25
 It far surpass'd all others of that time:
 Yet, at that time, liv'd many famous poets,
 Who now are gone from hence into that place
 Common to all men; but who, though departed,
 Continue still to please, and to instruct us, 30
 Better than those now with us.—Therefore I
 Most earnestly intreat you all to give
 A strict attention to our present scenes—
 Cast from your thoughts all care for getting money,
 Nor let the debtor fear his creditor. 35
 'Tis a red letter'd day: no business done,
 Or at the forum or amongst the bankers.
 All's quiet now, and these are halcyon days—

of *Rome*, divided the *Roman* people into different classes or centuries of young and old, according to their different ages. So that, in *senioribus*, means, of the class or century of old men.

V. 29. *Common to all men—*] The original is, *Qui nunc abierunt hinc in communem locum*. Who are gone from hence into the place common to all, i. e. the grave.

V. 31. *Better than those now with us—*] The original is, *sed absentes tamen profunt presentibus*. The learned author of the MSS. emendations already mentioned, proposes reading *sed tamen absentes profunt præ presentibus*; which we approve of so much, that we have translated it accordingly.

V. 38. —*these are halcyon days.*] The original is, *alcedonia sunt circum forum*. *Alcedo* means a bird which makes its nest in the sea, about the middle of winter, at a time when there is always a calm. It is supposed to be what we call the king's fisher.

And when the publick games are going forward,
 There is no paying or receiving money. 49
 If then your ears are in a cue to hear,
 Give your attention. First I will explain to you
 The name of this our comedy—'Tis call'd

The *Romans* called it *halcyon*. See *The Carthaginian*, Act I.
 Scene II. Vol. IV. of this translation. To which, if we add
 the following passages, the reader may not be displeased.

Χάλκυβες χορραεῦντι τὰ κύματα, πάντε δάλασσαν,
 Τόν τε νότον, τόν τ' εὐρον, &c; ἰσχυρὰ Φύκιε κινεῖ
 Ἄλκυβες, γλαυκαῖς Νηρηΐαι ταί τε μάλιστα
 Ορνίκων ἐφίλαθεν, θοαῖς τε περ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἄγγρα.

THEOCRITUS, *Idyl.* vii. V. 57.

May Halcyons smoothe the waves, and calm the seas,
 And the rough south-east sink into a breeze;
 Halcyons, of all the birds that haunt the main,
 Most lov'd and honour'd by the Nereid train. FAWKES.

On which passage that gentleman observes, that the fable of
Ceyx and his wife *Alcyon* being turned into birds, is beautifully
 related in the eleventh book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. The
 mutual love of those persons subsisted after their change; in
 honour of which the gods are said to have ordained, that while
 they sit on their nest, which floats on the sea, there should be no
 storm.

— *Strato Gaulum spectabile ponto*
Cum sonat Halcyones cantu, nidosque natantes
Immota gestat sopitis fluctibus unda —

Silius Italicus, Lib. xiv. V. 274.

— — — — — With *Gaulon*, eminent
 For her calm sea; when she the Halcyon hears
 Singing, and the scarce moving water bears
 The swimming nests on surges strangely still'd — ROSS.

V. 40. *There is no paying, nor receiving money.*] During the
 publick games, or shews at *Rome*, it was not lawful to arrest any
 one for debt, or commence a law-suit. DE L'OEUVRE.

In Greek CLERUMENE; which means a wife
 Drawn for by lots—'Twas in that language written 45
 By *Diphilus*.—Our PLAUTUS afterwards
 Translated it, and brought it on our stage,
 Calling it CASINA, a name betokening
 That dog-like barking you shall hear anon—
 A married man in years lives in this house— 50
 He has a son, which son lives with him here—
 He also has a slave here, who is now
 In sickness down, and to his bed confin'd—
 But heretofore, some sixteen years now past,
 This slave, at break of day, beheld a girl 56
 Carried to be expos'd; he to the woman
 Who was exposing her, directly went,
 And beg'd her she would give the girl to him;
 He by entreaty got her, bore her off,
 Carried her home directly; to *Cleostrata*, 60
 His mistress, gave her; beg'd her to take care of her,
 And bring her up—*Cleostrata* complies;
 And of her education takes great care;
 Scarce less, than if she had been indeed her daughter.
 When she grew up to be a woman, *Stalino*, 65
 For that's the old man's name, fell desperately
 In love with her; as did his son, *Eutbynicus*.
 Father and son, each muster now their forces,
 Unknown howe'er to each other—Now the father,

V. 48. —calling it *Casina*—] The original is, *latranti nomine*,
a barking name. The commentators labour much, and greatly
 disagree, in their elucidation of this passage. Those who give
 it the best sense, are obliged to make some alteration in the words
 of it. We dare not make so free with our author's text. But
 as it is generally agreed among them, that some female name is
 here meant, we have contented ourselves with giving it that general
 turn in our translation.

T 4

His

His bailiff 'in the country has deputed 70
 To ask her for his wife, in hopes thereby,
 Should he succeed, he might then have from home
 A friend to toy away an idle hour with,
 And his own wife know nothing of the matter.
 The son deposes his armour-bearer, bids him 75
 Demand her for his wife; as knowing, should
 His deputy obtain her, he himself
 Would have the girl he loves in his possession.
 The wife begins to smell a rat; and finding
 The old man is in love, joins with her son 80
 To make a dupe of him—But he, perceiving
 His son to be in love with the same girl,
 And that he'd be a hindrance to his passion,
 Sends the young man abroad upon his travels:
 His mother, conscious of the whole affair, 85
 Takes her son's part, tho' absent—But expect not
 To see him make a part of this our comedy;
 He'll not return as yet into the city.
 Our author did not choose he should—And so
 Has broken down the bridge, that as he journey'd 90
 Lay in his way—But it is not improbable
 Some of you may be saying 'mongst yourselves,
 What is all this about? Marriage with slaves!
 Can slaves or ask a wife, or marry one?
 This doctrine's new, it never has been practis'd. 95
 But I'll maintain, that both at *Greece* and *Carthage*,
 And in this very country here, *Apulia*,
 The thing is done—And that the marriages
 Of slaves are celebrated with more care

V. 93. —*marriage with slaves!*] We are told by *Varro*, that
 according to the *Roman* law, slaves could neither marry, nor
 contract marriage.

Than

Than those of freemen. Who will wager with
me 100

A jug of wine? and I'll refer it to
A *Grecian*, *Carthaginian*, or *Apulian*.

What now? I find none here will take my bet—

You none of you are thirsty—I return

To the young foundling, her whom the two slaves, 105

Each by his various arts contends to wed—

She shall be found to be an honest girl,

Free born, and an *Atbenian*: nor shall she

In this our comedy act ought immodestly.

But when the play is ended, if, by *Hercules*! 110

Some one among you'll give her a round sum,

She'll marry you, nor wait at all for omens:

I have said what I'd to say. And now farewell:

Attend to what you are about with care,

And, as you've ever done, with your true valour 115

Prevail over your enemies, and ours.

V. 109. —*act ought immodestly*.] This seems to imply, that in the *Greek Comedy*, from whence this is taken, she was represented to do so.

V. 116. —*prevail over your enemies*—] The conclusion of this Prologue seems to be borrowed from the conclusion of that introduced into *The Casket*. See Vol. IV. of this translation.



* T H E L O T S .



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter OLYMPIO. CHALINUS *following him.*

OLYMPIO.

CAN'T I take care of my affairs myself,
 Speak as I will, and think too as I will,
 And you not put your finger in the pye?
 Why ever at my tail, you scoundrel you?

CHAL. Because it is with me a thing determin'd, 5
 Where'er you go, to follow like your shadow :

* PLAUTUS calls this Comedy *CASINA*, the name of a female slave ; who though she does not once appear upon the stage, yet the whole business of the piece turns upon her. As the disposing of her in marriage, which is the chief incident in the Comedy, is determined by casting of lots, we have called it, *THE LOTS*.

V. 3. *And you not put your finger in the pye?*] As *Olympio*, the speaker, is, from his occupation, supposed to be not much conversant in very elegant language, we have endeavoured to translate it accordingly.

Nay

Nay farther yet, go you even to the gallows,
By *Pollux*' temple! thither will I follow.
Now, rascal, you may judge if e'er henceforward,
Make use of every artifice you can, 10
You can deprive me of my *Casina*
Without my privity, as 'tis your scheme.

OLYM. What business have you to concern your-
self

With me?

CHAL. How! impudence! what's that you say?
What dost thou creeping in the city here, 15
Thou reptile clown, 'mongst those that are thy
betters?

OLYM. Why, 'cause I chuse it.

CHAL. Why not in the country,
Presiding o'er the farm, and taking care
Of what you are intrusted with?—Take care
Of that, nor meddle with our town affairs. 20
What! are you come here to bear off my mistress?
Back to the country, hence! go and be hang'd!
You there are in your province.

OLYM. I know well
What I'm about, *Chalinus*; nor do I
Forget my duty—I've left charge at home, 25
All in the country will be taken care of.

V. 16. *Thou reptile clown*—] The original is *willice*; which we are aware means strictly *thou bailiff of the farm, or manor*, the name by which *Olympio* is called through the whole Play. But we think, in this passage it will bear the translation we have given it.

V. 22. —*go and be hang'd!*] *abi, diereus*. An expression, as has been before observed, which occurs very often in our author.

As

As to my being here in town, when I
 Have for my wife obtain'd, and made secure.
 The fair, the tender *Cafina*, your flame
 And fellow slave in the same house with you; 30
 I say, when I shall bring her home with me,
 Into the country as my wife, I'll then
 Enjoy myself in quiet in my province.

CHAL. You marry her? Ere that shall be, by
Hercules!

And you enjoy her love, my end shall be 35
 A halter.

OLYM. She already is my plunder.
 Tuck yourself up directly then—

CHAL. Go dig
 In your own dunghill; there your plunder lies.

OLYM. Fye, fye upon you! Yet you soon shall know
 That this is so; and know how many ways 40
 My wedding, if I live, shall make you miserable.

CHAL. Why, what will you do to me?

OLYM. What do to you?
 First you shall bear the lighted torch yourself
 Before my new espoused bride: and then
 You'll afterward be held in no esteem, 45
 And next, when you're arrived at the farm,
 You'll have a pitcher given you, and be shewn

V. 43. —*you shall bear the lighted torch yourself*—] As the ceremony of marriage was always performed at night, it was the custom to have lighted torches carried with the company. And those to whom that office was allotted, lost their reputation by it, and were no longer esteemed; which is the reason of what follows, V. 45. LIMBERS.

V. 47. *You'll have a pitcher, &c.*] This manner of drawing water with a wheel, and which required a good deal of strength, was a punishment not uncommonly inflicted upon slaves and criminals.

One way which leads directly to the spring,
 One spring, one kettle, and eight casks: all which,
 If they're not always full, you may be sure 50
 You'll have your belly full of lashes: nay,
 Your back shall be so bent with drawing water,
 'Twill serve to make a crupper of. And then
 When in the country you are got, unless
 You live on fodder like the cattle, or, 55
 Just as an earth-worm fed upon the soil;
 If you but ask to taste of ought besides,
 Fasting itself shan't be more thin with fasting,
 Than you shall be, by *Pollux*' temple! Then
 When you are tired out, and starv'd with hunger, 60
 You'll have at night the bed you've merited.

CHA. What shall it be?

OLYM. Why, thou shalt be shut up
 In a small nook within my room, from whence,
 Thou may'st hear all she says, when I caress her:
 May'st hear her say, my soul! my dear *Olympio*, 65
 My life, my joy, my love, my dearest pleasure,
 My darling husband! let me kiss those eyes,
 Let me thus shew I love thee, and give loose
 To every fond desire, and fond embrace.
 May'st hear her call me, her sweet love, her chick, 70
 Her dove, her dear cock sparrow, and her leveret.
 While thus she cooes upon me, thou, poor wretch!
 Shalt wriggle like a mouse, pent up within
 The middle of thy cranny—That thou may'st not
 Seek how to answer now to what I've said, 75
 I get me gone—I'll talk to thee no longer— [*Exit.*]

minals. And we meet with it in Scripture—"There shall none
 "of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood,
 "and drawers of water for the house of my God."

Joshua, Chap. xix. V. 23.

CHAL.

CHAL. Go when thou wilt, I'll follow like thy shadow;

Thou shalt do nothing here without my company.

[*Exit after him.*]

* * The subject of this Comedy, in point of humour at least, inferior to none of *Plautus*, is single; the unities of time and place are regularly observed. The time is about twenty-four hours; and the place, a street near the houses of the principal characters; and from whence may be seen what passes within the house. This Act, which consists of one Scene only, passes between *Olympio* and *Chalinus*, the one bailiff to *Stalino* at his country farm, the other armour-bearer to his son *Euthynicus*; both of them, as well as their masters, in love with *Casina*, who is supposed to be a slave to *Cleostrata* the wife of *Stalino*. This *Casina*, though the heroine of the piece, does not appear upon the stage. These two are labouring in the interests of their respective masters; and after some little altercation between them, quit the stage in order to put their projects in execution; and the time which they employ in doing so, fills up the first interval.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter CLEOSTRATA *and* PARDALISCA:

CLEOSTRATA [*to* PARDALISCA.]

LOCK up the store-room, and bring me the key.
I'll just step to my neighbour here hard by,
And if my husband should want ought with me,
Let me be hither call'd immediately.

PAR. He had order'd to have dinner got for him-- 5

CLE. 'St—hold your tongue, and get you gone.

[*Exit* PAR.] I've not

Provided any dinner, nor to-day
Shall one be drefs'd—since he, to gratify
His passion, sets him 'gainst his son and me,
Infamous man! I'll punish him with hunger, 10
And thirst; in word, in deed I'll be reveng'd,
And say, and do him all the spite I'm able.

V. 1. *Lock up the store-room, &c.*] The original is, *obsignate cellas, referte annulum ad me*, literally, *seal up the store room, and bring me the seal*. From whence the commentators observe, that the Romans not only fastened their tablets, or letters with wax, and a seal, but their trunks, cupboards, and even their doors. And this we learn from Scripture—

“ So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the
“ stone, and setting a watch.” *St. Matthew*, C. xxvii. V. 66.

And the custom may be traced much higher—

“ A stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den,
“ and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet
“ of his lords.” *Daniel*, C. vi. v. 17.

In

In love forsooth ! I'll plague him with my tongue,
 By *Pollux* ! and I'll make him lead the life
 He well deserves ; food for the grave, debauch'd, in
 Stable of filth ! I'll pour out my complaints
 Here to my neighbour—The door creaks—Herself
 Is coming out. Troth, I've ill nick'd the time.

S C E N E II.

Enter MYRRINA, [speaking to her servants within.]

MYR. You, my attendants, follow me just by—
 You there !—Does any of you hear my orders ?

V. 1. —*follow me just by—*] She means to the house of her
 neighbour *Myrrina*.

So again our author—

ALC. *Juben' mi ire comites ?*

JUP. *Sanan' es ?*

ALC. *Si non jubes,*

Ibi egomet comitem pudicitiam duxero.

Amphitruo, Act III. Scene II. v. 48.

ALC. ——— you'll suffer
 My women to attend me ?

JUP. Are you mad ?

ALC. Or if you will not, I will go without them,
 Bearing my virtue with me for companion. THORNTON.

On which that gentleman observes, in his note on that passage,
 Vol. I. of this translation, that, “ It was accounted among the
 “ ancients, indecent for any woman of rank and character to ap-
 “ pear abroad without her female attendants.”

To which we may add, as *Limiers* has observed, that this retinue was not only for pomp and show, but for the sake of reputation. For those women who were seen alone in the streets, were looked upon as of no reputation. To which *Plautus* again alludes,

Intro

I'm to be found in this place, if my husband,
Or any one besides should ask for me.
When I'm at home alone, I am so drowsy, 5
My work drops from my hands. Did I not order
My distaff to be brought?

CLE. Good day, *Myrrina*.

MYR. The same to you, by *Castor*! But why sad,
My dear?

CLE. No more so than those use to be
Who've got bad husbands—At home or abroad, 10
They always have enough to make them sad—
I was just going to your house.

MYR. In troth!
And I was going too to yours. But what is't
That vexes you? whatever discontent
You feel, I feel the same.

CLE. Troth I believe it. 15
For there's not any neighbour I love more,
Nor who deserves it better than yourself;
Nor one with whom I'd wish to be more intimate—

MYR. I thank you—Let me know then what it is?

CLE. My husband in a most unworthy manner 20

Intro ad bonam meretricem: adstat ea in viâ

Sola: prostibula sane est—

Fragmenta, Pars I. V. 23.

I hie me to an honest wench—That huffy
Stands in the street alone—A common prostitute
'Tis certain—

And we are told by *Varro*, that besides women slaves, they
were also attended by eunuchs.

V. 6. —*drops from my hands.*] The original is *calvitur*, literally,
deceives me.

Has acted towards me ; nor have I the advantage
To enjoy what is my own.

MYR. How ! What is that
You say ? Repeat it once again. By *Pollux* !
I can't conceive the cause of your complaints.

CLE. My husband in a most unworthy manner 25
Has acted towards me.

MYR. Wonderful indeed !
If what you say is true. For husbands scarce
Can from their wives obtain what is their due.

CLE. Well then, he wants a waiting-maid that's mine,
Brought up at my expence, to give his bailiff, 30
Spite of my teeth too. But he is in love
With her himself.

MYR. No more of that, I beg you.

CLE. Here we may say our pleasure : for we are—

MYR. True, so we are : But say, how came you by
This waiting-maid ? You know, a modest wife 35
Should never be possessor of any property
Her husband knows not of ; and if she is,
She can't make use of it, but she must pilfer
From him, or else obtain it by bad means.
Whatever is your own, in my opinion, 40
Is all your husband's property.

CLE. All this
You speak against your friend.

V. 33. *for we are—*] *Nos sumus*—She was going to say, *sola*,
alone—but is interrupted. A figure the rhetoricians call *Aposio-*
pesis, of which there are many instances in ancient authors. We
shall mention only one, which is that famous one in *Virgil*.

Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus—

Æneid. Lib. i. V. 139.

Whom I—but first I'll calm the waves again.

PITT.

MYR.

MYR. You simpleton,
No more, but list to me—Oppose him not.
Let him love on : let him do what he likes,
So he but gives you all your rights at home. 45

CLE. Have you your senses? Why you speak
against
Your proper interest.

MYR. 'Tis you are a fool.
Take care your husband make you not that compli-
ment.

CLE. What compliment?

MYR. Divorce you.

CLE. 'St! no more.

MYR. The matter?

CLE. 'St.

MYR. Why, whom d'you see?

CLE. My husband 50
Is coming back, look there.

MYR. Go in, make haste.

I beg—

CLE. I willingly comply—I'm gone—

MYR. We shall be more at leisure by and by,
I then will talk with you : adieu !

V. 49. —*Divorce you.*] The original is, *I foras mulier*, the
form of words when a divorce was executed.

Uxor vade foras ; aut moribus utere nostris—

MARTIAL. Lib. ii. Ep. 105.

Wife, quit my house, or do as I would have you.—

DE L'OEUVRE.

V. 52. —*I'm gone.*] She means, to her own house : for pre-
sently she goes and stands by her own door ; whilst *Myrrina* en-
ters into her own house.

CLÉ. Adieu! [*stands apart.*][*Exit MYRRINA.*]

SCENE III.

Enter STALINO.

STAL. In my opinion love's to be preferr'd
 To all things ; and of every excellency
 'Tis the most excellent. Nor is there aught
 That can be mention'd, has a higher relish,
 Or more of sweetness in it. I much wonder, 5
 Your cooks, who use so many different sorts
 Of seasoning, should never in their sauces
 Put some of this, which so excels them all:
 The sauce that has the seasoning of love
 Must please all palates. And without a mixture, 10
 A little dash of love, no sauce will have
 A relish, nor taste sweet upon the palate.
 Love changes gall to honey, to sweet, bitter ;
 Clears up the gloom, and renders strait the man
 Agreeable and pleasant. This opinion, 15
 I from own experience rather form
 Than what I hear without doors. For, e'er since
 I've been in love with *Casina*, I surpass
 Neatness itself in neatness. Now I visit
 All the perfumers ; and where'er I meet 20
 A perfume that is excellent, I use it,
 That I may please her. And it seems to me
 That I succeed—But there's one thing torments me,
 My wife's alive—I see her standing there,
 And gloomy too. However disagreeable, 25

V. 23. —*That I succeed—*] *i. e.* gives her pleasure.

I must

A' C T II. S C E N E III. 293

I must be civil to her—notwithstanding—

My wife! my joy, how do'st thou? [to CLE.

CLE. Get you gone,

And touch me not.

STA. O fie! O fie! my *Juno*,

It don't become thee to behave so peevishly

To thine own *Jupiter*—Where art going now? 30

CLE. Let me alone.

STA. Nay stay.

CLE. I will not stay.

STA. By *Pollux*! then I'll follow thee.

CLE. I prithee!

Have you your wits?

STA. Yes sure, when I love thee.

CLE. I do not want your love.

STA. You'll have it tho',

CLE. I'm plagu'd to death w'you.

STA. Would that you spoke truth. 35

CLE. There I believe you—

STA. But look back upon me,

My sweeting—

CLE. Yes, as much as you are mine.

But whence this stink of perfumes?

STA. I'm undone!

Plainly discover'd. Why not with my cloak

Strait wipe them of? May *Mercury* confound thee, 40

Thou vile perfumer, that hast given them me!

CLE. Thou good for nothing grey old gnat; I
scarce

Refrain from calling you what you deserve.

V. 42. —*grey old gnat*—] Thou art as troublesome to me,
and as teasing, as a gnat that is humming and buzzing about
my face.

One of your age to walk the streets, perfum'd so!

STA. By *Pollux*! I was only with a friend 45
Who bought some.

CLE. See, how soon he has hammer'd out
An answer! Are you then asham'd of nothing?

STA. Yes, I'm asham'd of ev'ry thing you'd have.

CLE. What brothel, say, have you been lying in?

STA. I, in a brothel!

CLE. Yes, I know more of you 50
Than you imagine.

STA. Well, what is't you know?

CLE. That you're of all old fellows the most
sneaking.

Thou thing of nothing, whence art thou now come?
Where hast thou been? What whore hast thou been
lying with?

Where is it thou'st been drinking? Yes, 'tis so, 55
By *Castor*'s temple! look but at his cloak,
How wrinkled 'tis.

STA. The gods confound us both!
If I have touch'd a drop of wine to-day.

CLE. Well, well, do what you like: drink, eat,
consume.

Your substance.

STA. Hold, wife, now there is enough. 60
Restrain your tongue, you din my ears too much.

V. 60. *Hold, wife, now there is enough.*] Most of the editions read, and point the passage thus, *jam satis uxor est*. Yes, wife, it is enough. Gruter would read *jam satis uxor es, you are wife enough for me, I want no other*. But this does not so well agree with his desire of keeping his amour with *Casina* a secret. If we read and point the passage thus, *jam satis est, uxor*, the meaning will be, hold, wife, now there is enough. And as this seems to be the sense of *Plautus*, we have accordingly translated it so.

Be sparing of your chattering, leave some
To scold at me to-morrow. But what say you?
Has't so far got the better of thy temper,
To do the thing thy husband has desir'd, 65
Rather than contradict him?

CLE. About what?

STA. A pretty question that? why touching *Cassina*
Your handmaid, to bestow her as a wife
On our *Olympio* here, an honest servant;
With him all will be well: she'll have her wood, 70
Bath, food, and cloathing; she will have wherewith
To bring up any children she may have;
Rather than give her to that armour-bearer,
That good for nothing sorry fellow there,
Who is not worth a single doit; unless 75
It is a leaden one.

CLE. By *Castor's* temple!
I wonder much, that at your time of life
You should not know your duty.

STA. How! Why so?

CLE. For if you did what's right and reasonable,
You'd leave to me the care of my maid-servants; 80
It is my proper business.

STA. So you'd give her,
(A mischief on you!) to that 'squire at armes?

CLE. We should do something for our only son.

STA. Tho' he's my only son, he is not more
My only son, than I'm his only father. 85
And 'tis more just that to my will he should
Conform himself, than I to his.—

CLE. Good man,

V. 73. —that armour-bearer—] *servo armigero.*

You're only seeking evil for yourself,
By *Castor's* temple !

STA. Yes, she smells a rat, [*aside*,
I find 'tis so—[*to her*] What ! I, do you say ?

CLE. Yes, you. 90
Why that impatient air else ? why desire
This thing so vehemently ?

STA. Because I'd rather
She should be given to an honest servant
Than a dishonest one.

CLE. Suppose I should
Intreat, nay more, engage *Olympio*, 95
On my account, to give her up to him ?

STA. Suppose I from *Cbalinus* should obtain
His free consent to take her ? Why, then I
Should gain my point.

CLE. We stand on even ground then.
Shall I, in your name, call *Cbalinus* hither ? 100
You'll talk with him, as I will with *Olympio*.

STA. With all my heart.

CLE. He'll soon be here—And now
Let's try, which of us two can best persuade.

[*Exit.*

STA. May *Hercules* ! and all the gods confound
her !

Now I'm at liberty to say as much. 105
This love torments me, and in my opinion
My wife makes it a point to make me angry.
She has some mistrust of what I am contriving,
And for that reason she assists *Cbalinus*.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHALINUS.

STA. May all the gods and goddesſes confound
him! [*afide, and ſeeing* CHAL. *entering.*

CHAL. Your wife, fir, told me that you wanted me.

STA. 'Tis true, I order'd her to ſend you to me.

CHA. Tell me your pleaſure.

STA. Firſt, I'd have you ſpeak
With a more open countenance.

CHA. 'Twould be 5
A folly to be gloomy in his preſence,
Who has ſuch power o'er me.

STA. Long ago
I've look'd upon thee as an honeſt fellow.

CHA. I know ſo. Yet if that was your opinion,
Why have you not before this time beſtow'd 10
My freedom on me?

STA. I have wiſh'd to do it.
But my intention will not ſignify,
Unleſs you now aſſiſt me with your actions.

CHA. I ſhould be glad to know what you'd com-
mand me.

STA. Attend—I'll tell you—I have promiſed 15
To marry *Cafina* to our *Olympio*.

CHA. But both your wife and ſon have promiſed
To marry her to me.

STA. I know it well.
But would you rather live a ſingle man,
And have your freedom giv'n you; or be married, 20
And you and all your children ſtill be ſlaves?

You

You have your choice ; so take which likes you best.

CHA. I must preserve my life at my own peril,
Should I be free ; 'tis now preserv'd at yours.

For *Casina*, to no man born I'll yield her. 25

STA. Go in, and call my wife directly hither.
And bring the urn, some water, and the lots—

V. 27. *bring the urn, some water, and the lots—*] The manner of decision by lot among the ancients was as follows. They brought a large vessel full of water, with lots made of wood, but so heavy as to sink in the water ; on these were wrote the names of those concerned ; or else they were marked with some number ; then they threw them into the water, and the lot that was first drawn out, won.

Limiers from Lambin.

We observe also, that we meet with this custom of decision by lot in *Seneca's Tragedies*.

*Dominum, ecce, Priami nuribus et natis legens,
Sortitur urna, præda quem vilis sequar—*

Troades, Act i. V. 57.

Thus translated by Sir *Edward Sherburne*, towards the latter end of the reign of King *Charles I.*

———To lords, lo ! *Priam's* daughters by
The urn was given, whom, a scorn prize, shall I
Attend———

On which passage, he has the following note.

It was the custom, says he, among the *Greeks* and *Romans* to draw their lots out of an urn. The lots were made of round balls of clay, on which the names or marks of those concerned were impressed, and cast into an urn. Whence that of *Horace*.

Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam. Scrm. i. V. 2.

Vext *Cervius* menaces the law and urn.

This urn was called by the *Greeks* *τῆρα*, and by the *Romans* likewise *fitula*, and *fitella*, from its form,

CHA,

CHA. Content—

STA. Her plot I some how will defeat.
For if I can get nothing by persuation,
At least I'll try my fate by lot. And there 30
I may avenge myself on your abettors.

CHA. Yet for all that the lot may fall on me.

STA. That with vexation you may burst yourself.

CHA. Yet I will marry her, plot what you will,
And in whatever way—

STA. Hence from my sight! 35

CHA. I know you look at me against your will:
Yet notwithstanding I may live the longer. [Exit.

STA. And am not I a wretch! All things go contrary.

I am afraid my wife may have prevail'd
Upon *Olympio* not to marry *Casina*. 40

'Tis over with me then in my old age.
If she has not prevail'd, I have some hope
In the decision of my fate by lot.

If too the lot deceives me, I've no more
To do, but make a pillow of my sword, 45
And lay me down upon't—Things howe'er
Go well; for see, *Olympio* coming hither.

[stands apart.

V. 28. *Her plot I some how will defeat*—] The original is *isām iragulam*, which, we have some suspicion may mean, *that plotting woman*, meaning his wife: just as *σέκουρα* is used in *Athenaeus* to signify a sophist, and as we use the cheat for cheater, bite for biter, &c. See *Sydenham's Translation of the Meno of Plato*, note 10.

SCENE V.

Enter OLYMPIO, *speaking to* CLEOSTRATA
within.

OLYM. By *Pollux*' temple! rather shut me up
At once in a hot oven, and there bake me
Like a sea-biscuit, rather than gain of me
What you require—

STA. [*aside.*] So, safe's the word—From what
I hear, my hope's secure.

OLYM. Why frighten me 5
With mentioning my liberty? which, if
Neither yourself, nor yet your son will give me,
In spite of both your teeth I can obtain it;
And that too for a trifle.

STA. What is this? [*to him.*]
Who is it you are wrangling with, *Olympio*? 10

OLYM. The same you're ever wrangling with your-
self.

STA. What, with my wife?

V. 3. —*Like a sea-biscuit*—] The original is, *pro pane rubido*,
bread made red with much baking.

Isidorus tells us that *rubidus panis* is, *panis recoctus et rubefactus*, bread baked twice over, and so made red. Such as *M. De L'Oeuvre* observes is *sea-biscuit*; and we have translated it accordingly.

V. 9. —*for a trifle.*] The original is *libella*, which was a very small silver coin, the tenth part of a *denarius*; and worth about three farthings of our money.

OLYM.

OLYM. Why tell me of your wife?
You're as it were a hunter; pass your life,
Your days and nights too, with a cur that is
Howling perpetually.

STA. What is she about? 15
What is she talking to you of?

OLYM. She begs,
Intreats I would not marry *Casina*.

STA. What have you said to that?

OLYM. Why I have told her
I would not give her up to *Jove* himself,
If he should beg her of me.

STA. May the gods preserve you! 20
To be assisting to me.

OLYM. Now, her blood
Is altogether in a ferment; she's
In such a chafe against me.

STA. I could wish
By *Pollux*' temple! she would burst asunder.

OLYM. Troth! if you manage well, I think she
has. 25

But your affection, sir, has made me enemies.
Your wife's my enemy, your son's the same;
The same my fellow slaves.

STA. What's that to you?
So *Jupiter* is but propitious to you,
No matter for the lesser gods, despise them. 30

OLYM. Meer empty words!—As if you did not
know

V. 14. —*with a cur*—] *can cane*, meaning his wife. It
should be translated *bitch*; but that is a word we have affixed too
coarse a meaning to. See *The Twin Brothers*, Act IV. Scene IV.
v. 15. and the note. Vol. III. of this translation.

Our *Jupiters* below may die, when least
 They think of, or expect it. And at length
 If you, who are my *Jupiter*, should die,
 And to the lesser gods your empire pass, 35
 Who'll of my back take care, my head, my legs?

STA. Affairs, I tell you, will go better with you
 Than you imagine, if I can obtain
 This of you, that I may enjoy my *Casina*.

OLYM. By *Hercules*! I think that ne'er can be, 40
 Because your wife's so earnest to prevent
 My having her.

STA. But thus I'll manage it.
 I'll throw the lots into the urn, and draw
 For you and for *Chalinus*. Thus it stands.
 'Tis necessary, now the sword is drawn, 45
 To throw away the scabbard.

OLYM. But suppose
 The lot should not turn out what you would have it?

STA. Speak words of better omen—I rely
 On my good fortune; let us hope in that.

OLYM. I would not give a farthing for such
 hopes. 50

V. 46. —*To throw away the scabbard.*] The original is, *versis gladiis depugnarier*, which the commentators tell us, means to throw aside all prelude, and fight in good earnest.

V. 50. *I would not give a farthing.*] The original is *tristitio*, with which word the commentators have taken a great deal of pains. But we are inclined to think, with *Festus* the grammarian, that it is a word formed by *Plautus*, and means *nothing*: used here only in contempt. *Ben Jonson*, who was doubtless a great reader of *Plautus*, has introduced it in his *Silent Woman*.

“ Wife! Buz—*Tristitium*—no such thing in nature.”

ACT IV. SCENE II. *Oster.*

All mortal men rely upon good fortune,
Yet many of them have I seen deceiv'd.

STA. Peace, peace a little.

OLYM. What's the matter, sir?

STA. See, there's *Chalinus* coming from the house
Both with the urn and lots. For open war then,
[*stands apart.*]

SCENE VI.

*Enter CLEOSTRATA and CHALINUS
with an urn, and lots.*

CLE. Give me to know, *Chalinus*, what my husband
Would have with me—

CHA. Have?—why, by *Castor's* temple!
To see you burning on the funeral pile
Without the *Metian* gate.

CLE. I well believe it.

CHA. 'Tis more than my belief; I know 'tis certain.

V. 55. —*For open war then.*] The original is, *collatis signis depugnabimus*, we'll fight it out, with standards advanced.

V. 4. —*Without the Metian gate.*] The *Metian* gate, so called from *Matius Asthemius*, who, as *Limiers* informs us, was the first who offered sacrifices to the gods, by way of thanksgiving for the city of *Rome's* being delivered from the plague. It was also called *Esquiline*. Without this gate the bodies of the dead were burned. It was a law of the twelve tables not to bury or burn a dead body within the walls of the city. See the law quoted by *Cicero*.

Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito, neve urito.

De Legibus, Lib. ii. Cap. 23.

Bury not nor burn any dead body within the walls of the city.

STA. I've in my house more artists than I thought
for.

This man, I find, is a diviner—Well,
Suppose we hoist our standards, and go meet him.
Follow me.—Well, the matter?

CHA. See, I've brought
All that you order'd me; your wife, the lots, 10
The urn, ay, and myself into the bargain.

STA. That last is what I did not want.

CHA. I thought so.
I'm in your sides a thorn, I see—I say
This to you, for I see you're in a sweat.
Hark ye! does not your dear heart pant thro' fear? 15

STA. A scoundrel!—

CLE. Peace, and hold your tongue, *Gbalinus*.
Correct him there.

OLYM. Nay, rather him, who dares
Put in his oar.

STA. Now hither bring the urn,
Give me the lots: and lend me your attention.
I've ever thought [*to CLE.*] my dear, to have ow'd
to you 20
And to your importunity, that *Casina*

V. 15. *Hark ye! does not your dear heart pant thro' fear?*] The original is, *Eò dico corculum affudassit jam ex metu*. *This I say, don't your dear heart pant thro' fear?* *Salmasius* and *Gronovius*, instead of *affudassit*, propose to read *affultassit*. And the MSS. observations before cited, for *Eò dico*, read *Ebo dic*; which will give the sense of our translation. But the reader will adhere to which he pleases.

V. 17. *Correct him there—Nay, rather him—*] The first *him* means *Olympio*, the other *Gbalinus*.

V. 18. *Put in his oar.*] We have varied the phrase; the word in the original having an indecent sense.

Should have been yielded up to my disposal,
To be my wife : and still I think the same.

CLE. What ! given up to you ?

STA. Yes sure, to me.

Psha ! that is not the thing I'd say—No, not. 25

To him, to me I meant : thro' eagerness

To have her for myself, by *Hercules* !

I've long been chattering amiss, meer prattle.

CLE. By *Pollux* ! so you have ; and still do so—

STA. For him ! no ! for myself, by *Hercules* ! 30

Ah ! now at length, with much ado, I'm gotten
Into the right road—

CLE. Very frequently

By *Pollux* ! you get out of 't—

STA. So it happens

Whene'er we long for any thing with earnestness—

But both of us, both he and I now sue 35

To you for each our right.

CLE. How's that ?

STA. My honey !

I'll tell thee : 'tis to give our bailiff here

Our *Casina* for a wife.

CLE. By *Pollux* ! no ;

Nor do I think it should be done.

STA. Well then

We'll draw the lots.

CLE. Who hinders you from doing it ? 40

STA. I think it is the best and fairest way.

In one word, if it happens as we wish,

We shall rejoice : if not, why then, we must

V. 36. —*My honey* !] The original is, *mea mulsæ*, my bonied
wint, or, my wine with honey in it ; a liquor the Romans were
fond of.

Bear it with patience.—Here's a lot for you.

[giving a lot to OLYMPIA.]

See what's the mark upon it.

OLYM. Number one. 45

CHA. It is not fair to give a lot to him

[pointing to OLYMPIO.]

Before you've given one to me.

STA. Take this—

[giving a lot to CHA.]

CHA. Well, give it me—But hold, there is a thing
Comes now into my mind—Look in the urn,

And see there is no other lot beneath 50

The water.

STA. Rascal! think you that I am
Like you—There's none I tell you—So be quiet.

CHA. O may the chance be mine, to thy de-
struction!

OLYM. By *Pollux*' temple! I suppose it will:
I know your piety; 'twill well deserve it. 55
Hold—Is your lot of poplar wood, or fir?

CHA. What's that to you?

OLYM. Because I am afraid
Left it should float upon the water.

STA. Brave!)

Take care now—Cast the lots for both—

No cheating, wife, by *Ceres*! no.

OLYM. To her 60

I do not chuse to trust.

STA. Come, courage, man!

OLYM. She'll lay a spell upon the lot, by *Hercules*!
If once she touches it.

V. 60. By *Ceres*—] *ecere*, or rather *acere*, an oath of the
same kind with *ecastor*, *edepol*, as *Festus* has observed.

CHA.

ACT II. SCENE VI. 307

CHA. No words.

OLYM. I've done ;

And pray the gods to be propitious to me !

CHA. So be it, and make you bear along with you 65
The handcuff and the gibbet.

OLYM. No, I tell you,
Not so, but that the lot may fall to me.

CHA. And that you strait be hang'd up by the feet,
By *Hercules* !

OLYM. And when you snuff your nose,
Your eyes may through it fall from out your head.
But why afraid ? Ay, there's no more to do, 70
But to prepare the rope—'Tis over with you.

STA. Prithee, attend to what you are about.

OLYM. Well, I have done.

STA. Now, you, *Cleostrata*,
Left you should think that I in this affair
Have acted with deceit, I give you leave. 75
Draw you the lot—

OLYM. You ruin me.

CHA. No, no.

It will be an advantage.

CLE. You do well.

CHA. I pray the gods, your lot may run away
From out the urn.

OLYM. How's that ? Because you are
Yourself a runaway ; you'd have all else 80
Be like you. No, I rather with your lot
May, 'as you're drawing it, dissolve within
The water, in like manner, as 'tis said
That did of *Hercules*' descendant—

V. 84. —of *Hercules*' descendant—] *Pausanias* gives an account of this story in his fourth book concerning the govern-

CHA. No,

Rather, that you be made so hot with lashes, 85
That you shall melt yourself.

STA. Have done, *Olympio*.

OLYM. I will, if that mark'd rascal would but
let me.

STA. Now may the gods be favourable to me!

OLYM. With all my heart; and to me too!

CHA. Not so.

OLYM. By *Hercules*! Yes.CHA. By *Hercules*! I say 90

To me.

STA. He'll win, and you will live a wretch.
Give him a good round slap i'th' chops for me.
Do as I bid you.

CLE. Lift not up your hand.

ment of *Messenia*, for which *Cresphontes* and *Temenus* were candidates, and which they determined by lots: one lot was made of earth hardned in the fire, and one only dried in the sun; when both being thrown into the water, the lot which was hardned by fire, and which *Cresphontes* had thrown in, remained whole, while the other was dissolved; and by this means he obtained the absolute government of that city and country, where his father *Aristodemus*, the son of *Hercules*, had before presided.

MAROLLES.

V. 87. —if that mark'd rascal would but let me.] The commentators tell us, that this alludes to the marking criminals on the forehead, which was with the Greek letter Θ, the first of the word Θάνατος, which signifies *Death*; to shew that the party so marked was dead in law. In *France* they mark them with a flower-de-luce; burn it in with a red hot iron, and then black it over with ink, that it may appear plainer. The same is done here in *England*, with the letters T. R. Tyburn Rogue. Lambin strenuously contends, that it means only, mark'd on the back with stripes.

ACT II. SCENE VI. 309

OLYM. What with my open hand, or with it
clench'd?

STA. Which you like best.

OLYM. Then take it; that's for you. 95
[strikes him.]

CLE. What right have you to touch him?

OLYM. Why, my master,
My *Jupiter*, commanded me to do it.

CLE. [to CHALINUS.] Return the blow—

[CHALINUS strikes OLYMPIO.]

OLYM. My *Jupiter*, assist me!

I shall be murder'd—

STA. [to CHAL.] How dare you to strike him?

CHA. Because my *Juno* here commanded me, 100

STA. I must have patience since my wife is pleas'd
While I'm alive to be my mistress.

CLE. Why,
I've the same right to speak to him, as you
To speak to your *Olympio*.

OLYM. Why do you fully
This my good omen?

STA. Of yourself take care, 105
Chalinus—

CHA. Yes, when he has beat my teeth out.

STA. Come on, my dear, now let us draw our lpts.
You, be attentive there—And you [to CLEOSTRATA.]
the same.

OLYM. I know not where I am! I can no more!
My heart goes pit-a-pat: it dances so, 110

V. 110. *My heart goes pit-a-pat*—] The original is *cor lienosum habeo*, I have a heart of melt or spleen, that is, swoln, puffed up, as if it was affected with the disorder to which the spleen is most liable. This could not well be expressed in a translation, so we have given it another turn.

'Twill make its way, I fear, from out my breast.

CLE. [*putting her hand into the urn.*] I've got hold of a lot.

STA. Well, draw it out then,

CHA. Am I alive or dead?

OLYM. Come, shew it us—

'Tis mine.

CHA. That's a choak pear indeed,

CLE. You've lost, *Chalinus*—

STA. I rejoice, *Olympio*, 115

That then we're to live longer—

OLYM. Ay, that's owing

To my own piety, added to that

Of all my ancestors—

STA. Go in, my dear,

And make all ready for the wedding.

CLE. Yes,

I'll do what you command me.

STA. You remember 120

The village where he is to marry her,

Is far off in the country.

CLE. Yes, I know it.

STA. Go in, and tho' 'twill be concern to you,
See it be done with care.

CLE. It shall be so. [*Exit.*

STA. And let us too go in, and hasten them. 125

OLYM. Do I detain you, sir?

STA. When she was by,

I did not chuse to say another word—

[*Exeunt STALINO and OLYMPIO,*

V. 114. *That's a choak pear—*] The original is *male crux*.

CHA. 'Twould be lost labour now to hang myself;
 And more, would put me, too, to the expence
 Of purchasing a rope; and, add to all, 130
 'Twould be a pleasure to my enemies.
 Why should a man, already dead as I am,
 Go hang himself? 'Tis fortune's fault, not mine,
 That I have lost. And now our *Casina*
 Is to be married to *Olympio*. 135
 Nor does it give me now so much concern
 That he has won, as to see *Stalino*
 So vehemently desire that I should miss her;
 And that *Olympio* should marry her.
 In what a fright he put himself! the wretch! 140
 What hurry was he in! And when *Olympio*
 Had won, how did he leap for joy! But hold,
 I'll go this way apart—I hear the door

. V. 128. *'Twould be lost labour—*] This the editions make the beginning of another Scene; but we see no need of it, and therefore have not followed them.

V. 143. — *I hear the door, &c.*] The original, as it stands in all the editions we have seen, stands and is pointed thus :

—— *Audio aperiri fores.*

Mibi benevolentes. Atque a me prodeunt.

The sense of which will be,

—— I hear the doors

To me propitious opening, my good friends
 Are coming forth.

The MSS. observations propose thus :

—— *Audio aperire fores.—*

Mi benevolentes, atque amici prodeunt.

We have adopted this alteration and translated it accordingly ; but leave it with the reader, to accept of which he thinks proper.

Opening; and forth are coming my good friends,
[ironically.]
 And those who assist me well—From this sly corner 145
 I will contrive some plot against them both.
[goes apart.]

SCENE VII.

Re-enter OLYMPIO *and* STALINO.

OLYM. Let him but once come to us in the coun-
 try. [meaning CHALINUS.]
 I'll send the fellow back to you to town,
 Bearing his furca; and with stripes as black
 As any collier.

STA. That will be but right.

OLYM. I'll see it done.

STA. And, if he is at home, 5
 I fain would send him off to sup with you;
 And thus distress our enemy the more,
 By making this addition to his sorrow.

CHA. [*apart.*] I'll, like a river crab, retire to the
 wall,
 And lie in wait to catch at their discourse. 10
 For one of them torments and tortures me,
 The other makes me pine and waste with envy—
 The rascal's got his wedding-garment on,

V. 3. *Bearing his furca*—] The *furca* has been explained else-
 where. But in this passage the commentators say it means what
 porters put upon their shoulders in order to carry their burthens
 on, what we now call a *knot*.

V. 13. —*his wedding-garment on*] The original is *candidatus*
cedit. At Rome, the bridegroom solemnized his nuptials in a white
 robe,

For stripes that receptacle—I defer
My own death—For I am resolv'd to fend 15
Him first before me to the shades below.

OLYM. How I am found obsequious to your will!
I have procur'd for you what most of all things
You coveted.—This day you will be blest,
With the dear company of her you love; 20
And that, without the knowledge of your wife—

STA. No more—May all the gods for ever be
Propitious to me! but my lips will scarce
Refrain from kissing you for these your services,
My joy, my pleasure!

CHA. [*apart.*] What is it that he means 25
By kissing? What is this? What is't you mean
By calling him your joy, your pleasure?

OLYM. What!
You love me then?

STA. More than myself, I swear.
Let me embrace thee.

OLYM. What! embrace me, sir?
CHAL. [*apart.*] By *Hercules*! he'll smother him I
think. 30

OLYM. Stand off, sir lover, I am not your mistress--

robe, and the guests invited to the wedding were clothed in
white.

DE L'OEUVRE.

In regard to this custom of wearing a particular garment at
weddings, the following passage in Scripture may possibly allude.

“When the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a
“man which had not on a wedding-garment.

“And he said unto him, friend, how camest thou in hither,
“not having a wedding-garment?”

St. Matthew, Chap. xxii. V. 11, 12.

You'll

You'll own how well I have obey'd your orders,
And made myself subservient to your pleasure!

STA. So much so, I shall ever while I live
Wish for your happiness, more than for my own. 35
How happy shall I be this day with *Cafina*!
How many pleasures shall I now partake of,
Without the knowledge of my wife!

CHA. [*apart.*] Hah! Hah!
I'm got at last in the right track I find.
He is in love with *Cafina*. Yes, yes, 40
I have them both.

STA. By *Hercules*! I long,
Earnestly long to kiss, and to embrace her.

OLYM. But let her first be brought out of the house,
You're in a plaguy hurry sure!

STA. Why, I'm
In love.

OLYM. I think it can't be done to-day. 45

STA. It can; if you but think 'tis in my power
To-morrow to bestow your freedom on you.

CHA. [*apart.*] Hah! I must listen now with both
my ears.

I now shall catch two boars in the same thicket.

STA. There's a place ready at a friend and neighbour's, 50

I've trusted him with all my love, and he
Has promis'd me a room convenient.

OLYM. But
His wife? Where will his wife bestow herself?

STA. That too I've cleverly contriv'd—My wife
Will strait invite her hither to the wedding, 55
To keep her company, to share her labour,

V. 32. — *You'll own, &c.*] Here some lines are not translated;
the learned reader need not be told the reason.

And

And sleep with her—Such orders have I given,
 And my wife too has told me, she'd comply—
 She'll lie here at our house; and I'll take care
 Her husband shall not be at home—Do you 60
 Pretend to take your wife into the country.
 His house shall be the country for so long,
 Until I've here consummated with *Cafina*;
 And you to-morrow morn by break of day,
 Shall bear her off indeed into the country. 65
 Is it not well contriv'd?

OLYM. Oh! skilfully.

CHA. [*apart.*] Go on then—Plot, contrive—By
Hercules!

Your stratagems shall turn to your confusion.

STA. Attend to what I now would have you do.

OLYM. Say on—

STA. Here, take my purse--Begoñe, and haste 70
 To buy provisions for our entertainment.
 But I would have them nice and delicate,
 For she herself is delicate and nice.

OLYM. It shall be done.

STA. Be sure to buy some lobsters,
 Oysters and smelts—

CHA. [*apart.*] And add some furmity 75
 If you are wise, and know what you're about.

STA. Some soles.

CHA. [*apart.*] Or rather some old soles of shoes,
 To slap you in the face, filthy old fellow.

V. 74. —*to buy some lobsters—*] As we know not precisely what fish were known among the *Romans*, it is scarce possible to translate the sorts of fish here enumerated, according to the original. We have therefore substituted some kinds of fish known among us, in the room of them.

OLYM.

OLYM. Suppose some tongues?

STA. Not when my wife's at home :
We want no tongue then, her's will ne'er be silent. 80

OLYM. When I'm upon the spot, I then can pick
And chuse, and buy what seems to me the best.

STA. You're right—Away! spare for no cost,
provide

In plenty—I must now go to my neighbour,
And see that he takes care of what I've order'd. 85

OLYM. Shall I go now?

STA. Yes, now, away directly.

[*Exeunt OLYMPIO and CHALINO severally.*]

CHALINUS comes forward.

CHA. Had I three freedoms offer'd me directly,
I'd not accept them, were I to forego
The plot I'm planning 'gainst them, and not lay
This whole affair quite open to my mistress. 90

My foes I've plainly taken in the toil—
Now if my mistress will but do her duty,
Our cause is all our own—I now shall be
Fairly before my chaps; the omens all
Are on our side to-day: tho' just now conquer'd, 95

V. 79. *Suppose some tongues?*] The original is *vin' lingulacas*. *Lingulaca* is the name of some fish, the particular sort perhaps not known, and also a rattling prating gossip; for so *Festus* informs us. *Lingulaca*, says he, *genus piscis, vel mulier argutatrix*. There is a pun intended here, which we have endeavoured to preserve as well as we could, by rendering the word *tongues*; which is the name of a small flat fish, or young *sole*, so called in the west of England.

V. 94. —*tho' just now conquer'd,*] *jam victi vicimus*—

So *Seneca*.

Vicimus victi Phryges—

SENECA. *Agamemnon*. A&V. Sc. I. v. 869.

We Trojans, tho' we're vanquish'd, have the victory.

We

We yet shall come off victors. I'll go in, 95
 And 'stead of what the other cook's provided,
 Dress in my turn another kind of dish—
 The dish that's ready shan't be done enough;
 And what's not yet prepar'd, shall soon be ready.
 [Exit.

* * *Cleostrata* begins this Act, with her servant *Pardalisca*; to whom she discovers her suspicion of her husband's intrigues; and then goes to her neighbour *Myrrina*, whom she wants to gain over to her assistance; but does not succeed, as she had been influenced by her husband, *Alcesmus*, who favoured *Stalino* in his amours, by offering him, in order to conceal it from his wife, the use of his house to consummate in. She then quits her to meet her husband *Stalino*, whom she sees coming upon the stage; and by degrees, after some conversation with him, brings him to an explanation; and they then both agree not to interfere in the affair of *Casina's* marriage. To effect which, she agrees to persuade *Olympio*, the agent for her husband; and he does the same with regard to *Chalinus*, who acted for his son, to desist from their respective pursuits of this girl. She goes off for this purpose; when *Chalinus* joins *Stalino*, who attacks him on that subject; but neither promises nor threats can induce him to give up his design. *Olympio* now appearing, he gives *Stalino* an account of the attempts *Cleostrata* had just been making to dissuade him from marrying *Casina*. Upon which, *Stalino* despairing of success in his designs by these means, is reduced to take his chance, and decide the affair by lot: having before dispatched *Chalinus* to fetch his wife, and bring an urn and some lots; which he now does. After the ceremonies made use of on such an occasion, and the necessary precautions taken to prevent any trick, they put in the lots; and fortune declares for *Olympio*. *Chalinus*, after having lamented his loss, sees his two rivals, *Stalino* and *Olympio*, rejoicing in their good fortune; and standing aside, overhears them lay open their design. Overjoyed at this discovery, he goes immediately to acquaint *Cleostrata* with it; and the second interval is filled, with the time taken up by the injured parties, to counteract the designs of their opponents.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter STALINO *and* ALCESIMUS.

STALINO.

NOW is the time that I shall know, *Alcesimus*,
 Whether you represent a friend or foe.
 The tryal's now on proof, the battle's join'd.
 Why do I love, you say? nay, blame me not:
 But cut that matter short—My head's too grey! 5
 Advanc'd in years! Besides, a married man!
 Cut short those matters too.

ALC. I never saw
 A man in love, in a worse plight than you.

STA. Take care your house be empty.

ALC. Troth, I'm fix'd
 To send my servants, men and maids, to you. 10

STA. You're perfectly adroit! But now remember
 The injunction given by *Colax* in the comedy—
 Let each one hither bring his dish, as if
 To *Sutrium* he was going—

V. 3. *The tryal's now on proof—*] The original is, *nunc specimen specitur*; now the specimen, or proof is seen.

V. 12. *given by Colax in the comedy*] *Colax* was the name of a character in a comedy of *Nævius*, which we are told was called *The Flatterer*, and was acted for the first time at Rome, A. U. C. 519, but was afterwards suppressed, on account of some satirical passages in it, which gave offence to the family of the *Metelli*.

V. 14. *To Sutrium he was going—*] *Sutrium* was a town in *Etruria*, and is now a village in the Ecclesiastical State, and subject to the

ACT III. SCENE I. 219

ALC. I'll remember.

STA. Ordinance ne'er was better order'd; to you I
I leave it—I'm just going to the forum,
And shall be back i'th' instant—

ALC. A good walk to you!

STA. See that your doors too have a tongue,

ALC. Why so?

STA. When I come back, that they may ask me in.

ALC. Strange that! you are a man to be corrected, 20
You say your pleasure of us.

STA. Of what use

Is it to be in love, unless we can
Banter a little? But do you take care
You're in the way when wanted.

ALC. I shall be

At home.

[Exit STALINO. ALCESIMUS stands apart.

SCENE II.

Enter CLEOSTRATA.

CLE. And was it then for this, by *Castor*!
My husband press'd me with such earnestness
To invite my neighbour to my house directly,
That her's might be at liberty for him,

the *See of Rome*. *Going to Sutrium* is a proverbial expression, used to signify a person's serving another at his own cost or expence; and is grounded on this fact. When the *Sutrians*, a Roman colony, were attacked by the *Tuscans*, *Camillus* ordered that some legions should march to assist the *Sutrians*, and should carry their own provisions with them.

To

To introduce his *Casina* into ?

5

But I shan't press the invitation,

Nor be the means of giving such old bell-weather

An opportunity to indulge their lusts.

But see! look there, the pillar of the state,

The prop of the republick coming hither,

10

My neighbour, who would make an offer of

His house, my husband to accommodate.

That wit he has, was bought at no cheap rate.

ALC. [*coming forward.*] I wonder much what can
the reason be

They have not yet sent over for my wife.

15

She is at home quite dress'd, and waiting for them.

But see! I think they now are come to call her.

Good day, *Cleostrata*—

CLE. The like to you,

Alcesimus—Where is your wife ?

ALC. Within ;

And waiting your commands--Your husband begg'd?●

I'd send her to your house, in order that

She might assist you—Shall I call her to you ?

CLE. No matter : by no means, if she is busy.

V. 7. —old bell-weather—] The original is, *vetulis vervecibus*.

So again.

—*itane vero vervecem intro eas.*

Mercator, Act III. Scene III. v. 6.

And would you enter, you old bell-weather ? COLMAN.

V. 13. *Who taught him wisdom*—] The original is, *vilis emptu-
s est modius, qui venit, salis*. The commentators all agree that the
passage is obscure. It will scarce bear a literal translation : and
as *salt* is the emblem of *wit*, we have, with *Limiers*, ventured
to give it that turn.

Ans.

ACT III. SCENE II. 321

ALC. She is at leisure.

CLE. Well, it is no matter.

I would not willingly be troublesome. 25

I'll call upon her at some future time.

ALC. Are you not here preparing for a wedding?

CLE. We're now about it.

ALC. Do you then not want Assistance?

CLE. No, we have enough at home.

When every thing is ready for the ceremony, 30

I'll call upon her—Now farewell, and pay

My compliments unto her.

ALC. Well, what now

Is to be done? Unhappy as I am!

I have embark'd me in a base affair,

Only to oblige this vile, old, toothless goat, 35

Who has engag'd me in't—I've promis'd too,

My wife to assist abroad, as puppies do.

Then this old debauchee! who told me too

His wife would ask mine over to his house:

And now she tells me, she does not expect her. 40

I should not be surpriz'd, by *Pollux'* temple!

If after all, my neighbour here, *Cleostrata*,

Should smell a rat—But yet, on t'other side,

When I consider this affair, should it

Be so, she would apply herself to me. 45

Well, I'll go in, and privily convey

My vessel once more into dock. [Exit.

V. 37. — *as puppies do.*] Dogs are used to run about from house to house, in order to pick up what scraps they can meet with. From whence the grammarians tell us, that *catillare* signifies to go from town to town, in search of some delicacy to eat; from *catilla* or *carula*.

CLE. In troth!

He has been most finely play'd upon. How fast
 These pitiful old fellows hurry on,
 And to no purpose—Now I well could wish 50
 My good for nothing, old decrepid husband
 Would come along this way, that I might make
 A fool of him, just as I've done of t'other.
 'Twould give me pleasure could I make them quarrel.
 But see, he's coming—Look upon his gravity, 55
 And you would take him for a sober man.

[*Stands apart.*]

SCENE III.

Enter STALINO.

STA. In my opinion, 'tis a mighty folly
 For one who is in love, to think of going
 To any publick place, the very day
 His mistress is drest out in all her trim,
 And ready to receive him. Yet this folly 5
 Have I been guilty of—I've spent the day,
 Standing to plead the cause of a relation;
 And I, by *Hercules*! am glad he has lost it,
 To teach him to chuse me another time

V. 7. *Standing to plead the cause*—] It was the custom at Rome,
 for advocates when pleading the cause of their clients, to stand
 by them, nor was it on any account lawful to sit down.

——— *Inteream, si*

Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura.

HORAT. Lib. i. Sat. ix. V. 38.

If I can stand it out, quoth I,
 Or know the practice, let me die.

FRANCIS.

And

To be his advocate. 'Tis necessary, 10
 When you would ask a friend to plead your cause,
 First to enquire, if his mind's at home,
 Or gone abroad—And, if the last, to send
 And fetch it home again—But see, my wife
 Standing before our door! Wretch that I am! 15
 I'm desperately afraid she is not deaf,
 But has o'erheard what I've been talking of.

CLE. [*apart.*] By *Castor's* temple! I have heard
 it all,
 And you shall find it to your cost.

STA. I'll go
 A little nearer—What are you about, [*to her.*] 20
 My joy?

CLE. Waiting for you.

STA. All's ready then?
 What have you brought our neighbour to assist you?

CLE. I have, as you desir'd, invited her.
 But this your crony, this best friend of yours,
 Why he should be so angry with his wife, 25
 I can't conceive—When I invited her,
 He said he could not let her come to me.

STA. Ay, 'tis your greatest fault, you speak not
 mildly—

CLE. 'Tis not the business of a virtuous wife,
 But of a courtesan, my dear, to wheedle. 30
 Do you go fetch her. I'll go in, and see

And our author again—

Hinc stat, illinc causam dicis.

Menæchmi, Act V. Scene II. v. 48.

——— You stand here on my side,
 And plead his cause.———

What's to be done within, my soul.

STA. Make haste then.

CLE. I will--I'll now throw in some fears, and make
This goatish suitor here compleatly miserable. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter ALCESIMUS.

ALC. I'll now go see if this mad-headed lover,
Who would bamboozle both my wife and me,
Is come home from the forum. But behold,
He's there before the door—By *Hercules*!
Most opportunely am I coming to you. 5

STA. And so, by *Hercules*! am I to you.
But what, unworthy man, have you to say?
What was't I gave in charge to you? What was't
I beg'd of you to do?

ALC. Why, what's the matter?

STA. How well you've taken care your house
should be 10
Free for my use? How well you've sent your wife
Home to our house? And are you not the cause
I've lost so fair an opportunity?

ALC. Go hang yourself. You said yourself, your
wife
Should call on me, and fetch mine over to you. 15

STA. She said she had done so: but you refus'd
To let her come.

ALC. And yet *Cleostrata*
Herself declar'd she did not want her aid.

STA. But she herself has sent me to desire

V. 19. *But she herself has sent, ' &c.]* The repetition of *but*
in the following verses, and of *quin* in the original, shews the
resent-

That she would come.

ALC. I do not mind your but. 20

STA. But notwithstanding that, you ruin me.

ALC. But that is well then—But I shall not part
With this same but as yet—But I'd be glad
To make you angry—But, and if I knew
The way to do it—but I'd do it freely. 25

Yes, I will have as many buts as you ;
And now to sum up all your buts in one,
But may the gods confound you !

STA. After all,
Will you at last send your wife over to us ?

ALC. You may yourself conduct her ; and may
you, 30

My wife and yours, nay, and your mistress too,
Go and be hang'd together—Now march off,
And let's attend to business—I'll go order
My wife to cross the garden, and give yours
The meeting—

STA. Now you are a friend indeed. 35
[Exit ALC.]

resentment of two persons that are angry with one another, and
by repeating one another's word discovers their mutual con-
tempt. LIMIERS.

V. 35. —a friend indeed—] The original is, *amicus in ger-
manum modum*, a friend in a real, true, not counterfeit manner.

So again our author uses the word *germanum* in the same sense.

Nam ille quidem Theodoromedes fuit germano nomine.

Captivi, Act II. Scene II. v. 38.

His real name was *Theodoromedes*.

Under what ill star'd omen, shall I say,
 This love has ta'en possession of my heart—
 Or 'gainst the goddess *Venus*, what offence
 Have I committed, that so many crosses,
 Such accidents should thus obstruct my love? 40
 But what's that noise I hear within the house?

SCENE V.

Enter PARDALISCA.

PAR. Undone! undone! I'm ruin'd utterly!
 Frightned to death! my limbs sink under me.
 Where shall I find assistance or protection,
 Refuge or succour! What surprizing things
 Have I just seen within! such desperateness 5
 New and unusual—Take good care, *Cleoftrata*,
 Care of yourself, keep from her, I beseech you;
 Lest in the transport of her rage, she do
 Some mischief to you—Force from her the sword;
 She is distracted—

STA. What's the matter? why 10
 Does she run out in such a fright, and seemingly
 Half dead with fear?—Holla! there, *Pardalisca*.

PAR. I'm ruin'd! whence that voice which strikes
 my ears?

STA. Look on me then—

PAR. What, is it you, my master!

V. 1. *Undone! undone!*—] *Limiers* has observed that there is
 a great resemblance between the beginning of this Scene, and
 that of the first Scene of the fifth Act of *Ambitryon*.

STA.

STA. What is the matter? What is't frightens
you? 15

PAR. Oh! I'm quite spent.

STA. How spent?

PAR. Undone!

And you're the same.

STA. What is the matter with you?

Unfold—

PAR. Ah! woe be to you—

STA. And the like

To you—

PAR. O dear! Support me, I shall fall.

STA. What can this be? Explain to me directly. 20

PAR. Oh! my heart fails me; be so good to make
A little air, and fan me with your cloak.

STA. How this affair alarms me! I can't think
What it can be; perhaps she may have put
Too little water to her wine.

PAR. I beg you 25

Hold tight my temples—

STA. To the gallows with you!
Your temples, head and heart, and all of you
May the gods crush! For if you don't quick tell me
What is the matter, I myself, you serpent,

V. 25. *Too little water in her wine.*] The original is, *nisi hæc meraco te uspiam percussit flore Libyco*. *Meracum vinum* is, pure wine, wine unmixed with water. *Flore Libyco*, with wine from *Libya*, the strongest and best wine. We have taken the liberty of giving ourselves a little latitude in the translation.

V. 29. —*you serpent*—] The original is, *tu excetra*, which is properly the famous *hydra* of *Lerna*, which *Hercules* knocked on the head with his club. Hence used for any sort of serpent.

GUEUDEVILLE.

Will knock your brains out, who thus play upon
me. 30

PAR. My master!

STA. Well, what would you have, my girl?

PAR. You are too angry.

STA. And you prate too much.

But say what is this matter—Speak in few:

What's this disturbance here within the house?

PAR. Well, you shall know: attend then to this
evil, 35

This bad affair, this prank that your slave *Cafina*

Is playing in the house; and what is not

According to the laws of the republick,

STA. What is it?

PAR. Fear does quite prevent my utterance.

STA. Of what? Can I not learn from you what
fort 40

Of business 'tis?

PAR. I'll tell you then—This *Cafina*

Whom you would marry to your bailiff—she

Within doors—

STA. What within doors? tell me what?

PAR. Is following the example of bad wives;
And threatens her husband.

STA. How is that?

PAR. Alas! 45

V. 45. —*And threatens her husband.*] The original is, *viro suo quæ interminatur vitam, threatens her husband's life.* The learned author of the MSS. observations we have often mentioned, expunges the word *vitam*. We have adopted his reading. For, besides that the verse will not admit of it, *Paradisa* finishes her sentence with the word *vitam* in the verse following, after uttering another short sentence, to imitate distraction of mind.

STA.

ACT III. SCENE V. 329

STA. What's that?

PAR. She says she'll take away his life.

A sword—

STA. Ha!

PAR. Yes, a sword—

STA. What of that sword?

PAR. Holds in her hand—

STA. Ah! wretched me!—For what!

PAR. Why she pursues all who're within the
house, 50

Won't let a soul come near her; so that all,
Silent for fear, conceal themselves in chests,
Or under beds.—

STA. Undone! without resource.
What sudden ill is this befallen her?

PAR. She has lost her reason—

STA. I am the most wretched 55
Of men.

PAR. Ah! if you knew what she has said
To day.

STA. Why tell me then; what is't she said?

PAR. Attend; she swore by all the gods and god-
desses,

She'd this night murder him who was to lie with her.

STA. Murder me! 60

PAR. You! why how are you concern'd?

STA. Psha! psha!

PAR. Why what have you to do with her?

V. 47. —a sword—] Here, as M. De L'Oeuvre and Limiers
have observed, they both speak together, and so, interrupt each
other, which we have endeavoured to express in the translation
by breaks.

STA.

STA. 'Twas a mistake. I should have said my bailiff.

PAR. From the high road you turn out knowingly
Into bye paths—

STA. But does she threaten me?

PAR. She's more averse to you than any body. 65

STA. Why so?

PAR. Because you'd marry her to *Olympio*.
She swears nor you, nor he, nor she herself,
Shall be alive to-morrow. I'm sent hither
To tell you this; and caution you to guard
Against her. [runs off.]

STA. I am ruin'd quite! by *Hercules*! 70
And sure there is not an old man in love,
Nor ever was, so wretched as myself.

Re-enter PARDALISCA.

PAR. [*aside.*] I play upon him cleverly; for all
I've said has not one word of truth in it.
My mistress and her neighbour here, concerted 75
This scheme together, and dispatch'd me hither,
To play it off.

STA. Hola! there, *Pardalisca*!

PAR. Well, what's the matter now?

STA. There is—

PAR. What is there?

STA. Something I want to examine you about.

PAR. You're only throwing hindrance in my
way. 80

V. 63. *You turn out knowingly, &c.*] The original is, *sciens de via in semitam degredere, you-knowingly left the beaten track, to go into a by way.*

STA.

A C T . I I I . S C E N E V . 331

STA. And you, sorrow and grief in mine—But say
Has *Cafina* still got a sword?

PAR. A sword?—

Yes, two—

STA. How? two!

PAR. Yes, one to do your business;
The other for your bailiff—

STA. I'm a dead man,
More so than any man that now is living. 85
A coat of mail would be a proper thing
To wrap myself up in—What did my wife?
Did not she go, and take away her sword?

PAR. There's no one dar'd go near her.

STA. Yet she should
Have spoke her fair.

PAR. She did so: but in vain; 90
She would not part with it, unless she knew
That she should not be married to the bailiff.

STA. Spite of her teeth, and for she does not chuse it,
She shall be married, and this very day too.
Why should I not compleat my undertaking, 95
And get her married to me?—Not to me
I meant; but to our bailiff—

PAR. Very often
You blunder thus—

STA. All owing to my fright—
But prithee tell my wife, I beg she would
Intreat her to lay down the sword, that I 100
May go into my house.

PAR. I'll tell her so.

STA. Do you yourself intreat her too.

PAR. I will.

STA.

STA. But use soft words, as you are us'd to do.
 And do you mind me, if you should effect it,
 I will present you with a pair of slippers; 105
 Give you a gold ring for your finger too,
 And many more good things.

PAR. I'll do my best.

STA. Endeavour to succeed.

PAR. I'll go directly,
 Unless ought should detain me.

STA. Get you gone then,
 And take good care—But see, our caterer 110
 [Exit PARDALISCA.
 Comes with provisions, and his followers with him.

V. 105, 106. —*a pair of slippers, &c.—a gold ring for your finger—*] This present is of more importance than may at first be imagined. Slaves were not allowed to wear shoes or slippers as people of condition were, but wooden shoes or galoshes. They were called *sculponeæ*.

Sculponeas bonas alternis annis dare oportet.

CATO, *De Re Rustica*, Cap. lix.

They were to find them in good strong wooden shoes every other year.

And as to the gold ring, they were not allowed to wear rings, especially on their fingers; though they might have them part of their property as slaves. So that his saying he would give a gold ring for her finger, is not *mal-a-propos*: As it was as much as to say, he would give her her liberty. *Limiers* from *Mourfous*.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter OLYMPIO, a COOK, and his assistants.

OLYM. [*to the Cook.*] Take care, you thief, and
see that your assistants,
These briars here, march well under your banner.

Cook. Why are they briars?

OLYM. Why, because whate'er
They touch they bear away; and tear it strait
To pieces—To whatever place they come, 5
Or wherefoe'er they are, with double loss
They mulct their masters.

Cook. Fie upon you! fie!

OLYM. But while I'm chattering here, I never think
To meet my master, and put on an air
Of some importance, as of quality; 10

V. 2. *These briars here, march well under your banner.*] A metaphor taken from the military, as *Gruter* has observed. As if he had said, take care that your assistants, who are like so many briars, tearing and carrying off with them every thing they touch, do not march out of their ranks and go astray. For soldiers on a march are not allowed to stroll about in order to plunder or steal. *Plautus* in his *Truculentus*, or *The Churl*, compares a courtesan to a briar for the same reason.

—*Meretricem esse similem sentis condect,
Quenquam hominem attigerit, profecto aut malum aut damnum dari,*
Act II. Scene I. V. 16.

A courtesan, in short, should be a briar,
And rend and tear whate'er comes in her way.

V. 6. —*with double loss*—] that is, tearing their cloaths, and pilfering.

And

And with familiarity accost him.

STA. Good day to you, good man.

OLYM. Ay, very true.

STA. Well, what's the news?

OLYM. The news? Why you're in love;
And I am hungry, and am thirsty too.

STA. You're marching well attended.

OLYM. Yes, to-day— 15

STA. But stay, however full you are of scorn.

OLYM. Foh! foh! your speeches smell unfavoury.

STA. What business urges you?

OLYM. This business, fir—

[*pointing to the provisions.*]

STA. What, won't you stop a bit?

OLYM. I've other things

To mind—You're troublesome—

STA. If you do not stop 20
I shall bestow upon you what you'll like not.

OLYM. Great *Jove*! I prithee get thee farther off,
Unless you'd wish to have me take a puke.

STA. Stop then—

OLYM. The matter? say, Who is this man?

STA. I am your master.

OLYM. You? What master, fellow? 25

STA. Why him to whom you're slave.

OLYM. How, I a slave?

STA. Yes, and my slave.

OLYM. What, am I then not free?
Call that to mind again; have you forgot?

V. 20. *you're troublesome.*] The original is Greek, *πρόματά μοι*
καίχεται, which we are told, was a phrase made use of by the
great and proud to their inferiors.

STA.

STA. Stop, and stay here.

OLYM. Let me alone.

STA. I am

Your slave.

OLYM. Ay, there's some sense in that—

STA. I beg 30

My little dear *Olympio*, father! patron!

OLYM. That's good! you now in troth have found your wisdom.

STA. I'm at your service quite.

OLYM. What need have I Of so untoward a servant—But what now?

STA. What dainty fare you'll give me by-and-by? 35

OLYM. If supper was but drest.

STA. Let 'em go in then.

OLYM. Quick, haste, go in directly, and dispatch—

STA. I'll presently be with you—See, at supper

V. 31. *My little dear Olympio*—] The original is *Olympisce* not *Olympio*, a word of endearment. In like manner *Terence*.

Ædopol, Syrisce, te curasti molliter.

Adelphi, Act V. Scene I. v. 8.

Faith, little *Syrus*, you've ta'en special care Of your sweet self—

COLMAN.

It is used here by way of banter to the old man, on account of his ridiculous love for *Casina*. He calls him too, my patron, as if it had been *Olympio* who had given him his freedom.

V. 34. —*But what now?*] That is, on what account do you stop me? meaning his enjoying of *Casina*. For he stopped *Olympio* merely to give vent to his amorous fancies.

V. 36. —*Let 'em go in then.*] Meaning the cook and his assistants.

That

That there be wine enough—For I would fare
 Deliciously, not imitate barbarians. 40
 Go in—[*to the Cook.*] I'll stay a little longer here.
 'Tis said, that *Casina* has got a sword
 Within, to take away my life and yours—

[*to OLYMPIO.*

OLYM. I know it—Let her have one—'Tis no more
 Than a meer joke—I know them both, I tell you, 45
 A pretty piece of goods they are. However,
 Do you go in with me.

STA. Yet notwithstanding,
 By *Pollux*! I am fearful of some mischief.
 Do you go first, and see what's doing there. 50

OLYM. My life's as dear to me, as yours to you.

STA. But I desire you'd only go along—

OLYM. I'll go along with you, if you command me.

[*Exeunt.*

V. 40. —*not imitate barbarians*—] that is, foreigners. This has been taken notice of before in the course of these notes.

V. 43. —*to take away my life and yours*—] The editions read, *qui me atque te invitet*, *to invite me and you*. But how a sword can invite any person, or how *Casina* could invite by means of a sword, seems to us inexplicable. There is a reading mentioned in the margin of the *Variorum* edition, viz. *evitet*, instead of *invitet*. The rectitude of which reading we think cannot be doubted of; we have therefore adopted it, and translated the passage accordingly. *Evitet*, the grammarians and lexicographers tell us, is an old poetical word, and means *vita privet*, *deprives of life*.

V. 45. —*I know them both*—] that is, *Myrrina* and *Cleostrata*.

V. 52. —*you'd only go along*—] The original is only *verum modò*. *That is true*. But a learned friend has suggested that we should read *verum i modò*. For there is humour in *Stalino*'s making use of *Olympio*'s own words, spoken two verses before, *i modò*.

* * * *Alcesimus*,

* * *Alcesmus*, who, as has been observed, was a favourer of him in his amours, opens this Act with *Stalino*; who demands the execution of his promise, by letting him have the use of his house; and makes him engage to send off his wife, and all his servants, in order that he might be more at liberty to execute his design. *Alcesmus*, in order to effect this, makes an offer to *Cleostrata*, to send his wife *Myrrina* over to her house, in order to assist her in the preparations that were to be made for the approaching nuptials. But *Cleostrata*, who had suspected their design, under pretence of saving the trouble it would give, declines the offer. This refusal puts them into great perplexity. But this was not all; for *Stalino*, who knew nothing of the matter, asks his wife if every thing was ready; and if, as had been agreed upon, she had been to fetch *Myrrina* to assist her. She tells him she had been to ask for her, but that her husband did not chuse she should go to her. However, on some remonstrances from *Stalino*, *Alcesmus* promises to send his wife; and does so accordingly. The old dotard now thinks his victory compleat; but is anew alarmed by a noise and disturbance which he hears within his house. This he finds is made by *Casina*; who, displeased at falling by lot to *Olympio*, when she liked *Chalinus* so much better, is assisting her mistress in her plot. She feigns herself mad; and, with a sword in each hand, threatens to kill *Stalino*, and all who assisted him. *Pardaliska*, *Cleostrata*'s servant, who was in the secret, enters; and gives *Stalino* an account of this disorder; and plays her part so well, that she deters the old man from entering the house; but he promises her her liberty if she will disarm *Casina*, and bring her to her right mind. This she undertakes to do: when *Olympio* comes from market with provisions, and cooks to dress the wedding entertainment; and this interval is filled up with their return to the house, which *Stalino*, encouraged by what *Olympio* had said, now determines to do.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Enter PARDALISCA.

PARDALISCA.

IN troth I think that neither at *Nemea*,
Olympia, nor elsewhere, were e'er exhibited
 Such pleafant games as we have had within
 With our old gentleman and our *Olympio*.
 The house is all in motion—The old man 5
 Making a bawling in the kitchen, and
 Urging the cooks—What is it you're about
 All day?—Why don't you serve us something up?
 If you have any thing to serve, be quick;
 The supper ought to have been quite ready now— 10
 Then here on t'other side, *Olympio*;
 A wreath upon his head, and cloath'd in white,
 Strutting about like some one of importance.
 And then the women in the bed-chamber,
 Dressing *Chalinus* up in women's cloaths, 15
 To make him pass for *Cafina*; and give him

V. 1, 2.—at *Nemea*—*Olympia*, &c.] *Nemea* was a town near
Corinth, where games were celebrated in honour of *Hercules*; and
Olympia was a city of *Elis*, where were the same in honour of
Jupiter Olympius.

V. 12. *A wreath upon his head, and cloath'd in white,*] See note
 on Scene II. v. 26. and on Act II. Scene VII. v. 13.

To

To our *Olympio* as a bride. But then
 They very cleverly dissemble, and
 Conceal from him how this affair's to end—
 Mean time the cooks are worthily employ'd, 20
 Ingeniously contrive, and do their utmost
 To hinder the old gentleman from supping—
 They throw the pots down, and upon the fire
 Pour water—This is done at the request
 Of our two mistresses, whose wish it is 25
 To turn the old man out of doors, without
 His supper, that they may be left alone
 To stuff themselves; for I well know them both
 For gluttons; and that when they have to eat
 They gormandize. But some one opens the door. 30

V. 19. —*Conceal from him*—} The original is *disfimulant*: after which a word is wanting to fill up the verse; for want of which very material word, the sense is very obscure.

V. 30. *They gormandize*—} The original is *corvitant*: a metaphor from *corbita*, which signifies a vessel of heavy burden, used for conveying of provisions from one place to another. *Plautus* mentions it as such.

*Sicut ego hos duco advocatos homines spissigradissimos
 Tardiores quam corbitæ sunt in tranquillo mari.*

Pænulus, Act III. Scene I. v. 3, 4.

Here lead I on these crawling witnesses,
 Slower than loaded hulks in a calm sea—

The *French* at this time call such a kind of vessel *un corvette*.

SCENE II.

Enter STALINO [*speaking to CLEOSTRATA within.*]

STA. You and the rest, my dear, I think had best,
When it is ready, sit you down to supper.
I, for my part, shall eat mine in the country ;
For I'm desirous to attend the bride
And bridegroom, lest some evil minded persons 5
Should bear her off : in such an age as this,
I know that men have bad designs. Indulge
Your appetites—Be merry ; but be sure
You send away *Olympio* and *Casina*
In time, in order that we may get there 10
While it is light—I will be back to-morrow,
And then, my dear, I'll have a feast with you.

PAR. [*aside.*] 'Tis as I said it would be—They
have turn'd

The old man out of doors without his supper.

STA. [*to PAR.*] What is it you are doing here ?

PAR. I'm going 15

Whither my mistress sent me—

STA. Really ?

PAR. Yes, really.

STA. What are you looking for ?

PAR. I look for nothing, troth !

STA. Well get you gone.

You're loitering here, when all within are busy.

PAR. I'm gone.

STA.

ACT IV. SCENE III. 343

STA. Avaunt! begone, you jade of jades! 20

[Exit PARDALISCA.]

STA. Is she quite gone? She is—Then I may have
My tongue at liberty. A man in love,
Tho' he is hungry, does not think of eating,
By *Hercules*! But see there my companion,
My new associate, brother married man 25
Is coming hither; on his head, a wreath;
And in his hand, a torch—

SCENE III.

Enter OLYMPIO, *as* STALINO *had described*
him, with MINSTRELS.

OLYM. Pipers, come on;
And, while they hither lead the new made bride,
Play a soft hymenæal, nuptial air;

V. 26. —*on his head a wreath, &c.*] It was usual for the bridegroom on his wedding-day to wear a wreath on his head; and to walk before his bride with a lighted torch in his hand, when he brought her home.

So *Virgil*.

Mopse, novas incide faces, tibi ducitur uxor—

Ecl. viii. V. 29.

The bride comes forth, prepare the nuptial lights—

WARTON.

Some commentators have been of opinion, that the virgins arising to trim their lamps to meet the bridegroom, in the parable in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, alluded to this custom.

Make the whole street resound. Sing, *Io, Hymen!*
Io, Hymen! Hymenæe! Io, Hymen! [*singing.*] 5

STA. How fare you, my preserver?

OLYM. Very hungry,
 By *Hercules!* and therefore not so thirsty.

STA. But I am in love.

OLYM. I shall do nought, O love,
 To bring your empire into danger; no,
 My inwards grumble; and with emptiness. 10

STA. Why this delay within? 'tis done on purpose;
 The more I haste myself, the slower are they.

OLYM. Suppose I serenade them with a song?
 Sing *Hymenæe* to them?

STA. 'Twould not be
 Amiss—I'll join you, as we both are married. 15

OLYM. and STA. *Io, Hymen! Hymenæe! Io,*
Hymen! [*singing.*]

V. 4. —*Io, Hymen!* [*Sc.*] *Hymen*, son of *Apollo* and *Urania*, was the god of marriage; and the song sung at marriages was called *Hymenæan*; in honour, as we are told, of one *Hymenæus*, an inhabitant of *Attica*. Some pirates having carried off a number of young women, this brave man pursued the ravishers, defeated them, recovered their booty, and preserved the young women's chastity.

GUEDEVILLE.

Hymen, O Hymenæe, Hymen ades, O Hymenæe—

CATULLUS. *Carmen Nuptiale.*

V. 8. *I shall do nought, &c.]*

Verbum hercle hoc verum est, sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus.

TERENTIUS. *Eunuchus*, Act IV. Scene V. v. 6.

I'faith it's an old saying, and a true one,
Ceres and *Bacchus* are warm friends of *Venus*. COLMAN.

STA.

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 343

STA. Oh! I am gone; poor I have burst my lungs

With singing *Hymen! Hymen! Hymenæe!*

If I was running now the race I'd wish

To run, I never could hold out—

OLYM. By *Pollux!* 20

Was you a horse, you never would be tam'd.

STA. Why so? and for what reason?

OLYM. You're too resty.

But the door creaks—Oh! ho! they're coming out.

STA. The gods preserve me! all goes very well.

I at a distance smell out *Casina*. 25

SCENE IV.

Enter two WOMEN SLAVES leading out CHALINUS dress'd in women's cloaths for CASINA.

WOM. Over the threshold lift your feet a little,
New married bride, and prosperously begin
Your journey, that you may survive your husband;

V. 19, 20. *If I was running, &c.*] We have endeavoured to give this passage a decent turn; and hope we have at the same time preserved the sense, and the metaphor too.

V. 23. *But the door creaks—*] As this occurs very often, let it suffice to observe once for all, that the *Greeks* had their doors made to open outwards into the street; and whoever opened the door to go out, used to make it creak; in order that if any persons were near it, they might get out of the way.

V. 1. *Over the threshold lift your feet—*] The commentators inform us, that in the affair of marriage the ancients were so superstitious, that they esteemed it an ill omen for the bride, when

In power be his superior, get the better,
 And come off conqueror. May you still maintain 5
 Your empire over him: And may your husband
 Find you in cloaths, and may you plunder him
 Both night and day, behave to him with cunning.
 Remember that, I pray you.

OLYM. Yes, by *Hercules*!

If she does so, she'll do it to her cost. [*aside.*] 10

STA. Peace! hold your tongue.

when she went out of her father's or her master's house, to go to that of her husband, to touch the threshold though ever so lightly with her feet. To avoid which, her attendants were used to hold her up by the arms, so that she might go out of one house, and into the other, and her feet not touch the ground. To this *Lucan* alludes; when he is giving an account of the privacy, with which the nuptials of *Cato* and *Marcia* were solemnized.

Turritaque premens frontem matrona corona,

* *Tralata vitat contingere limina planta.*

Pharsalia, Lib. ii. V. 358.

No matron put the tow'ry frontlet on,

Nor bad her feet the sacred threshold shun. ROWE.

Ovid too gives the same advice to a new made bride,

Missa foras iterum, limen transire memento

Cautius, atque aliè sobria ferre pedem.

Amorum, Lib. i. Eleg. xii. V. 5, 6.

Sent forth again, love's messages to bear,
 To pass the threshold mind with better care,
 And lift the foot with high, but sober air. }

Here *Ovid* means a metrical foot; but at the same time, alludes to the superstitious custom here mentioned.

* *Vulgò Tralata vocant.*

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 345

OLYM. I will not hold my tongue.

STA. What is the matter?

OLYM. Why those cursed jades there,
Are teaching her such wicked lessons, sir.

STA. Undone! When all is ready, they're for
making

Each thing as if it was not done at all.

Ay, that's their aim: they'd undo all again. 15

WOM. *Olympio*, when you please, receive your wife
From these our hands. [*presenting CHALINUS to him*
for CASINA.]

OLYM. If you've a wife to give,
Why give her me.

STA. Return into the house. [*to the women.*]

WOM. Prithee for goodness sake, deal gently with
her, 20

She's but a novice.

OLYM. I'll take care. Adieu!

STA. Begone.

WOM. Adieu! [*Exeunt.*]

STA. Well, are they gone at last?

OLYM. Your wife's at home: fear nothing.

STA. Then, huzza!

By *Pollux*! I'm now free at last—My honey!

[*to CHA. supposing him CASINA.*]

My little flower!

OLYM. Hola! there, take care 25

If you are wise—She's mine—

STA. I know it well,

But I may first be kind to her.

OLYM. Hold this torch.

STA. I'd rather much hold her within my arms.

[*embracing the pretended CASINA.*
Venus,

Venus, all powerful goddess, you have made
 My life quite happy, by bestowing on me 30
 The enjoyment of so delicate a charmer.

OLYM. My pretty little wife here— [*embracing her.*

STA. What's the matter?

OLYM. —Has trod upon my toes.

STA. As 'twere jocosely—

No falling dew feels half so soft as she.

OLYM. By *Pollux*' temple, what a handsome neck! 35
 Undone! Undone! [CHA. *strikes him.*

STA. Why, what's the matter now?

OLYM. She strikes me with her elbow on my breast.

STA. Why do you handle her so roughly then?

I touch her gently, so she strikes not me.

OLYM. Ah, ah!

STA. The matter!

OLYM. Plague! how strong she is! 40
 She has with her elbow almost knock'd me down—

STA. That's but a sign she would retire to rest.

OLYM. Then let's go in—

STA. My pretty, precious dear!

[*Exeunt.*

V. 33. —*Has trod upon my toes.*] See *The Ass-Dealer*, Act IV.
 Scene I. v. 41. and the note,

V. 42. —*she would retire to rest*—] The original is *Cubitus*;
 which signifies the elbow, and a bed. This double meaning fur-
 nishes a pun, which cannot be maintained in a translation; and we
 know of nothing to substitute in the stead of it.

* * This Act is opened by *Pardalisca*; who tells us the con-
 fusion the cooks, by order of their mistress, had made, by throw-
 ing down the saucers, extinguishing the fire, &c. &c. *Chalinus* is
 then introduced dressed like *Casina*, in wedding apparel; when

ACT IV. SCENE IV. 347

Stalino declines partaking of the supper, and expresses a desire of accompanying *Olympio* and his bride into the country; and tells them it was so late, that if they did not go directly, they should not arrive before dark. Preparations are then made for solemnizing the nuptials; and *Olympio* appears in his wedding apparel, whilst the slaves support *Cbalinus* in his disguise as the bride; and being now on the spot destined to receive her, the interval between this and the next Act is filled up in making preparations for putting the counterfeited bride to bed,

End of the FOURTH ACT,

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter MYRRINA and PARDALISCA.

PARDALISCA.

NOW that we've well been entertain'd within,
Let's see this wedding sport here out of doors.

MYR. I swear by *Castor's* temple, I ne'er laugh'd
More heartily in all my days; and think,
In those to come, I never shall exceed it— 5
I'd fain know how *Chalinus* acts his part
Of bride with his new bridegroom—Sure no poet
Did e'er contrive so crafty a device,
As this contriv'd by us—Pleas'd shall I be
To see the old fellow, with his chaps well beaten, 10
Come sallying forth; than he is, one more wicked—
Ne'er liv'd I think: and yet that other too,
Who so officiously lent him his house,
Is pretty near as bad—Here, *Pardalisca*,
Stand here; that when he sallies forth, we may 15
Have our own sport with him.

PAR. I will, with pleasure,
As I am wont to do—

MYR. Observe from hence
What's going on within doors.

PAR. Stand behind me,
I beg you.

V. 12. —*that other too*—] meaning *Alcesimus*.

MYR.

MYR. Speak then freely and with confidence
Whatever comes into your head.

PAR. Peace, peace! 20
Your door creaks— [they stand apart.

* SCENE II.

Enter OLYMPIO and CLEOSTRATA, following him at a distance.

OLYM. Whither to fly, or where to hide myself,
Or how I shall conceal this vile disgrace
I know not—Can my master, or can I
Survive the infamy of these our nuptials—
I'm so ashamed, am so beside myself, 5
To think we both shall be the common town talk—
Attend and you shall hear my wedding feats;
[to the spectators.

They're worth your hearing, and will make you laugh
Most heartily, I fancy! when you know
All that has past within; 'tis so ridiculous 10
That you must burst with laughter at the tale—
As soon as I had brought this spouse of mine,
Into the chamber, first I bolt the door—

MYR. [to CLEO.] See there *Olympio* is—Accost
him straight.

CLE. Where's your new bride? For heaven's sake
inform me. 15

* SCENE II.] This Scene we have been obliged to cur-
tail very much; and to omit several passages which could not
even be imitated, much less translated, with the least regard to
propriety or decency.

OLYM.

OLYM. [*aside.*] I'm lost—All's blown—

CLE. Come, tell us all in order,
As it has pass'd within; You'll give us pleasure.

OLYM. I can't for shame relate it.

CLE. We must have it
Exactly as it pass'd—

OLYM. I cannot, shame forbids
To tell such privacies—

CLE. Come, tell us roundly 20
All, and begin your story from the time
You and your bride were bolted in together.

OLYM. When then I call'd her *Casina*, my *Casina*,
My darling bride, why do you spurn your husband?
Indeed 'tis not well done, to treat me thus, 25

Me, who to all have given you the preference—

She answers not a word—I then attempted

To kiss her, mark ye; but I find a beard

Against my lips, quite prickly, stiff as bristles.

At length she kicks my stomach with such force, 30

I tumble backward from the bed; and she

Jumps out upon me, and bemauls my face

With both her fists most heartily—At last

I steal away in silence, in this trim

You see me in—Heaven grant! at least, my master 35

May drink of the same cup that I have tasted.

CLE. 'Tis excellent indeed! But where's your
cloak?

OLYM. My cloak's within doors—Yes, I left it
there.

CLE. Well, think you not our business well con-
ducted?

OLYM. Yes truly, I deserve it.

CLE.

CLE. Hark! The doors
Are opening surely—

OLYM. Sure she will not follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

* SCENE III.

Enter STALINO.

STA. A pretty business this! I know not what
To say to this same wife; or how to look
Upon her—Quite undone! The matter's all
Come out beyond evasion. I am fairly
Hook'd—hook'd fast ***
How to patch up a story to my wife—
My cloak too gone ***

5

'sdeath! these clandestine pranks
*** I judge it best ***
Yes, she indeed might calm my wife's resentment. 10

But who would undertake this task I know not.
I know not what to do: except I follow
The example of bad slaves, and fly the house:
If I return, no safety for my shoulders.
I may frame sham excuses there: but, all 15
In vain; for she'll see thro' them in an instant.
I shall smart for't deservedly, 'tis true;
But fore against my will—Yes, I'll be gone,
Take to my heels—

* SCENE III.] The reader will observe, that the places
where the Comedy is imperfect, and passages are lost, are marked,
in this, and the remaining Scenes, as they are in the original,
with ***.

OLYM.

OLYM. [*from within.*] Ho! *Stalino*, you lover!

STA. I'll make as if I heard not, and march off—

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter CLEOSTRATA, MYRRINA, CHALINUS
in women's cloaths disguis'd like CASINA, OLYMPIO,
and the two women slaves.*

CHA. Where are you, you who aim at strict severity

Of morals, you philosopher? By *Hercules*!

'Tis over with you—Here, come here, approach.

* * *

STA. Yes, I'll go this way—'Twere a better omen
To have an o'ergrown puppy barking at me. 5

CLE. What art thee doing here, my precious love,
My little dear! and why too in this dress?

Where is the stick, and where the cloak thee had'st?

WOM. Lost in the battle both of them, I trow,
When he was making love to *Casina*. 10

STA. 'Tis over with me!

V. 1. —*strict severity—Of morals—*] The original is, the morals of the inhabitants of *Massilia*, a city of *Provence* in *France*, anciently, but not primarily, inhabited by a colony of *Phœnicians* out of *Asia*, who disdained the *Persian* servitude. The reader will find an eulogium on the inhabitants of this city in *Cicero*, *Oratio pro L. Flacco*, Sect. xxvi. where he speaks in particular of the severity of their morals.

Most of the editions give this speech to *Cleostrata*. But we have followed *Gronovius*; who, from *Lambin*, gives it to *Chalinus*.

CHA.

ACT. V. SCENE IV. 353

CHA. What, shall we to bed?
'Tis I am *Cafina*— [discovering himself.]

STA. Go and be hang'd,
You scoundrel you!—

CHA. Do you not love me then?
CLE. Why don't you answer me? Where is your
cloak?

STA. Bacchant! A Bacchant! Yes, by *Hercules*! 15
You are a Bacchant, wife.

WOM. He jokes on purpose.
'Tis not the feast of *Bacchus* now.

STA. 'Tis true,
I had forgot—Yet notwithstanding that
You are a Bacchant.

CLE. What d'you mean by Bacchant?
That cannot be—

OLYM. Yet you are in a fright, 20
By *Castor's* temple!

STA. I in a fright, d'you say?
OLYM. Don't tell a lye—The matter's very plain.

STA. And won't you hold your tongue?

OLYM. By *Hercules*!
I won't. Yourself most earnestly conjur'd me
To ask for *Cafina* to be my wife. 25

STA. That was an instance of the love I bore you.

CLE. Rather an instance of your love to her.
You're fairly caught.

STA. What, am I guilty then?
Of what you say?

CLE. And do you ask that question?

STA. If I've done so, I've been to blame, by
Hercules!

VOL. V.

A a

30
CLE.

CLE. Come in with me then ; if you have forgot,
I will refresh your memory.

STA. By *Hercules* !

I think you rather are to be believ'd.
Forgive your husband then, my dear—*Myrrina*,
Intreat *Cleostrata* to pardon me. 35

If, from this time I e'er love *Casina*,
Or ever offer to seduce her more,
Or ever more attempt to do the like,
There is no cause, but you shall tuck me up,
And with your own hands scourge me heartily. 40

MYR. 'Tis my opinion that you should forgive him.

CLE. I'll do as you would have me—And I pardon
This folly in you, the more willingly,
In order not to lengthen out the Comedy,
Too long already.

STA. You're not angry then? 45

CLE. No, I am not.

STA. May I depend upon it?

CLE. You may—

STA. And can there in the world be found
A wife more amiable than mine?

CHA. Then take her.

CLE. Return me then his stick and cloak.

CHA. Here, take them.

STA. 'Tis very well.

CHA. They have, by *Castor's* temple! 50
Injur'd me most egregiously—I've had
Two husbands, yet am still *in statu quo*. [Exit.

The

THE COMEDIANS.

Spectators, nought remains now, but to tell you
 What's to be done within. Our *Casina*
 Will be found out to be the daughter of
Alcesmus our neighbour, and will speedily
 Be married to our master's son, *Euthynicus*. 5
 'Tis now your part to give us our reward,
 And clap your hands in token of applause.

V. 2. *What's to be done within?*] This, according to *Horace's*
 rule,

——— *Non tamen intus*

Digna geri promes in scenam; multaque tolles

Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præfens —

De Arte Poetica, V. 182.

But let no deed upon the stage be brought,
 Which better should behind the scenes be wrought;
 Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold,
 What may with grace and eloquence be told. FRANCIS.

Terence also concludes one of his Comedies in the same manner.

Ne expectatis, dum exeat huc: intus despondabitur,

Intus transfigetur siquid est quod restat —

Andria, Act V. Scene VI. v. 16.

Wait not till they come forth: Within
 She'll be betroth'd; within, if ought remains
 Undone, 'twill be concluded — COLMAN.

V. 7. — *in token of applause* —] After this, there are three verses in the original, which we have not translated.

. This Act opens with a short dialogue between *Myrrina* and *Pardalisca*, concerning the trick that had been play'd upon *Olympio*; which Scene we are, with *Limiers*, inclined to think should rather be the last of the former Act, than the first of this; though we have not altered it. *Olympio* then appears, followed

by *Cleostrata* at a distance ; and at *Myrrina's* request, gives her a humorous detail of what had passed when in bed with his supposed bride. This ended, *Stalino* appears more disconcerted than even *Olympia* ; and, not daring to appear before his wife, is preparing to quit the house ; but is prevented by *Cleostrata*, and the other characters, who rally him not a little on the adventure that had happened. The Comedy now drawing to a conclusion, *Stalino* is forgiven by his wife, on his promise of never offending in like manner for the future, all parties are reconciled, *Casina* is discovered to be a free woman, and the daughter of *Alcesimus*, and is married to her beloved *Eubynicus*.

It is to be observed, that *Machiavel* had undoubtedly this Comedy of *Plautus* in his eye, when he wrote his *Clixia*.

End of THE LOTS.

FRAG-

FRAGMENTS.

PART I.

Passages from Comedies of **PLAUTUS** which
are lost ; the greatest Part of which are cited
by Grammarians.

Δρυὶς πεσοῦσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλεύεται.

Advertisement.

THE Reader may expect some apology for my translating these FRAGMENTS. They have been preserved by grammarians, as authorities for the use of *Latin* words, either uncommon, or used in an uncommon sense. Learned men have taken great pains in publishing the *Greek* Fragments of *Menander* and *Philemon*; and of enriching them with very valuable notes: and, although there are among them many passages of consequence, and well worth the reader's attention, yet there are also not a few, even single words only, full as insignificant as very many of these of *Plautus*. But it may be said, they have never been translated, except into *Latin*, as being thought of no use to a meer *English* reader, and worthy the attention only of the learned.

What I have therefore to offer by way of apology is this.—The late Mr. THORNTON, who began this work (and, fortunate would it have been to the admirers of this author, had he lived to have compleated it) intended to have made these Fragments a part of his translation. He told me so himself: and his reason was, that as L'Abbé *Marolles* and *Limiers* had translated them into *French*, he thought the *English*

ADVERTISEMENT.

reader had the same right to see them in his own language; and that the work would not be compleat without them. Such then as they are, the reader will be so indulgent as to accept of them; and, *valeant quantum valere possint*.

These Fragments compleat a translation of all the works of *Plautus* transmitted to us---An author hitherto but little known to the *English* reader. I have the same acknowledgement to make to particular friends, for their assistance in this, as well as in the former volumes: and cannot but repeat, what I have said in my Preface to the Third Volume, that their names, had I the liberty of mentioning them, would add the greatest credit to the work. I have also to return thanks to the Publick on my own account, for the very candid reception they have given to the former Volumes wherein I have been concerned. In translating an author acknowledged to be so difficult, mistakes may have occurred; if the learned reader discovers any that have escaped my attention, his communicating them to Mr. *Becket*, the Bookseller, for whom the work is printed, will be thankfully acknowledged.

Woodford-Row, Essex,

Jan. 1, 1774.

RICHARD WARNER.

FRAGMENTS, &c.

P A R T I.

(a) THE DILIGENCE OF ACARUS.

—————By this device,
Of how much money have I beggar'd him?

(b) ABROICUS.

Strong as a wolf my shoulders and my loins
Stout and unhurt—

(a) *The diligence of Acarus.*] The original is *Acari studium*. Not one commentator either knows what this signifies, or who was the author of the piece. The critics assure us, that it was not of *Plautus*, but of some other author whose name was *Accius* or *Acutius*. Some critics read *Acharistia*, which might have been the name of one of the persons of the drama. LIMIER.

M. Maralles thinks it means *the diligence of the hand worm*, a little worm so called, which he says the word *Acarus* signifies.

It is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*, under the word *pauperavi*.

(b) *ABROICUS.*] What the meaning of this word should be, unless it is the name of one of the persons of the drama, seems not easy to determine. *Nonius Marcellus*, who cites this passage under the word *clunes*, thinks we should read *Agroicus*, from the Greek *Αγροικος*, rustick, clownish; and that this piece was like *The Truculentus*, by its description of the manners of rusticks.

LIMIER.

THE

(c) THE MAN ADJUDGED.

I'd rather mind the business I'm about, 5
Than sleep—I hate a lethargy—

(d) ARTAMON.

I now may speak my mind : there's no one left
To hear me—

This ointment stinks so, 'twould offend the nose
Of any muleteer— 10

(c) *The man adjudged.*] The name of this comedy in the original is *addictus*, which signifies adjudged, awarded, or against whom sentence has been passed in a court of justice. This passage is cited, as we are told, by an anonymous commentator on *Virgil's Georgicks*; and the comedy, *A. Gellius*, Lib. iii. chap. iii. tells us, was one of those which *Plautus* wrote when he was in the service of a baker. See the Life of *Plautus* from *Petrus Crinitus*, prefixed to this edition.

(d) *ARTAMON.*] The word is from the Greek *Ἀραμὼν*, the mizen-sail in the back or hinder part of a ship. But it may be the name of one of the persons of the drama. Some commentators, as *Limiers* informs us, have thought that this piece might have been the same as *Asinaria*, because the wife of *Demenetus* in that comedy was called *Artemona*; but others are, with greater reason, of opinion that it was a piece wrote by *Plautus* or *Acutius*.

V. 7. *I now may speak—*] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 9. *This ointment, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus* under the word *nautica*.

ASTRABA:

ASTRABA: or, (e) THE BEARER OF
THE PACK-SADDLE.

Polyba follow; follow close and mind me;
I wish to have my hopes keep up with me.

POL. Indeed I follow: for, with hearty will,
I follow closely whatsoe'er I hope for—

Your busy factious people ever raise 15
The price of all provisions.—

Your javelin, and the beam to draw your water,
You drag it up and down on even ground.

You bore my ears as with an auger.

He would do well forthwith to run his country. 20

(e) *The Bearer of the Pack-saddle.*] The original is *Chist-laria*, which we are told has that signification, from *clistella*, a pack-saddle. *Astraba* seems to be the name of one of the persons of the drama. *Nonius* speaks of this piece as written by *Plautus*.

V. 11. *Polyba follow, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Varro*. The original is *Polybadysce*. But we rather think it should be two words, *Polyba dysce*; and have kept it so accordingly.

V. 15. *Your busy factious people—*] This passage is cited by *Varro*; the original is *axitiosce*, which we are told has that meaning. *Limiers*, from *Festus*, says it is taken for *factiosce*, those who busy themselves about many things at the same time.

V. 19. *You bore my ears—*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 20. *He would do well—*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

Let

Let it be bor'd sufficiently.—Now add
Some dove-tails—

Now am I like one of those pale, wan queans,
Those penny drabs, those play-house abigails,
Those ugly dirty whores, with nails worn out, 25
With slender spindle shanks, with hair cut short,
And close crop'd ears—

V. 21. —*add some dove-tails—*] The original is *subtudes*; which we are told has that signification. *Dove-tail* is a joint or peg; and *dove-tailing* is a term in carpentry, which means fastening boards or timber together, by letting one piece into another indentedly, with a joint in the shape of a dove or pigeon's tail.

Thus far the passages are cited from this comedy, by the name of *Astraba*; what follows are cited from the same by the name of *The Bearer of the Pack-saddle*, or *Chitelharia*.

V. 23. *Now am I like—*] These passages are cited some by *Varro*, some by *Festus*, and some by *Nonius Marcellus*.

Ibid. queans—] The original is *limaces*. *Limax* is properly a snail; but used by *Plautus* in other places for a thievish dirty whore, a quean. The passage is cited from *Varro*.

V. 24. —*penny drabs—*] The original is *Diobolares*. *Plautus* makes use of the word elsewhere.

Servulorum sordidulorum scorta diobolaria.

Panulus, Act I. Scene II. v. 59.

The penny drabs of little dirty slaves.

See the note on the passage, Vol. IV. of this translation. V. 24, 25, 26, are not in many of the editions, that of the *Delphin* in particular; but were, as M. Marolles informs us, discovered and corrected by *Scaliger*.

You're

You're like the drawer to a well, you drag
Your javelin up and down on even ground.
Trip it as thus, or you take strides too large. 30
As to the business of the bed, good mother,
I'm practis'd well enough—When I'm to run,
I'm rather slow—

Why fear your friend should strike you with her
gloves?

Her riches, and her large and ample portion 35
Bid me to keep my distance.

I'll clear myself of all, till I am hoarse
With bawling—

She's like those wretches, who clean out the shops
Of filthy sausage-makers— 40

V. 28. —*the drawer to a well*—] This is cited by *Festus*. The original is *tollenonem*. *Tolleno*, *Festus* tells us, has that signification.

V. 30. *Trip it as thus*—] The original is, *sic biteris*. See *The Parasite*, Act I. Scene II. v. 64. note. Vol. IV. of this translation. Most of these lines are cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 34. *Why fear your friend*—] This is cited by *Fulgentius*, *De Continentia Virgiliana*.

V. 35. *Her riches, &c.*] This is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 37. *I'll clear myself*—] This is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 39. *She's like those wretches*—] This is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

I hie me to an honest wench—That huffy
 Stands in the street alone—A common prostitute
 'Tis certain—

Away with ill—I've need of only good—

They've not forgot their duty— 45

Are you a man that's fit to undertake
 An enterprize of daring villainy?

N. There are enough besides
 Would undertake to do it—I'm resolv'd
 To shew myself a man of courage— 50

Is it then you, my pretty little mother?

My dear sweet sister!—

If what you order me's within my power,

V. 41. *I hie me—*] See *The Lots*, Act II. Scene I. v. 1. This is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 44. *Away with ill—*] We are indebted for this passage to *Donza*, as *Gulielmus* conjectures; who says that he read it in an old MSS. copy of *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 45. *They've not forgot—*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 46. *Are you a man, &c.*] This passage is cited by *A. Gellius*, Lib. vii. Cap. 7.

V. 51. *Is it then you—*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 52. *My dear sweet sister!*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 53. *If what you order me's, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

And

And no great matter—

You old folks use to make most noble presents— 55

Was I alone with her, I well could neigh
After this little mare—I smell she's horfy—

(f) BACCHARIA.

What mortal e'er experienc'd such good fortune
As I have now?—This very night a triumph
Is destin'd for my belly—This large sturgeon 60
Till now was hid i'th' bottom of the sea;

V. 55. *You old folks—*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*. It is a difficult one. We have translated it according to the sense given it by *M. Marolles*; who fairly owns he rather guesses at it, than pretends exactly to explain it.

V. 56. *Was I alone, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

(f) BACCHARIA.] It is very doubtful, says *M. Marolles*, to determine what *Plautus* alluded to in this title of his comedy; whether to the god *Bacchus*, *Bacchants*, or *Bacchanal*, or whether to a plant, mentioned in *Pliny's* Natural History, called *Bacchar*, or *Baccharis*, thought by the ancients to be used in fascinations or enchantments. It is by modern botanists called *Baccharis Monspeliensis*, a species of *Cenoxa*; by the French *les gans de notre dame*, *our lady's glove*; and by us, *plowman's spikenard*.

V. 58. *What mortal, &c.*] This passage is preserved in *Macrobius*, *Saturnalia*, Lib. ii. Cap. xii.

V. 60. —*This large sturgeon—*] The original is *acipenser*, which *Pliny* tells us, Book ix. Chap. xvii. was a noble fish, much esteemed by the ancients; and by some commentators said to be the same with that we call sturgeon.

And

And for whose side my teeth and hands shall soon
Provide another place of dark concealment—

(g) THE WOMAN TWICE DEBAUCH'D.

By some,

T H E B Œ O T I A N.

The gods confound the man who first found out
How to distinguish hours ! Confound him too, 65
Who in this place set up a sun-dial,

(g) *The woman, &c.*] The original is, BIS COMPRESSA.

V. 64. *The gods confound, &c.*] This passage is preserved in *A. Gellius*, Book iii. Chap. iii. who tells us (and indeed it plainly appears so) that *Plautus* puts it into the mouth of a Parasite. *Litmiere* observes that *Antiphanes* is the original author of this comedy, which he called in Greek Βολωτιαν, and *Plautus* translated the name into Latin, as he had that of many others which he had borrowed from the Greek. He there introduces a Parasite, who abuses the invention of sun-dials, because they disconcerted his hours of eating. A piece of raillery on the invention, which in *Plautus*'s time was of late date.

Salmasius has observed, that the first sun-dial in Rome was placed there Anno U. C. 499, and that as *Plautus* lived in the time of the second Punick war, which was about Anno U. C. 535, the invention of sun-dials might by him be looked upon as a modern one. But what the Parasite says afterwards, that the city was full of them, is contradicted by ancient authors ; who assure us, that there was but a single one in Rome at that time ; and that was brought from Sicily. The exaggerations of the Parasite must be attributed then to the ill humour he is in. It appears from *A. Gellius*, Lib. iii. Cap. iii. that *The Woman twice debauch'd*, and *The Bœotian* are two distinct comedies ; and that the first of these, the name only of which remains, was not written by *Plautus*. As to the second, it has been thought that
it

To cut and hack my days so wretchedly.
 Into small portions—When I was a boy,
 My belly was my sun-dial: one more sure,
 Truer, and more exact, than any of them. 70
 This dial told me when 'twas proper time
 To go to dinner, when I had aught to eat—
 But now-a-days, why, even when I have,
 I can't fall to, unless the sun give leave.
 The town's so full of these confounded dials, 75
 The greatest part of its inhabitants
 Shrunk up with hunger, creep along the streets.

(b) CACISTUS.

I like to have him fastned to the fishing-boat ;
 That, tho' the storm be e'er so great, he still
 May keep on fishing—— 80

it was wrote by one *Aquilus* ; but *A. Gellius* maintains that these lines are very worthy of *Plautus* ; and thinks at the same time, that he can discover in them his humour and taste.

(b) CACISTUS.] This seems to be a name of one of the persons of the drama.

V. 78. *I like to have him, &c.*] This fragment is not found in the *Delphin*, *Variorum*, *Lambin's*, *Taubman's*, nor in other editions. We meet with it in that of *Paræus* ; who tells us that it is cited only by *Fulgentius*. He is of opinion that it is not wrote by *Accius Plautus*, but by some other *Accius*. But as *Eimiers* has preserved and translated it, we have done the same.

(i) THE LITTLE SLIPPER.

—He said he had a peach-tree,
The boughs of which hung o'er the tiles—

(k) THE COAL MINE.

'Tis near that altar I've conceal'd my money.

—Let there only be
A ham, a sow's paunch, and the belly-piece, 85
Brawn, and the kernels—

I shall be carried through the city, like
A very hang-dog; then, be hang'd in earnest.

(i) *The Little Slipper.*] The original is *Calceolus*. The same may be said of this as of the former, only that it is cited by *Macrobius*; *Saturnalia*, Book ii. Chap. xiv.

(k) *The Coal Mine.*] The original is, *Carbonaria*.

V. 82. *'Tis near that altar, &c.*] The same may be said of this as of the former, only that it is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 83. —*Let there only be, &c.*] The same may be said of this as of the former, only that it is cited by *Festus Pompeius*.

V. 87. *I shall be carried, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

(1) THE BLIND MAN, or, THE PLUNDERERS.

No work was done, but what was done with art ;
 Nor ought plac'd there, but work inlaid with gold, go
 With ivory and silver, purple, pictures,
 And statues, all spoils taken from the enemy.

Against my will, you ne'er shall take her from me.

With pomp and with magnificence to view
 The games—

95

He's on a voyage—

(1) *The Blind Man, &c.*] *Paræus* is of opinion that this comedy was not the production of our *Accius Plantus*, but of some other *Accius*.

V. 89. *No work was done, &c.*] The passages from this comedy are cited by *Sofipater Charisius, Institution. Grammaticar. Lib. ii.*

V. 90. —*but work inlaid with gold—*] The original is, *nec sine lucis*. We cannot find any other sense of *lucus* besides a wood or grove. It is indeed once used in *Terence*, in the same sense as *lux*, light. *M. Marolles* supposes it means little artificial groves, made up as toys for ornament. Perhaps it may mean groves painted, landscapes. *Limiers* renders it *pièce de rapport*, which the *French Dictionaries* tell us, signifies inlaid work. We have given it that sense. Yet if these plunderers are describing the house and gardens, *lucus* may very justly signify covered or winding walks, such as we have in our gardens. The rest will be, either the ornaments of the house or gardens.

V. 93. —*you ne'er shall take her from me.*] This passage too is cited by *Sofipater Charisius* as the former one ; and so are the rest that belong to this comedy.

V. 96. *He's on a voyage—*] The original is, *Peregrus est*, which *M. Marolles* thinks means, He is a foreigner.

B b 2

I wish

I wish his farm were twice as valuable
As 'tis at present.—

Just such are plunderers, they spare none at all.

I would you was a judge in this affair. 100

R. Why 'tis in a fair way.—The foe is gone,
The stone's remov'd—

If he will not confess, and readily,
Where he has hid the money, we'll saw off
His limbs.— 105

I have done nought but what I ought to do—

Who are you who have brought me hither?—Ah!
Undone, by *Hercules*!—He's an *African*.

(m) COLAX.

He had a golden goblet, eight pounds weight,
T'other would not accept it— 110

V. 101. R.] This must be the initial letter of the speaker's name.

V. 107. —*Ab!*—] The original is *Mā*; which the grammarians tell us, is an interjection of fear.

(m) COLAX.] This piece, some say, was wrote in *Greek* by *Menander*, and translated into *Latin* by *Plautus*; or, as others say, by *Nævius*.

Colacem

(n) THE MEN DYING TOGETHER.

Into the pit I'll headlong throw myself.

Colacem esse Nævi et Plauti, veterem fabulam.

Terentius, Prol. in *Eunuchum*, V. 25.

The *Colax* is an ancient comedy

Of *Nævi*; and of *Plautus*—

COLMAN.

Colax Menandri est : in eâ est parasitus Colax,

Et Miles Gloriosus—

Ibid. V. 30.

The *Colax* is a fable of *Menander's*,

Wherein is drawn the character of *Colax*,

The parasite, and the vain-glorious soldier. COLMAN.

The reader is referred to that gentleman's note on this passage, from COOKE.

Colax is a Greek word Κόλαξ, which signifies a Flatterer, and was a name often given to a Parasite.

(*) *The men dying together.*] The original is, *Commorientes*, from the Greek Συναποθνήσκοντες, which signifies, dying together.

Synapothnescontes Diphili comædia est—

Eam Commorientes Plautus fecit fabulam.

Terentius, Prol. in *Adelphos*, V. 5.

The *Synapothnescontes* is a piece

By *Diphilus*, a comedy which *Plautus*

Having translated, call'd *Commorientes*.

COLMAN.

V. 111. *Into the pit, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*. *Accius*, as cited by *Varro*, is of opinion that this comedy was not wrote by *Plautus*, but by *Aquilus*. But *Terence*, from the above passage, seems an authority to be depended on.

(o) THE RING.

—How like a fool he lights his lamp
At almost day-break—

(p) CORNICULARIA.

See that the house be scented from *Arabia*.

(a) THE RING.] The original is *condalium*, which signifies a kind of ring worn by slaves, as *Festus* informs us. The word occurs twice, and we think only twice in our author.

—*'satiā' in thermopolio*

Condalium es oblitus postquam thermopotaſti guttorem.

Trinummus, *Act. IV. Scene III. v. 6.*

—to forget

Thy ring, and leave it at the tipling-house,
Where thou haſt warm'd thy gullet— THORNTON.

Inter eoſque homines condalium te redipiſci poſtulas? *Ibid. V. 15.*

And can'ſt thou hope then from among ſuch fellows
To get thy ring?— THORNTON.

V. 112. *How like a fool, &c.*] The paſſage is cited by *Varro*, *De Ling. Lat. Lib. vi.* According to *Athenæus*, *Menander* wrote this piece in *Greek*, and called it *Δακτύλιον*, *The Ring*. But *A. Gellius* is of opinion that *Plautus* did not tranſlate it.

(p) CORNICULARIA.] *M. Marolles* tells us, that it is no difficult matter to find from whence the name of this comedy is taken. We profeſs not to find it quite ſo eaſy. *Cornicula*, we know, is a chough, or little crow, as is what we call a jack-daw. So we find it in *Horace's* *Epistles*, *Book I. Ep. iii. V. 19.* It may perhaps be as *Aſnaria*, *Moſtellaria*, *Ciſtellaria*, a ſtronger diminution. See the notes on thoſe inſtances, and then it may mean nothing more than *The Little Crow*, or *Jack-Daw*.

V. 114. *See that the houſe—*] This paſſage is cited by *Diomedes* the grammarian, *Lib. i.*

—Ten

— Ten years pay he has receiv'd 115
For serving king *Demetrius*, one
Of his body-guard—

A fair and open combat has to-day
Been giv'n us—

Health of my life, my dear companion *Lydus*, 120
Give me, I beg, my bonnet—

Why not begin our games?—Our *Circus* see
Is ready—

They, who *Hedylum*, my maid-servant, love
As dear as e'en their eyes— 125

V. 115. —*Ten years pay*, &c.] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 117. —*body-guard*—] The original is *latrocinatus*. If the reader chuses any farther explanation of this word, and the reasons for it, he may find it in *Varro De Lingua Latina*, who cites this passage, Book vi.

V. 118. —*combat*—] The original is *prælium*. *Acidalius*, a noted commentator, will have us read *præmium*, which he says, in this place, signifies plunder.

V. 120. *Health of my life*, &c.] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 122. *Why not*, &c.] This passage is cited by *Varro, De Lingua Latina*, Book iv.

V. 124. *my maid-servant, love*, &c.] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*,

Goddeſs *Laverna*, famous make my hands
In theft——

(q) D Y S C O L U S.

I am a virgin—Nor as yet have learn'd
To talk as married women may—

V. 126. *Goddeſs Laverna, &c.*] This paſſage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*. Alſo by other authors, and with this difference, *Paræus* is inclined to think the piece was not wrote by *Plautus*.

Laverna was the goddeſs to whom thieves paid their adoration.

—— *Pulchra Laverna*

Da mihi fallere: da juſtum; ſanctumque videt:

Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus obſcure nubem.

Horat. Lib. i. Epist. xvi. V. 60.

Beauteous *Laverna*, my petition hear;

Let me with truth and ſanctity appear:

O give me to deceive, and with a veil

Of darkneſs and of night my crimes conceal. FRANCIS.

(q) D Y S C O L U S.] *M. Marolles* ſays he cannot account for the reaſon why *Plautus* gave this name to this comedy. The word ſignifies froward or peeviſh. *Paræus* is of opinion, that it is not wrote by *Plautus*.

V. 128. *I am a virgin, &c.*] This paſſage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 129. *To talk as married women may—*] The original is *verba nupta dicere*; which has been already explained in the courſe of theſe notes.

(r) THE FEMALE USURER.

—You there, hola! I shall accost you, 130

As it is said a freed-woman in *Barbary*

Her mistress erst accosted, who had freed her.

Good day! good housewife—I shall say the same

To you—*Papyria*, you shall smart—

—Which I shall ransack thoroughly—

135

(r) *The Female Usurer.*] The original is *Fœneratrix*. This piece *Paræus* tells us is not of *Plautus*, but of another author, whose name was *Plotius*.

V. 130. — *You there, hola! —*] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 134. — *Papyria, you shall smart —*] Concerning the meaning of this passage the commentators are much divided in opinion. The original is *vapula Papyria*; which *Festus* says, is a proverbial expression, by which those who were made free were given to understand, that their masters or mistresses had still some authority over them; and refers to the following passage in *Terence*.

—*Non manes?*

GET. *Vapulabis—* *Phormio*, Act V. Scene VI. v. 9, 10.

ANT. — Stay I say—

GET. Go and be drub'd—

COLMAN.

Limiers says that *Papyria* is from *Papyrus*, the name of a tree, whose branches are very supple, and easily bended. *M. Marolles*, with some others, supposes it a proper name, and translates it accordingly. We have followed him.

V. 135. — *thoroughly —*] This passage is cited by *Diomedes* the grammarian. The original is *prohè*. Some commentators read *properè*; if so, it should be translated, *speedily*. This is not in the *Delphin* and *Variorum* editions.

THE

(s) THE STRAITS.

Why this is like what's said, that *Aristinus*
 Once gave for answer at the games—If I
 Do not do this, I'm ruin'd—If I do it,
 I shall be punish'd for it—

(t) THE TRIFLE.

Let us discourse conveniently—

140

He was to me the bile, the dropsy, cough,

(s) *The Straits.*] The original is *Fretum*. The straits of *Gibraltar* were sometimes called *Fretum* by way of eminence, as being most familiar to the *Romans*. The *Grecians* called them Περσίδες, for a like reason. See *Wells' Geography*, Chap. iii.

V. 136. *Why this is like*—] This passage is cited by *A. Gellius*, Book iii. Chap. iv. who says that this piece was certainly wrote by *Plautus*, though some have doubted it.

Ibid. —*that Aristinus*—] Whether *Aristinus* was the name of some buffoon of that time, or who he was, does not appear. Some suppose it not to be a proper name, but to mean, of or belonging to a ram. *M. Marolles* is of this opinion, and translates it accordingly.

V. 137. —*If I, &c.*] *Limiers* observes, that this is very like a passage in the *History of Susanna*, V. 22. “If I do this thing, “it is death to me; and if I do it not, I cannot escape your “hands.”

(t) *The Trifle.*] The original is *Frivolaria*. *Priscian* reads *Fribularia*; it will then mean *The Seller of Trifles*, *The Pedlar*.

V. 140. *Let us discourse, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Seppater Charisius*.

V. 141. *He was to me*—] This passage is cited by *Priscian*, Lib. vi.

The

The quaking ague—

If 'tis your pleasure, this way follow all
Ye legions of *Laverna*—Ye light arm'd soldiers,
Where are you now? 145

—We're here—

—Auxiliaries,

And where are you?—

See here we are—

Come on,

And hold yourselves in readiness to march
As those, who're in the rear are wont to do—

And all of you fall back, and keep behind, 150
As the rear guard are wont to do—

I'll get the better of all kinds of mourners
In making a shrill noise—

V. 144. *Ye legions of Laverna*—] See note on verse 126.

Ibid. —*Ye light arm'd soldiers*,] The original is *rerarii*, which *Festus* tells us means so, soldiers that are employed in skirmishing before an engagement becomes general.

V. 146. —*Auxiliaries*] The original is *accensi*, which the commentators tell us means so, and that they were also called *adscriptivi*.

V. 149. —*in the rear*—] The original is *triarii*, which *Festus* tells us, means so.

V. 152. *I'll get the better, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

Ibid. —*all kinds of mourners*] The original is *præfæcas*. See note on *The Cbur*, Act II. Scene VI. v. 24. Vol. IV. of this translation.

Her

*

Her little breasts then first began to swell
 Like two twin brothers—But I meant to say 155
 Like two twin sisters—What need then of words?

*

O my *Cephalio*, out of many friends
 My only one—

*

Here, take these legs of lamb—

(u) THE FUGITIVES.

Here!—here!—why look!—what stripes!—what
 wheals!

How great!

Well, I have scan'd them—And what then? 160

V. 154. *Her little breasts, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*. The original is *fraterculabant*, and *sororiabant*. *Sororiare* (says that grammarian) *mammæ dicuntur puellarum, cum primum tumescant, ut fraterculare, puerorum*: and then he cites this passage.

V. 157. *O my Cephalio, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 159. —*take then, &c.*] This passage is quoted by *Festus*. The original is *strebula agnina*, which that grammarian tells us, were the parts of a lamb used in sacrifices. Though some think it means the haunch, from the Greek *σπασαδς* carved.

(u) *The Fugitives.*] We meet with this in some few editions only, in that of *Paræus* in particular; and the latter part of the line is not in that. The commentators are of opinion it is not of *Plautus*, but of one *Turpilius*. The original is *Fugitivi*.

GASTRION, GASTRON, or GOOD CHEER.

Of meat a haunch---of veal too---you will have
For supper---

(x) THE LITTLE GARDEN.

There let the crier be, and bring a wreath,
And he shall then be sold for what he'll fetch.

(y) KAKISTUS.

(z) THE TWIN PANDARS.

The boy is griev'd, he's to be set to sale. 165

V. 161. *Of meat a haunch, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

(x) *The Little Garden.*] The original is *Hortulus*.

V. 163. *—the crier, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

(y) KAKISTUS.] This fragment we have not translated, as it is almost verbatim the same as that, verse 78; only the title of the comedy is there *Cacistus*, here *Kakistus*.

(z) *The Twin Pandars.*] The original is, *Lenones gemini*. *Varro*, on the authority of *A. Gellius*, will not allow this comedy to be wrote by *Plautus*.

V. 167. *The boy is griev'd, &c.*] The passage is cited by *Priscian*.

THE

THE PHYSICIAN.

I in a mirror look'd behind, and there
Observ'd my cloak—

Cheese for a Parasite, is to be scrap'd—
With ticks—

I've left at home a virgin past her prime.

170

(a) MŒCHUS, or THE DEBAUCHEE.

(b) NERVOLARIA.

My saw I've sharpened forthwith with a file.

*

Old wheezing, ptificky, meer founder'd hags,

V. 166. *I in the mirror, &c.*] The original is *Medicus*. This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*: but he does not say that the piece was of *Plautus*. However the commentators are of opinion, that the silence of authors on that head, is a proof that it is his.

V. 168. *Cheese for a Parasite, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 170. *I've left at home—*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

(a) MŒCHUS.] Of this piece we have nothing remaining but the name.

(b) NERVOLARIA.] *M. Marolles* is of opinion the name of this play may be taken from *nervus*, which has many significations. It may possibly be so, as *Cistellaria* from *cista*, *Aulularia* from *ollula*, and some others.

171. *My saw, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Varro*.

V. 172. *Old wheezing, &c.*] This passage is cited by *A. Gellius*. The original is *scrancia*, *scrupeda*, *strictivella*, *tantula*—
Scrancia

With dry, parch'd, painted hides, shrivell'd and
shrunk.

When from some other place I'd do my business,
They hinder me— 175

———Let's aim to get our freedom,
And that too very quickly—

It well becomes a gallant to be prodigal,
And sumptuous, as at funerals—

Wine weak as water— 180

———They're both of them in love,
And quite to madness—

Scrancia seems to be a word of *Plautus*'s coining; and may be formed from *scare*, to hawk or spit. *Scrupeda*, we are told, means those who walk tenderly, as if they had flint stones under their feet. *StriBivella*, are those who straiten the skin in order to take off the appearance of wrinkles; and *tantula* means very little. There are many different readings of this passage; we have followed that of the *Dolphin*. It is indeed difficult to know what to make of it: we trust to the indulgence of the reader.

V. 174. *When from, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*. The word we have rendered *business*, that grammarian tells us, sometimes signifies *officium*; and quotes this passage as an instance of it.

V. 176. —Let's aim, &c.] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 178. *It well becomes, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 180. *Wine weak as water—*] This passage is cited by *Festus*. The original is *vinum subleffimum*; which we are told means, wine, small and insipid.

V. 181. —*They're both of them in love,*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

THE

(c) THE PLATTER, or THE PLATTER-LICKER.

—What stop then can we have to keep him
So long within—

(d) THE LAZY PARASITE.

From thence, when half seas o'er, at break of day 185
I went the strait way home—

With great encomiums are we both deckt out:
In fine, contempt we neither of us merit.

—Add to these 190
Lobsters, crabs, oysters—

(c) The original is, PATINA, *five* PATINARIA.

V. 183. —*What stop, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*. The original is *remeliginus*. *Remeligo* is, we are told, a small shell-fish, which fastening itself to the bottoms of ships, stops their course; thence metaphorically, any stop or hindrance.

(d) The original is, PARASITUS PIGER, *five* LIPARGUS.

V. 185. *From thence, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Varro*.

V. 188. *With great encomiums, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 191. *Lobsters, crabs, oysters—*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*. The original, which we have translated lobsters, is *lepadas*; instead of which *Nonius* and some of the editions read *lopades*.

The same words, with some others, occur again in our author.

Pro exercitu gymnastico, et palæstrico, hoc habemus,

Echinos, lepadas, ostreas— Rudens, AÆ II. Scene I. v. 7.

Our sport and exercise is catching lobsters,

Crabs, oysters—

THORNTON.

See that gentleman's note on this passage, Vol. II. of this translation.

I want

I want not in my hive a drone, to eat up
The food for bees—

(e) THE GLUTTON.

His honour in his haste is swallow'd up.

(f) THE DEALER IN TOW.

Her forehead's red, her lips are thin as leaves. 195

V. 192. *I want not in my hive, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

(e) *The Glutton.*] The original is *Phagon* or *Phago*, which signifies a great eater, or a glutton, from the Greek φαγεῖν, to eat.

V. 194. —*in his haste*—] The original is *Syncerastō*. *Syncerastum*, we are told, signifies several kinds of meat mixed together, from the Greek συγχεραννύω, to mix together. The passage is cited by *Varro*. *Limiers* tells us, that some learned men are of opinion that this piece is the same as the *Pænulus*.

(f) *The Dealer in Tow.*] The original is *Plociona*, which we are told signifies, one who buys and sells tow, or hemp beaten and combed into a thready substance, from the Greek πλοικιώνης.

V. 195. —*her lips*—] The original is *petilis labris*. *Petilum* means no more than a leaf of a flower, from the Greek πέταλον: and as a flower leaf is usually small and delicate, the ancients call whatever were so *petilia*. The person here spoken of was doubtless supposed to have small lips, which was not thought a beauty by the ancients, no more than it is at present.

LIMIERS.

The passage is cited by *Nomius Marcellus*.

(g) SATURIO.

“ *Plautus*, in his comedy called *Saturio*, mentions
 “ the *Romans* having been used to eat the flesh of
 “ young puppies.”

—Which ever way she once has taken,
 She cannot be drawn back from it again.

I see it has far'd ill with you; no kidney
 Is smoother than the bone was, which they gave you.

Go get a reinforcement—Seek a hundred 200
 To amuse yourself withal at home—

(g) This passage is translated from *Festus*. The name *Saturio* means one who eats voraciously, a glutton; but it might be intended by *Plautus* as the name of one of the *dramatis persone*. In his *Persa* he calls his character of a Parasite by that name, and in the following passage thus puns upon it.

Tox. O *Saturio*, opportune advenisti mihi—

SAT. Mendacium edepol dicis, atque baud te decet:

Nam *Efurio* venio, non advenio *Saturio*— A& I. Sce. III. v. 21.

Tox. You've nick'd the time,

Saturio—

SAT. Now by *Pollux*! that's a fib,
 And misbecomes you mightily; for 'troth
 I come *Hungurio*, not *Saturio* hither—

V. 196. — Which ever way, &c.] This passage is cited by *Festus*.

V. 198. — no kidney, &c.] The original is *rien*. The passage is quoted by *Festus*, who says, that the antients called pigs that were just weaned *rienæ*.

200. Go get a reinforcement—] The original is *sucenturia*. *Festus* cites the passage, and tells us this is the meaning of the word. And we meet with it in this sense in *Terence*.

—ego

(b) THE SCYTHIAN BODY-GUARD.

You are a woman, wife—

Whose woman, husband?

I know you well—I know you are a gossip.

*

—And then my apprehension 205

Left that my wife should bring a monstrous brood,
Deform'd and mark'd—Some bandy-leg'd, knock-
knee'd,

Or shambling, squint-eyed, tusk-tooth'd brat or
other.

THE THREE TWINS.

Had I not run away, I well believe

———*ego in subsidiis hic ero*

Succenturiatus, si quid deficiet—

Pbormio, Act I. Scene IV. v. 52.

———I'll lie in ambush

To reinforce you, if you give ground—

COLMAN.

(b) *The Scythian Body Guard.*] The original is *Scythia liturgus*. The *Scythians* were called *Liturgi*, from the Greek *leitourγος*, as they were heretofore the same in courts, as the *Swiss* guards are now in the court of *France*, or the yeomen of the guard with us. By some passages in *Athenæus*, it appears that this piece was translated from the *Greek* of *Antiphanes*.

V. 207. *Deform'd, &c.*] It is remarkable, that this passage, though printed as a fragment, the reader will find almost *verbatim* in *Miles Gloriosus*, Act III. Scene I. v. 127. of which we have made use of Mr. *Thornton's* translation, Vol. I. of this work.

V. 209. *Had I not run away—*] The original is, *Trigemini*. This passage is cited by *A. Gallius*.

C c 2

He

He would have bit me through and through to th'
middle.

210

(i) THE BAG.

Where'er he saw a stem, he strait devour'd
The fruit—

What servant 'twas, who from the myrtle grove
Leap'd forth, I know not—

This is a poor affair—

215

(i) *The Bag.*] The original is *vidularia*, from *vidulus* or *vidulum*, a bag, purse, or any thing in which people carry their money. *Limiers* observes that some commentators have been of opinion that this piece was the same as *Rudens*, or *The Shipwreck*, on account of the chest in that comedy, and the bag in this, being one of the principal incidents. But they have since found out that they are different pieces. For in an ancient MSS. after the word *Truculentus*, are the words *incipit Vidularia*, here begins *Vidularia*, or *The Bag*; which is a proof that this piece immediately followed the other. It is certain that the subject is but little different from *The Rudens*, as may be gathered from the few fragments which are left of it. *Festus* cites this as a passage from *Aulularia*, *The Miser*, Vol. II. of this translation.

V. 211. —a stem, &c.] The original is *pedem*; which, according to *Nonius Marcellus*, who cites the passage, is the same as *pedis*, used as a feminine, and means the same as *pediculum*, the stem, or stalk of a fruit.

V. 213. *What servant 'twas*, &c.] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 215. *This is a poor affair—*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

A shell is put before it—But I'll tell you
What is the mark—

If 'tis your pleasure, both attend to me ;
The bag deposit here—Myself will keep it,
As if you'd giv'n it me as a deposit— 220
Nor will I give it back to one nor t'other,
'Till the affair's determin'd—
I'll not at all oppose its being a deposit—

Penury, mourning, sorrow, poverty,
Extreme cold, hunger— 225

—These Bacchants

V. 216. *A shell is put before it—*] The original is *claxendix* ; which *Priscian*, who cites the passage, tells us, is the same as *concha*, a shell. The meaning seems to be, a shell is put before it, to cover or hide it; but I'll tell you, notwithstanding the cover, what mark it has.

V. 218. *If 'tis your pleasure, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*, and also by *Nonius Marcellus*.

V. 223. *I'll not at all oppose, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 224. *Penury, mourning, &c.*] What we have translated *penury* and *poverty*, is in the original *inopiam* and *paupertatem* ; which, from this passage, it seems plain, *Plautus* distinguished one from the other. The Prologue to *Trinummus*, or *The Treasure*, is between *Luxuria* and *Inopia* ; which Mr. *Thornton* has rendered by *Luxury* and *Poverty*. But this passage seems to shew that it should rather have been translated *penury*. What is remarkable in this passage, is that the words are all in the accusative case, and yet are not governed by any verb. This is observed by *Priscian*, who cites the passage.

Have serv'd our ship, just as they once serv'd
Pentheus—

Now, since we have as a deposit left
The bag—

——— Now will my servant chouse 230
My father of a sum of money—

Yes—this I say's my country—And this man
My father—And that he there is the father
Of my preserver—

I'd rather those belong to me should die 235
Than become beggars—Of the dead good men
Take care—But ill men jeer the beggar—

V. 227. — *just as they serv'd Pentheus*—] That is, torn it to pieces. The story of *Pentheus*, who was torn in pieces by the *Bacchantes* for desiring to look into the mysteries of *Bacchus*, has been mentioned in the course of these notes. The passage is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 228. *Now, since we have as a deposit left*—] The passage is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 230, 231. — *chouse—My father, &c.*] The original is *ex-palpabit*; which *Nonius Marcellus*, who cites this passage, says, is the same as *extorquet*. *Extorquere*, is to trick out of, to chouse.

V. 234. *Of my preserver*—] The original is *soterinis*, the genitive case of *soteris*, preserver, from the Greek ΣΩΤΗΡ. *M. Marolles* thinks it is a proper name, and that it should be rendered the father of *Soterinus*. The passage is cited by *Priscian*.

V. 235. *I'd rather, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

The

The signature was his ; for I compar'd
His ring with it—

Why then more words!—We have enough con-
tended— 240

Command him to be sew'd up in a sack,
And thrown into the bottom of the sea;
If you would have corn cheap—
Of your provisions—

—While I was fishing there, I with my hook 245
Struck on the bag—

—For I have heard it said, a woman once
Was of a lion brought to bed—

V. 238. —*I compared his ring with it—*] The original is *contendi*, which Nonius Marcellus, who cites the passage, tells us, is there used for *comparavi*. *Comparare*, among other senses, signifies to purchase or buy. M. De L'Oeuwre thinks it means, he compared it with another, to see the difference.

V. 240. *Why then more words, &c.*] This passage is cited by Nonius Marcellus.

V. 241. —*in a sack—*] The original is *culleo*. *Culleus* or *culleus*, we are told, is a sack, in which such as murdered their parents were put, and thrown into the sea. This passage is cited by Fulgentius Placiades. M. Marolles says, in a comment on Chalcidius, by a grammarian whose name is unknown.

V. 245. —*While I was fishing there—*] This passage is cited by Nonius Marcellus.

V. 247. *For I have heard it said—*] This passage is cited by Junius Philargyrus, in his Comment on the Second Eclogue of Virgil.

FRAGMENTS.

PART II.

Passages cited from Comedies of **PLAUTUS**,
the Names of which are lost.



FRAGMENTS, &c.

PART II.



S Moak-making (a) *Epeus*, he who for our regiment
Has meat drest ready—

*

This odious fellow's (b) ringing in the ears
Of all the family—

(a) *Epeus* was said to be the designer of the Trojan horse.

Epeus est Piffoclerus—

Bacchides, Act IV. Scene VIII. v. 14.

Epeus is *Piffoclerus*—

See the note on the passage, in this Volume of this translation.
This is cited by *Varro*, *De Lingua Latina*, Lib. vi.

(b) —ringing in the ears—] The original is *oggannuit*. Some tell us *oggannire* is to bark like a fox or a dog: others, that it is the noise a dog makes when he fawns upon his master. *Plautus* uses the word again.

Quin centies eadem imperem, atque ogganniam—

Afinaria, Act II. Scene IV. v. 16.

I must command him o'er and o'er again
An hundred times, and ring it in his ears—

See the note on this passage, *The Ass-Dealer*, V. 25, in this Volume of this translation. This is cited by the same, in the same book.

You

(c) You may march off post-haste—

5

—'Tis for your deserts

(d) Your hide is made so thick—

(e) May the gods speed it well!—Here, take this
purse,

In it are twenty minæ—

In my opinion, nothing among men, 10
Is more to be (f) esteem'd than a good name—

He is a fool, (g) considering his age,
And his grey hairs—

(c) —*You may, &c.*] This is cited by *Festus* under the word *curriculo*.

(d) —*your hide is made so thick.*] The original is *corius*. This is cited by *Festus*, to shew that ancient Roman authors used *corius* instead of *corium*.

(e) *May the gods, &c.*] This is also cited by *Festus*.

(f) —*esteem'd*—] The original is *citior*, literally, swifter. This passage too is cited by *Festus*.

(g) —*considering his age*—] Something like this we meet with again in our author.

Præter ætatem et virtutem stultus es, Stratippocles—

Epidicus, A& I. Scene II. v. 3.

You are a fool, *Stratippocles*, beyond

Your age and courage—

This passage is also cited by *Festus*.

What !

What! (b) do my eyes deceive me? Is not this
Our *Hermio*—

15

He has (i) forsworn a military life—

You slip in daily on me, like (k) a badger
Mounting a willow.

(l) I own myself subdu'd—

What! has a fever (m) seiz'd you?

20

(b) —do my eyes deceive me?] The original is *numquam oculi cæculant*. *Cæculare*, *Festus* tells us, is to be dim-sighted. He cites this passage also.

(i) —forsworn—] The original is *exaravit*. This is likewise cited by *Festus*.

(k) —a badger—] The original is *fiber*; which some say is a beaver; if so, it may be,

—like a beaver

Skulking among the fallows—

This is cited in *Festus*.

(l) *I own myself subdu'd*—] The original is *berbam do*; literally, I give you grafs. *Festus*, who cites this passage for that purpose, tells us that the ancient shepherds, when they ran races, or engaged in single combat in the meadows, the conquered plucked some grafs from the very spot, and presented it to the conqueror, in avowal of his being defeated.

Qui vicit non est victor, nisi victu' fatetur—

Ennius, *Annal. Frag. incert. loc.*

Who gains the victory, is not the victor,

Unless the vanquish'd owns it—

(m) —seiz'd you?] The original is *inisi*; literally, entered into you. This is cited by *Festus*.

—I value

— I value not a rush
Whether the (*n*) muneral or lenonian law
Has been consulted by her—

(*o*) Caught in your treachery, you're about to try
Whether the iron collar fits your neck. 25

(*p*) But I see pickled fish in those large dishes,
Like lakes for them to swim it—
Oysters and crabs, and smaller shell-fish, fat
As from a fish-pond—

What! don't I know you then? (*q*) you seamen's
scribe! 30

You shameless galley slave!

If you are not (*r*) acute, you'll ne'er dissuade him—

(*n*) *the muneral or lenonian law*—] The muneral law prohibited advocates from taking any fees of their clients for pleading their causes. The lenonian law allowed of all kinds of licentiousness. The first was also called *lex Cincia*, *the Cincian law*, from *M. Cincius Alimentus*, a tribune of the people, who was the author of it. This is cited by *Festus*.

(*o*) *Caught in your treachery*—] This too is cited by *Festus*.

(*p*) *But I see pickled fish, &c.*] In the original are many names of fish, the particular species of which seem to us to be at present unknown.

(*q*) *—you seamen's scribe, &c.*] The original is *navalis scriba*, *columbar impudens*. *Columbar* means, the hole in a ship or vessel, through which the oars are put, in order to row. Both of them are terms of reproach. *Festus* cites the passage.

(*r*) *—acute*—] The original is *persibus*. *Festus*, who cites the passage, reads *persicus*; and says it means as we have translated it.

Whether

(s) Whether you hold it sacred or profane,
Imports but little—

—Full of fores,
Loaded with chains, (t) with a hot iron fear'd, 35
Filthy—

(u) The lifelessness of dormice—

(x) The pandar's coming forth : from this sly corner
By stealth I'll pick up what he's talking of—

—Nor dare you grind your teeth, (y) my sword--40

(z) What you're about, I value not a rush—

(a) Get money out of this—

(s) *Whether you hold, &c.*] This is cited by *Festus*.

(t) —*with a hot iron fear'd,*] The original is *sub-verbum*; which *Festus*, who cites the passage, tells us, means *burnt with spikes*.

(u) *The lifelessness, &c.*] This is cited by *Nonius*.

(x) *The pandar's coming forth—*] This too is cited by *Nonius*.

(y) —*my sword—*] The original is *machæra*; which M. Marolles thinks may in this place be the name of one of the persons of the drama. This is cited by *Nonius*.

(z) *What you're about—*] This is cited by *Fulgentius*.

(a) *Get money out of this—*] This is cited by an ancient commentator on the *Phormio* of *Terence*.

That

— (b) That this clandestine dealing
May be conceal'd—

(c) They hasten dinner—

45

(d) —Such force
As the smith's bellows have, when stones are melted,
And iron softned—

(e) 'Tis not to gather strength he eats, but wishes
To gather strength, that he may eat the more—

(f) —They have perhaps suspected 50
He was in love—

(g) Insist upon the fact—

(b) Shall I be sold to him—

(b) *That this clandestine dealing—*] This is cited by the same ancient commentator on the *Adelphi* of Terence.

(c) *They hasten dinner—*] This is cited by Junius Philargyrus, in his Comment on Virgil's *Georgicks*, Lib. iv.

(d) *—Such force, &c.*] This is cited by Junius Philargyrus,

(e) *'Tis not to gather strength—*] If. Ponsanus has preserved this, as a citation from Macrobius.

(f) *They have perhaps suspected—*] This we meet with in Donatus, in his Commentary on the *Hecyra* of Terence.

(g) *Insist upon the fact—*] This is cited by Donatus in his Commentary on the *Andria* of Terence, Act I. Scene I. v. 120. where it is used in this sense.

(b) *Shall I be sold to him—*] This, as Limiers tells us, is cited by Diomedes, Lib. i.

Be

(i) Be then my foe 'till I return again—

(k) On foot—

55

——(l) I'll on your body
Write it with elm twigs—

I never come to town, unless it is
(m) To see the show—

(i) *Be then my foe—*] This is cited by *Charifus*, Lib. ii.

(k) *On foot—*] The original is *pedibus*. This is cited by *Charifus*, to shew, that that word was sometimes used adverbially.

(l) *I'll on your body, &c.*] This is cited by *Servius* in his Comment on *Virgil*, *Æn.* Lib. i.

(m) *To see the show—*] The original is, *cum infertur peplum*, when the sacred habit is worn. This alludes to the sacred habit which was worn on the great feasts of *Minerva*, which were celebrated but once in five years. This habit was called *peplus*, or *peplum*.

It is again mentioned by *Plautus*.

*Neque nisi quinto anno quoque posse tum visere
Urbem; atque contemlo inde, ut spectavisset peplum,
Rus rursum confestim exigi solitum a patre.*

Mercator, *Prolog.* V. 66.

Once in five years allow'd to visit town,
And then as soon as he had seen the show,
Drag'd by his father back into the country. COLMAN.

See that gentleman's note on this passage, Vol. II. of this translation.

This is cited by *Servius* in his Comment on *Virgil*, *Æneid.* Lib. i. to which the reader is referred, and to the passage itself.

VOL. V.

D d

Pollute

(n) Pollute thy hands—

—(o) The bird itself's the cause
Of its own death—

(p) I'll carry thee about, to purify thee
Like one possess'd—

(q) This woman's very poor—

Unless by chance, there had been some assembly

(n) *Pollute thy hands—*] The original is *scelerare manus*.

Parce pia: scelerare manus—

VIRGIL, *Æneid.* Lib. iii. V. 42.

—Ah! spare me, nor pollute

Thy pious hands with guilt—

TRAPP.

This is cited by *Servius* in his Comment on the above passage.

(o) —*The bird itself's the cause—*] This is cited by *Servius* in his Comment on *Virgil*, *Æneid.* Lib. vi.

(p) *I'll carry thee about—*] The original is, *te circumferam*.

Item ter socios purâ circumtulit undâ,

Spargens rore levi et ramo felicitis olive.

VIRG. *Æneid.* Lib. vi. V. 29.

Then thrice with limpid water sprinkles round

Th' assembly, from the fertile olive bough,

With dewy moisture purifies his friends—

TRAPP.

This is cited by *Servius*, in his Comment on the above passage in *Virgil*; where he says, that in both places *circumfero* means to sprinkle.

(q) —*very poor—*] The original is *paupera*, which means rather more than *pauper*.

While

(r) While I stood staring, and thought nothing of it.

—Come forth

Cilix, Lyciscus, Sofia, Sticbus, Parmeno,
Each with (s) an oaken towel in your hands— 70

—(t) This old jade lies stretch'd out
In danger of her skin—

(u) Give it me—

(x) My head's quite stun'd—

(r) *While I stood staring—*] The original is *ubi cum barittate*.
Plautus has again made use of the word.

Ubi ego dum bariteto Menæchmus se subduxit mihi.

Menæchmi, Act III. Scene I. v. 4.

Where, while I stood staring about, *Menæchmus*
Gave me the slip,

The passage is cited by *Diomedes*.

(s) —an oaken towel—] The original is *fusteis privos*, particular clubs. The passage is cited by an ancient commentator on *Horace*, Lib. ii. Sat. v.

(t) *This old jade, &c.*] This is cited by *Porphyryon*, an ancient commentator on *Horace*. *Salmafius* would read the passage differently; but it is not very material.

(u) *Give it me—*] This is cited by *Phocas*.

(x) *My head's quite stun'd—*] The original is, *mecum habet patagus morbus es*. *M. Petit* says, that *patagus morbus* should be joined together; and that it alludes to the noise the *Corybantes*, or priests of *Cybele*, make on their brazen drums, when they celebrate the feast of that goddess.

D d 2

How's

How's this? (y) My robe is wrinkled---I'm ill
drefs'd.

75

(z) *Davus* come forth; come sprinkle water here;
This vestibule I wish to have made clean—
Our *Venus* will be here—I would not have it
Cover'd with dust—

(a) It grows—

80

(b) The right hand—

(c) The supper—

(d) At table I don't roar on state affairs,
Nor chatter on the laws—

(y) —*my robe is wrinkled*—] The original is *rugat pallium*.
Plautus again uses the word.

Vide palliolum, ut rugat.

Casina, Act II. Scene III. v. 30.

——look but at his cloak,
How wrinkled 'tis.——

(z) *Davus comes forth, &c.*] This passage is cited by *A. Gellius*.

(a) *It grows*—] The original is *regiescit*; which *Festus*, who
cites the word, says, is the same as *crescit*; and signifies, grows.

(b) *The right hand*—] The original is *pullaria*. *Festus*, who
cites the passage, says, it has in *Plautus* this signification. *Gruter*
gives it an indecent meaning; which we shall not explain.

(c) *The supper*—] The original is *vespertina*. *Festus*, who cites
the passage, says, it stands for *vespertina cena*.

(d) *At table, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Servius*, on *Virgil*,
Æneid. Lib. i,

F R A G-

FRAGMENTS.

PART III.

Passages cited from Comedies which are extant,
but not found in any MSS.



FRAGMENTS, &c.

P A R T III.



AMPHITRYON.

— (a) 'Twere right
To break a pot of cinders on his head—

(b) Take heed then, lest a chamber-pot brim full
Be pour'd upon your head—

(c) *Amphitryon* my master's not at leisure. 5

Seek a physician out, that he may cure
This fell distemper just now coming on.
You certainly are either (d) mad or frantick—

(a) *'Twere right, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

(b) *Take heed then, &c.*] This too is cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

(c) *Amphitryon my master's, &c.*] This is also cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

(d) —*mad or frantick*—] The original is *aut larvatus aut cernitus*. *Plautus* has used the same words in *Menæchmi, The Twin Brothers*,

By *Pollux*' temple ! you're in woful plight—
Seek a physician—

10

(e) To every one she made her body common,
When I was absent—

You swore to me, you said it but in raillery—

——You can't (f) determine
Which is the true *Amphitryon* of us two.

15

(g) If this was not done so, as I conjecture,
I've nought to say in my defence—But why
Do you accuse me of a crime?—

—— (b) I by the collar hold this thief,
Caught in the fact—

20

—— (i) Twice sixty ditches in a day
There dig—

——But I
Most certainly will put you to the torture,

Act V. Scene II. See Note, Vol. III. of this translation. This passage is also cited by *Nonius Marcellus*.

(e) *To every one, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Nonius*, as the next is also.

(f) —*determine*—] The original is *decernere*; which *Nonius*, who cites the passage, says, is the same as *constituere*, and means as we have translated it.

(g) *If this was not done so, &c.*] This is cited by *Nonius*.

(b) —*I by the collar, &c.*] This too is cited by *Nonius*.

(i) —*Twice sixty, &c.*] This is cited by *Nonius* and *Priscian*.

And

And fend you to the gibbet strait—Come forth, 25
You rascal!—

THE ASS-DEALER.

(k) Wretch that I am!—He by his crimes
Will make me infamous—

—— (l) Sure my companion in my rogueries
Is coming hither—

THE MISER.

(m) Since neither day nor night I am at peace, 30
I'll now go sleep—

(n) —But see the pandar's coming :
From hence, conceal'd I'll pick up what he says.—

(o) A man that's almost fuddled, sets himself

(k) *Wretch that I am !*] This is cited by *Nonius*.

(l) *—Sure my companion, &c.*] This too is cited by *Nonius*.

(m) *Since neither day nor night, &c.*] This is also cited by *Nonius*.

(n) *—But see the pandar, &c.*] The commentators, as in other instances, do not tell us by whom this passage is cited. It has occurred before in Part II. of these Fragments. But as it stands here also, in all the editions we have seen, we have again inserted it. We think, however, it could not have been in that comedy, as there is no such character as a pandar in it.

(o) *A man, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Nonius*.

To

To rights by sleeping.—

36

(p) They set before me nothing but raw herbs,
Nor any pickle with them—

— (q) I dug

Ten ditches in a day—

(r) This surly fellow has set over her
A guard—

40

—For those saffron colour'd robes,
Those (s) stomachers, and at your wife's expence—

(t) How have I stung the man !—

45

Bring (u) myrtle, myrtle—

(p) *They set before me, &c.*] This too is cited by Nonius.

(q) *—I dug, &c.*] This is cited by Nonius.

(r) *This surly fellow, &c.*] The original is *peruicax*, which Nonius, who cites the passage, says, is the same with *peruicax*, or *contumax*, obstinate.

(s) *Those stomachers, &c.*] The original is *strophis*, which in these times would be called *stomachers*. This is cited by Nonius.

(t) *How have I stung the man !*] The original is *admemordi* for *admonordi*. Some commentators say it means, how have I rail'd at him ! The passage is cited by A. Gellius.

(u) *—myrtle, myrtle—*] The original is *myrtam, myrtum*. This is cited by Porphyrius, an old commentator on Horace, to shew that *myrta* and *myrtus* mean the same.

T H E

THE CAPTIVES.

— (x) Be trusty—O beware
You be not of a frail and fickle faith—

(y) He doff't the cap he had upon his head,
And rais'd it high in air—

(z) I make
The auction of a parasite—

59

THE LOTS.

Wretch that I am! this fellow here my back

(a) Will value not a rush—

(b) I'll to my wife, and there submit my back
To her correction—

55

(x) —*Be trusty*—] The original is *fac fidele*. The passage occurs with a small difference in that Comedy, Act II. Scene III. v. 79. It there stands, *Fac fidelis sis fidele*. Be trusty to the trusty.

(y) *He doff't, &c.*] This passage is cited by Nonius.

(z) —*I make, &c.*] This passage is cited by Fulgentius.

(a) *Will value not a rush*—] The original is *habebit flocco*. *Flocco habere*, the commentators tell us, is the same as *flocCIFacere*. The passage is cited by Nonius.

(b) *I'll to my wife, &c.*] This too is cited by Nonius.

THE

THE COURTEZANS,

(c) Her surname was the same as mine---

(d) For, just escap'd the sea, see how I shiver
With fear---

— (e) They whose disposition
Is to be good for something, and whose temper 60
Is moderate, and not like that of slaves.

(f) Who'll bring a pail of water, and call forth
That filthy fellow!---

Both her companion, and me too (g) she tires---

(c) *Her surname, &c.*] This is cited by *Servius*, in his Comment on *Virgil, Æn. vi.*

(d) *For just escap'd, &c.*] This is cited by *Donatus* in his Commentary on *Terence*.

(e) —*They whose disposition, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Charifus*.

(f) —*a pail of water*—] The original is *cum nasticerna et cum aqua*. It properly signifies a vessel with three handles like noses, and a wide mouth. We meet with it again in our author.

Ecquis huc effert nasticernam cum aquâ —

Stichus, Act II. Scene II. v. 28.

—One bring a pail of water.

The passage is cited by *Festus*.

(g) —*she tires*—] The original is *exercitos habet*. The passage is cited by *Nonius*, who gives it that meaning.

For

— (b) For you can charm with ease
The heart of any one--- 65

(i) Fetters and scourges cruel are and grievous,
But heavier are still more so---

My heart, my hope, my honey, and my (k) sweeting,
My nourishment, my joy---
The food on which I live, in which I joy---

(l) Men, who like snails, stick close to, and devour
you--- 70

—That you receive an annual pension
From no one else but him ; nor (m) commerce have
With any else---

And is it *Cupid* then, or is it love,

(b) —*For you can charm with ease*—] This too is cited by *Nonius*.

(i) *Fetters and scourges, &c.*] This is cited by *Nonius*.

(k) —*sweeting, &c.*] The original is *suavitudo*. The passage is cited by *Nonius*.

(l) *Men who like snails, &c.*] The original is *limaces viri*. *Limax* is properly a snail ; used, the commentators tell us, metaphorically, for a thievish whore, a quean, a cut-throat. The word occurs again in this sense, *Fragmenta, pars prima*, ver. 13, which see, and the note upon it. This passage is cited by *Nonius*.

(m) —*commerce have*—] The original is *limares caput* ; literally, daub your head. This is cited by *Nonius*.

Which

Which thus (n) torments you?---

75

In my opinion, he is of (o) *Præneste*,
He acts the braggard fo---

(p) If haply you're dispos'd to play the pandar,
What fee do you think it right that I should give you,
Not thus to hunt me at my time of life, 80
When nothing's to be got by it?---

(q) I've heard it said *Ulysses* was most wretched,
Who, from his native country absent, rovd
For twenty years---But this young man outgoes
Ulysses far---In the same place he roves, 85
Within the city's walls---

THE APPARITION.

(r) Let me sit near the altar, I from thence
Shall give you better counsel---

(n) — *torments you*—]. The original is *conficit*; used here, the commentators tell us, in an obscene sense. This passage is cited by *Nonius*.

(o) — *he is of Præneste*—]. *Præneste* was a city of *Italy*, about twenty miles from *Rome*. As to its being famous for producing braggards, we have not been able to find from any other instance besides this passage, which is cited by *Nonius*.

(p) *If haply you're dispos'd, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Charifus*.

(q) *I've heard it said, &c.*] This too is cited by *Charifus*.

(r) *Let me, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Servius*, in his Comment on *Virgil*, *Æneid* i.

THE

THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

(s) 'Tis thus he exercises us, and all
Our family---

90

(t) You have the sense to act with moderation---

THE CHEAT.

(u) Unless at any time you should break open
The prison, your own dwelling-house---

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

— (x) The ill-omen'd bird
Comes in the evening---

95

(s) *'Tis thus he exercises, &c.*] This passage is cited by *Fab-
gentius*.

(t) *You have the sense, &c.*] This is cited by *Nonius*.

(u) *Unless at any time, &c.*] This is cited by *Servius*, in his
Comment on *Virgil, Æn. i.*

(x) *The ill-omen'd—*] The original is *importuna*, which, the
commentators tell us, has sometimes that signification. The pas-
sage is cited by *Charifus*.

THE